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THE NEW YORKER

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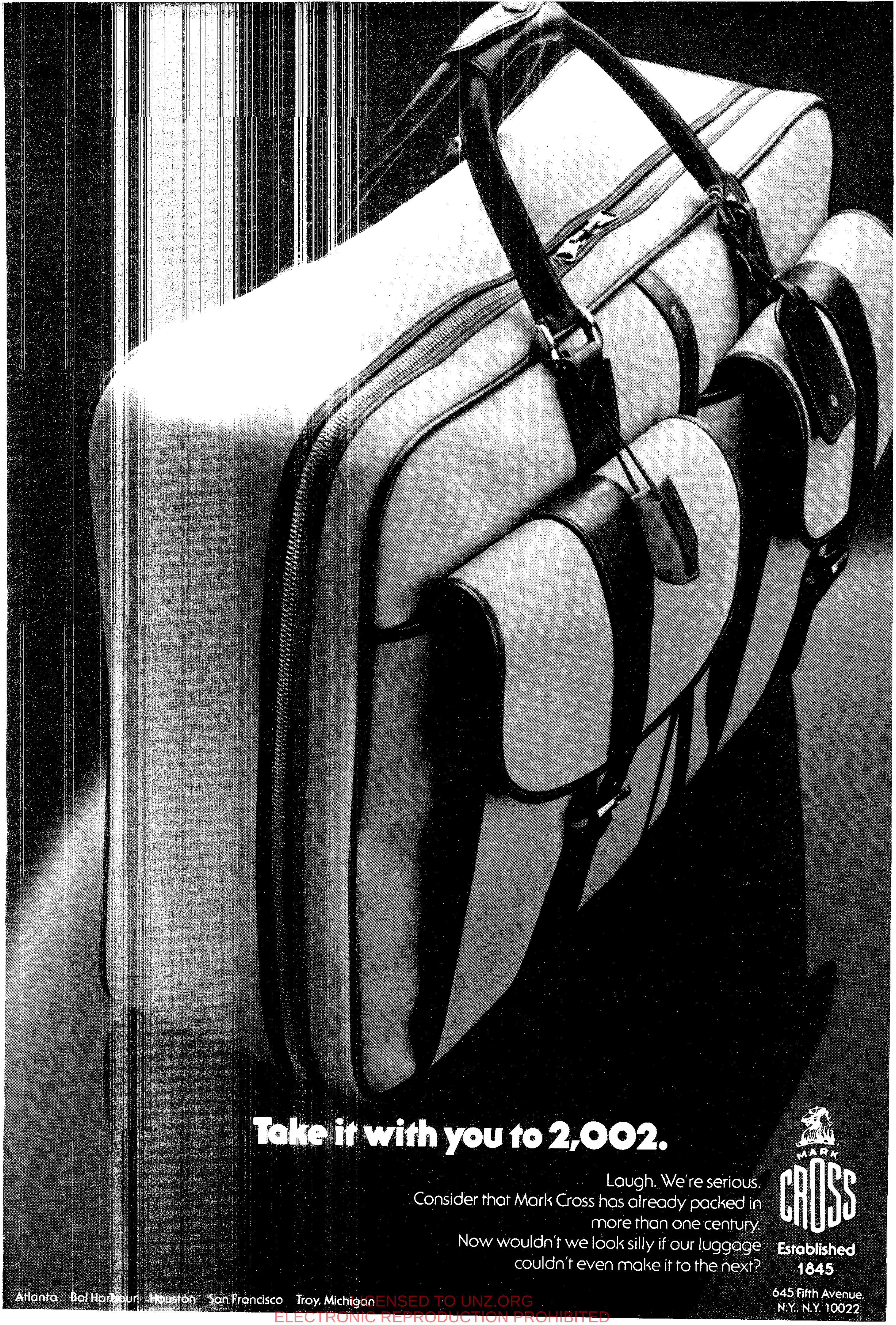

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Annie—A long musical based on the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks, both altered for the purposes of an amusing book by Thomas Meehan. Dorothy Loudon is marvellous as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Children of Adam—A musical by Stan Satlin. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Comedy with Music—Victor Borge in a four-week engagement of a new edition of his one-man show, now turned into a two-person show, with Marylyn Mulvey. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Sunday, Oct. 30.)

Counsellor at Law—This literal, earthbound production doesn't do much for Elmer Rice's forty-six-year-old melodrama, about a self-made Jewish lawyer, exposing its hokum and often failing to register its valid points—its details of business and dialogue—of which there are more than you might expect. There are interesting performances, though, by Robert Nersesian and John Neary, as the lawyer's clerk and partner, respectively; and George Guidall and Claudine Catania are sincere in the leading roles. (Quaigh, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W. 43rd St. 221-9088. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Gemini—In Albert Innaurato's very funny comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo, Jonathan Hadary, and Robert Picardo, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Gin Game—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn in a two-character play by D. L. Coburn. Directed by Mike Nichols. Previews Wednesday, Oct. 5. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 6. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Hair—A revival of the musical, with a book and lyrics by Gerome Ragni and James Rado, and music by Galt MacDermot. Directed by Tom O'Horgan. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 5. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Love My Wife—A musical that affects an unconvincing raunchiness. Some singable songs by Cy Coleman and Michael Stewart, and an admirable cast, but nothing much can be done with Mr. Stewart's tasteless book. Gene Saks is the brave director. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The King and I—An irresistibly tuneful Rodgers and Hammerstein show, all the more pleasing for being somewhat old-fashioned. Yul Brynner is its superb star. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—If all goes well, Richard Kiley will still be singing his heart out in this classic musical in the year 2000. Chev Rodgers substitutes for Mr. Kiley on Wednesday afternoons. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Miss Margarida's Way—Estelle Parsons utters every single word of this long, loud, often funny and at bottom terrifying comedy. The author is a dazzling young Brazilian named Roberto Athayde. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Mummenschanz—A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players—Andrés Bossard and Bernie Schürch, from Switzerland, and Floriana Frassetto, from Italy. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Night of the Tribades—A play by Per Olov Enquist, translated from the Swedish by Ross Shideler, with Max von Sydow, Bibi Andersson, Eileen Atkins, and Werner Klemperer. Directed by Michael Kahn. Previews Friday through Wednesday, Oct. 7-12. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 13. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Otherwise Engaged—Simon Gray's harsh but extremely funny account of a London publisher who seeks to keep life at arm's length. Life, as usual, has different ideas. Dick Cavett (Steven Sutherland fills in for him on Wednesday afternoons) stars, and the director is Harold Pinter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Passion of Dracula—Christopher Bernau makes an effective, menacing Count, and Giulia Pagano is good, too, as the object of his predatory affections in this unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters, Peter Ben-

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COVER: *Arnie Levin*

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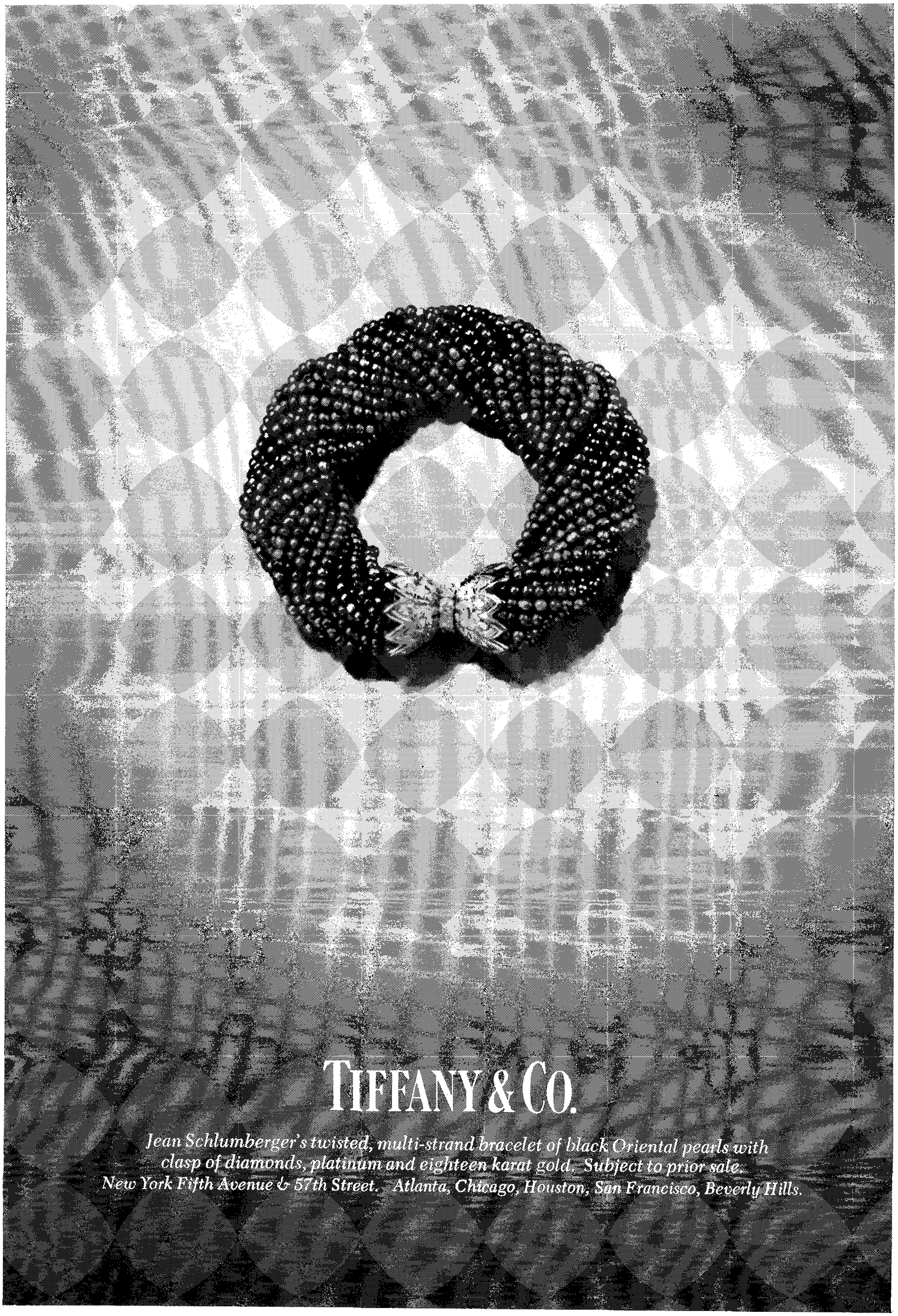

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

nett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 11; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Shadow Box—Hard to believe, but this play by Michael Cristofer, whose subject is death, is a highly affirmative and sometimes comic affair, well acted by, among others, Josef Sommer, Gwyda DonHowe, Sloane Shelton, and Maria Tucci. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Oct. 29.)

Side by Side by Sondheim—An evening of delectable songs by the cleverest (and sometimes the most touching) of contemporary popular composers. The performers are modest and charming, as well as talented. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Tartuffe—John Wood, Tammy Grimes, Patricia Elliott, and other superlative actors make Molière hiss and spit and sparkle. The translation is by Richard Wilbur, and the direction is by Stephen Porter. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Treats—A play by Christopher Hampton, with Susan Lederer, John Glover, and Kenneth Welch. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 5, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 30. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9800. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—bubbling brown sugar: A joyful, if rather simpleminded, Cook's tour of Harlem in its golden age between the wars. The cast is lively and gifted, and the old songs are enchanting. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.). . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **the club:** Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction, is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **the fantasticks:** 7,265 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **for colored girls who have considered suicide:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **grease:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **the magic show:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.). . . **same time, next year:** A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Hope Lange and Don Murray. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **sly fox:** Larry Gelbart has transmogrified Ben Jonson's "Volpone," with hilarious results. The cast includes Robert Preston, Jack Gilford, James Gallery, and John Heffernan. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **vanities:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.). . . **the wiz:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **your arms too short to box with god:** Vinnette Carroll's singing-and-dancing redaction of the Book of Matthew. An exhilarating occasion. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

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MISCELLANY

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music production about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

Joffrey Ballet—Opening performances of a five-week season that will run through Sunday, Nov. 13—Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 7:30 (a benefit preview; for tickets, call 265-7300), and Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8 (company première): "Romeo and Juliet.". . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 14, at 8: "Kettentanz," "Touch Me" (première), "The Lesson," and "Trinity.". . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8: "Moves," "Pas de Deux," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Rodeo." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 489-6810.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

•

Urbie Green (Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. 758-2272. Through Saturday, Oct. 8, from nine-fifteen to one.)—Jazz was not afflicted with virtuosos until the arrival, in the thirties, of Benny Goodman and Art Tatum and Buddy Rich. Since then, fleets of them have appeared—in particular trombonists, the flashiest being Urbie Green, Jimmy Cleveland, Roswell Rudd, Bill Watrous, Albert Mangelsdorff, and the phenomenal George Lewis, a twenty-five-year-old avant-gardist who likes to play impossible phrases just so he can top them. Green, now in his fifties, was the first of these wizards. His tone is vigorous and brilliant and has none of the smoky or burred or guttural quality fashionable among trombonists. His vibrato is cream, and he travels around his considerable spectrum so fast that his arpeggios keep turning to glisses. He also likes double time and mutes and swaggering codas. He leaves everything he plays—"Hey Jude," "Blue Monk," Ellington, Cole Porter—breathless. But, like most virtuosos, he has not learned that since he can do anything on his instrument he would be even more startling if he did nothing—that is, played simply and with the great lyricism he constantly camouflages. His exceptional rhythm section is made up of **john bunch** on piano, **marty rivera** on bass, and **jimmy madison** on drums. Madison is a superlative drummer—tasteful, attentive, imaginative, swinging.

Warren Vaché (Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. and 45th St. 687-1860. Mondays through Fridays from six-thirty to eleven-thirty.)—A twenty-six-year-old trumpeter from New Jersey, Vaché is still another of the apparently growing number of young musicians (Dick Sudhalter, Chris Flory, Scott Hamilton) who are basing their styles on the musicians of the thirties and forties. His models are Bix Beiderbecke, Bobby Hackett, and Ruby Braff, and he has just discovered Charlie Shavers and is going to investigate Bill Coleman. But he is also working out his own coat of arms, and is already a first-rate trumpeter (and flugelhornist), with a big, soft tone, excellent agility, and an easy legato attack. Like Hackett and Braff, he is an intense melodist who favors the middle register and such launching pads as "Love Is Just Around the Corner," "'Deed I Do," "Sweet Georgia Brown," and "I Got Rhythm." His accompanists are **don coates**, a pianist who lingers near Earl Hines, and **fred stoll**, a drummer who should, by way of putting some spine in his work, study Sid Catlett. The room flanks 45th Street and has ceiling fans, a tile floor, high-backed Windsor chairs, and food with a New Orleans tinge.

•

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Many of the best contemporary post-hard-bop and new-jazz musicians are booked into these quarters by its sympathetic proprietor, drummer Rashied Ali. **joe lee wilson**, a loose, gutsy, scorching improviser in the exploratory, untraditional Betty Carter tradition, finishes up on Saturday, Oct. 8. On Tuesday, Oct. 11, the Jankry Ensemble, a quintet, will come in. Mondays are session times for trumpeter Ted Daniels and his seventeen-piece band, Energy. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays.

Axis in SoHo, in the M. Elson Gallery, 463 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (228-0882)—Jazz and organic apple juice. Saxophonist and hubcap percussionist **henry threadgill**, drummer **steve mc call**, and bassist **fred hopkins**, who are collectively known as **air**, will be here Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 6-8; on Sunday, Oct. 9, **howard johnson**, five other tuba players, and a rhythm section will perform; on Monday, Oct. 10, an octet called Brass Proud will drop in; and on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 14-15, German vibraharpist Gunter Hampel will bring in his band. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—A long, narrow, very white room—white walls, white tables, and white chairs—with a self-conscious portrait of the club interior hanging near the stage. Betty Rhodes, a brassy, diminutive singer, is here through Saturday, Oct. 8. On Tuesday, Oct. 11, **lee horwin** will ar-

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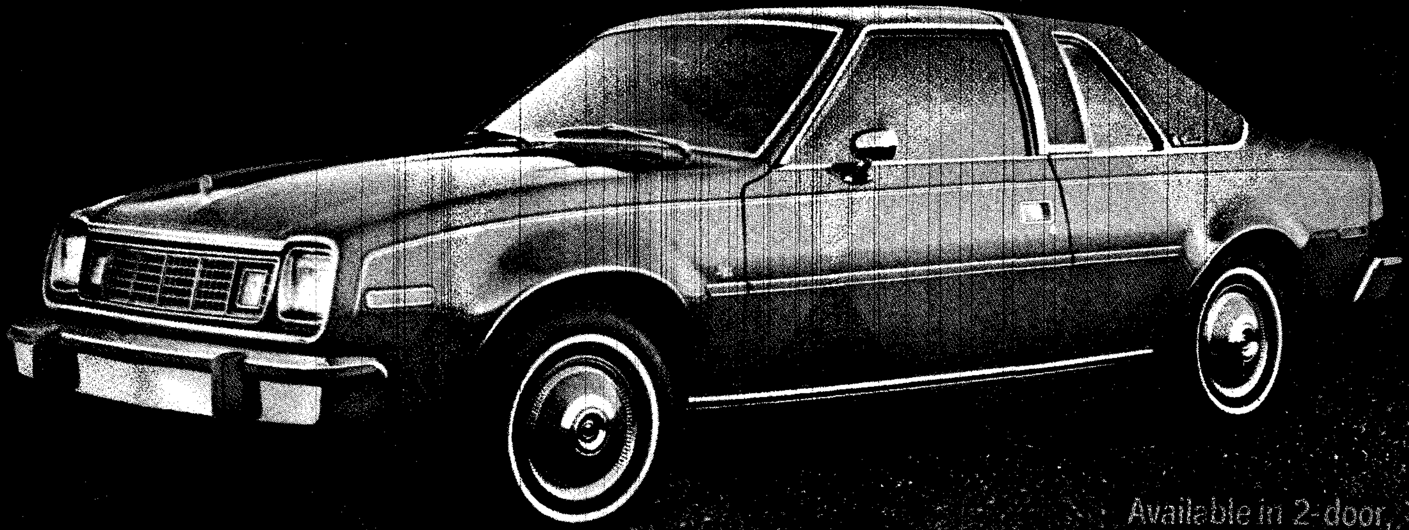

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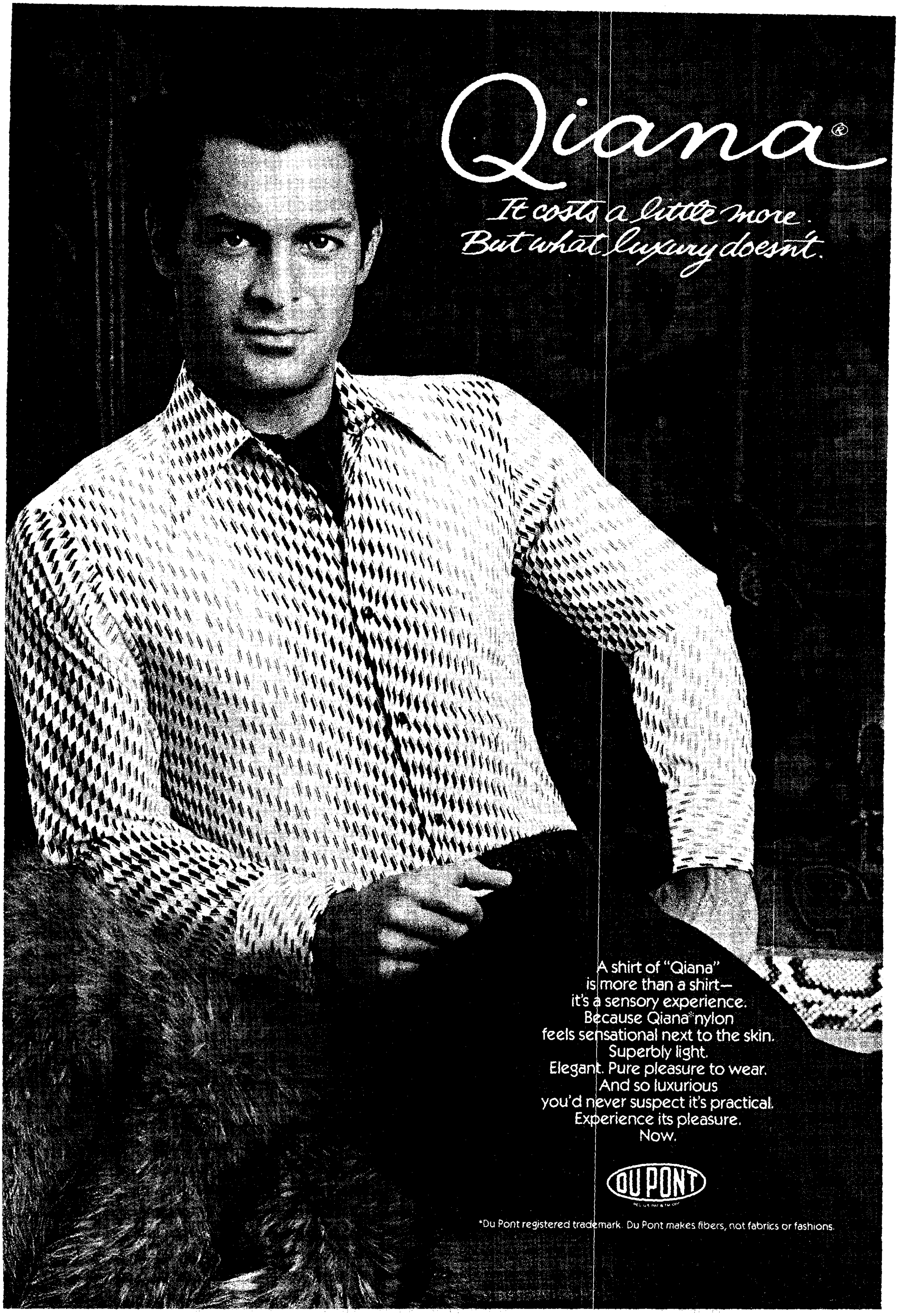
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rive. Miss Horwin's repertoire is in part mired in maudlin cabaret quicksand (numbers such as "Non, Je Ne Regrette Rien" and "Marieke," which show off vocal theatrics instead of vocal ability), and it doesn't always measure up to her startling, rich, deep voice. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—This enlightened branch of a thirty-eight-part restaurant chain brings in a variety of jazz players to perform in its cocktail lounge. Pianist Ray Bryant leads a trio through Saturday, Oct. 8. Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 12-15, singer, pianist, and transplanted Chicago musician Amina Claudine Myers will perform with her combo. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Andy Pratt is at the piano, singing his compositions, on Wednesday, Oct. 5; **MOSE ALLISON,** the simultaneously rural and urbane singer, pianist, and composer, will work with his trio Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 6-9; on Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 10-11, Steve Goodman, a very popular folksinger and songwriter, will perform opposite an up-and-coming country-folk duo, Jim Ringer and Mary McCaslin; on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 12-13, the Dwight Twilley rock band will be onstage; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 14-15, will be given over to singer Don McLean. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with dark pine panelling, patrons who like to talk, and good musicians, mostly pianists and their bassists, who don't seem to mind playing through the talking. **RONNIE MATTHEWS** is at the keyboard, aided by bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** through Saturday, Oct. 8; on Monday, Oct. 10, pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** will take over. Music weeknights from ten. The Sunday chores are handled by **BARRY HARRIS** and his aides, from nine-thirty. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—There are two **BOBBY SHORTS** at the piano in the Café Carlyle. One is the famous, exhilarating balladeer, the other is the secret jazz lover. His accompanists—**BEVERLY PEER** on bass and **GENE GAMMAGE** on drums—remain mirror-perfect. Tuesdays through Thursdays at ten and midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. Dinner and supper. . . . ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, keyboard sorceress **MARIAN MCPARTLAND** casts spells that begin taking effect about nine-thirty Mondays through Saturdays.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This bar has for a couple of years distinguished itself by presenting some of the most bizarre, if not always musically accomplished, rock and punk-rock bands around. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cleo, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—**MABEL MERCER** does the vocals, Jimmy Lyon does the accompanying. What more is there to say? Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**HELEN HUMES** is in action (through Saturday, Oct. 8) smiling and gesturing and singing delicate ballads and authoritative blues. She's aided by pianist Gerry Wiggins. On Monday, Oct. 10, **ALBERTA HUNTER,** who sang with Louis Armstrong, Fletcher Henderson, and Fats Waller in the twenties (and who is now over eighty), will arrive with **JIMMY ROWLES,** who will accompany her. Blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** performs on Sundays. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. and 45th St. (687-1860)—**WARREN VACHÉ** (see above) and his trio are here Mondays through Fridays, from six to eleven-thirty. Dinner. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

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Daly's Daffodil, 1079 First Ave., at 59th St. (688-0018)—While the fastidious pianist **ELLIS LARKINS** and his bassist, **BILLY POPP,** take breaks from their concise sets, you can watch the "Odd Couple" on color TV Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine. Dinner.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON,** the international café-society singer-pianist, has taken up residence Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Bobby Gordon, Vic Dickenson, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, Ed Polcer, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. They're here Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty. Soprano saxophonist **KENNY DAVERN** and trumpeter **PEE WEE ERWIN** will sit in with the band on Tuesday, Oct. 11. Sundays, **SCOTT HAMILTON,** a young, swing-era-inspired tenor saxophonist, fronts a quintet from eight-thirty. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, **AL HAIG,** one of the first and most capable bop pianists, works with guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and bassist Jamil Nasser. Wednesdays through Saturdays, pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** holds down the fort with **FRANK LUTHER** on bass and Alicia Sherman on vocals. This trio works from ten to three; on Sundays, they put in a walloping eight-hour session (phew!), from seven to three. Weeknights from five to ten, trumpeter Gene Roland, guitarist Jim Watkins, and bassist Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Guitarist **JOE BECK,** who can adeptly play R. & B., rock, jazz, and bossa with or without a wa-wa pedal, heads up a quintet Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one o'clock. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed by the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, drummer Eddie Locke, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Larson's, 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-2540)—**BROOKS KERR,** the young stride pianist and Ellington admirer, has moved into these quarters along with his fatherly associates: clarinettist and saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE,** bassist **AARON BELL,** and (taking over for Sonny Greer) drummer **SHELTON GARY.** Beginning on Thursday, Oct. 6, Kerr and company perform Thursdays through Saturdays; Kerr and Bell will be here Tuesdays and Wednesdays. Music from nine. Dinner.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**URBIE GREEN** (see above) and his quintet are here through Saturday, Oct. 8. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. Starting Tuesday, Oct. 11, **MARY MAYO** and other singers will participate in an ineptly titled musical survey, "The Ms. in Music," which will examine the treatment of women in music and lyrics. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Local groups—aspiring and established ones—gather here. On Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 5-6, and Monday through Thursday, Oct. 10-13, pianist Kenny Brawner is in charge of Raw Sugar, a nine-piece rhythm-and-blues outfit. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 7-8, the very fine hard-bop drummer **ROY HAYNES** will lead his quintet; and on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 14-15, **CHICO HAMILTON,** a wily, melodious drummer and a smooth, good-natured showman, will bring along his quintet, which plays R. & B. at its subtlest. Music from about ten until three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Earl Coleman, a baritone who worked with Earl Hines and Jay McShann in the forties, with Gene Ammons in the fifties, and with Don Byas and Billy Taylor in the sixties, will be singing here on Monday, Oct. 10. Folksingers Brewer and Shipley will arrive on Thursday, Oct. 13. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and **SY OLIVER'S** bouncing dance septet populate Art Deco-land. The band works Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Torch singer and female impersonator Holly Woodlawn performs through Saturday, Oct. 8; beginning Tuesday, Oct. 11, two young singers, Libby Titus and Alan Rich, will trade sets for a week. Shows at nine and midnight. Wednesdays through Saturdays, from five-thirty to seven, **BLOSSOM DEARIE** sings and plays piano in her refreshingly uncomplicated and understated way. Dinner.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A big, warm, informal belowstairs room. Drummer **MAX ROACH,** on leave from his teaching post at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, professorially leads his quartet through some lengthy pieces. Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, electric pianist David Chesky works with thirteen other jazz-rock journeymen. Music from about ten. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—**DAVE MATTHEWS** smiles, plays electric piano, and guides his twelve-piece band through some of his charts on Mondays; on Tuesdays, altoist **LEE KONITZ** takes his nonet through some material by Chick Corea, Jimmy Knepper (who is sometimes in the band), Lenny Tristano, and Louis Armstrong; and Thursdays through Saturdays belong to the neo-cool-school quartet of trumpeter **CHET BAKER.** Music from nine-thirty.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Guitarist Lenny Breau performs with a quartet through Saturday, Oct. 8; on Tuesday, Oct. 11, tenor saxophonist **DEWEY REDMAN** will bring in a quintet. Sundays and Mondays have been turned over to **BOB MOVER,** a driving bop-influenced alto saxophonist, and his quartet. Music from about nine-thirty. Dinner.

Third Phase, 2864 Broadway, at 111th St. (749-0200)—Transplanted (from the West End, up the street) swing music. Clarinettist Art Miller and his swing band are here through Thursday, Oct. 6, and on Saturday, Oct. 15; George Kelly's Jazz Sultans will perform on Sunday, Oct. 9; Monday through Thursday, Oct. 10-13, Franc Williams' quartet will be on the stand; and on Friday, Oct. 14, the **COUNTSMEN—EARLE WARREN, DICKY WELLS, DILL JONES, FRANKLIN SKEETE,** and **JO JONES, JR.**—will be present. Music from eight Sundays through Thursdays; from nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Light menu, no liquor.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Downstairs, earthy Mississippi bluesman **HONEYBOY EDWARDS,** who, in a loose apprentice-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ship, hung around Charley Patton, Robert Johnson, and other blues legends of the twenties and thirties, will perform opposite the master of bebop **DIZZY GILLESPIE** and his quintet on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 7-8. This double billing seems odd at first glance, but it could turn out to be inspired. In the terrace bar, harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN**, guitarist **EDDIE BERG**, and bassist **LISLE ATKINSON** perform on Thursdays from nine to midnight.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A noble, if smoke-filled, institution. **MILT JACKSON** is here playing fulfilling blues on his beautiful Radio City Music Hall of a vibraharp Tuesdays through Sundays. The Monday-night institution within an institution, the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** band, is alive, well, and, fortunately, between tours. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The soul-food craze is still going strong in this popular, out-of-the-way bar and restaurant. Mondays through Wednesdays, Sonelius Smith, who usually wears a floppy felt hat, is at the piano; Thursdays through Sundays, pianist Armen Donelian works with a bassist. Music from eight to two.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Four-string guitarist **TINY GRIMES** leads a trio on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. The rest of the week is allotted to fledgling and more experienced musicians. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty, except Mondays. Student food at student prices.

W.P.A., 152 Spring St., near West Broadway. (226-3444)—Music in a thirties-chic bar area the size of a kitchenette. Patrons sit atop stool-high banquettes with the room-dominating brand-new Kawai baby grand practically in their laps—one certainly doesn't have any trouble hearing the musicians. **HAROLD DANKO**, the pianist and lively soloist in the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band, works with a bassist Wednesdays through Saturdays; **JUDD WOLDIN** and bassist **FRANK LUTHER** team up on Mondays and Tuesdays. Music from nine, except Sundays. Dinner in the back dining room.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

CLEO LAINE, BILL CONTI, AND THE JOHN DANKWORTH ORCHESTRA—Minskoff Theatre, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 5-7, and Sunday, Oct. 9, at 8, and Saturday, Oct. 8, at 7 and 10.

WE REMEMBER CLIFFORD BROWN—Ted Curson, Bill Hardman, Jimmy Owens, Junior Cook, Harold Mabern, Warren Smith, Chris White, and Max Roach. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Oct. 6, at 8.)

IGGY POP—With the Ramones. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Thursday, Oct. 6, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

RAMSEY LEWIS and **STANLEY TURRENTINE**—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, Oct. 7, at 8.

FRANKIE VALLI & THE FOUR SEASONS and **DAVID BRENNER**—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday, Oct. 7, at 8, and Saturday, Oct. 8, at 7 and 10:30.

J. R. MITCHELL UNIVERSAL ENSEMBLE—New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150. Saturday, Oct. 8, from 2 to 5.

JOHN MAYALL, MIKE BLOOMFIELD & MARK NAFTALIN, and **JOHN HAMMOND**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8.

JEAN-LUC PONTY and **THE PAT METHENY GROUP**—Palladium. Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8.

COMMODORES and **EMOTIONS**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Monday, Oct. 10, at 8.

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ARLO GUTHRIE—With Shenandoah. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, Oct. 14, at 8.)

MAHOGANY RUSH, GRINDERS SWITCH, and **TOPAZ**—Palladium. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 7:30.

MELISSA MANCHESTER—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8.

SANTANA—With Nona Hendryx. (Radio City Music Hall. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8 and at midnight.)

TOM WAITS—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8.

NOTE—Film clips and short subjects that document the times and styles of various celebrated jazz musicians are being exhibited by the New York Jazz Museum on a weekly schedule. Wednesday, Oct. 5, at 7:30: "Hi De Ho: Cab Calloway and His Orchestra" and "Big Bands and Combos of the 1930's and 1940's."...¶ Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 7:30: "Jazz in the Recording Studio" and "Blues and the Gospel." (New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

ELEANOR ANTIN—A new, nearly two-hour color video (a continuing saga of the artist as a nurse), which is shown at 11, 1, and 3. Through Oct. 29. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

PETER ARNO (1904-68)—Cartoons spanning a thirty-year period. Through Nov. 5. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

JOE BASCOM—Oil paintings that simulate a stone or cement surface, the darker ones looking for all the world like panels of slate. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Gallery 84, 1046 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Opens at noon.)

JOAN BRAMS—Textural paintings on board. Through Oct. 29. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

ALAN DAVIE—Lively abstract paintings by an English artist who lives part of the year on St. Lucia and uses Carib hieroglyphs, along with contemporary island motifs, in his work. Through Oct. 22. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

FRANK FAULKNER—Richly textured wall hangings in which acrylic paint is laid on nylon backing in layers (giving the effect of weaving) and pointed up with collage accents. Through Nov. 5. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

JUDITH GODWIN—Abstract Expressionist paintings of the Hofmann order, slashed onto the canvas in great bold sweeps of dark color accented here and there with bright flashes. Through Wednesday, Oct. 12. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

JOHN GRILLO—Abstract compositions painted with a high-keyed palette (sizzling yellows and oranges) and in flat patterns almost like mosaics. Through Friday, Oct. 7. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

RAFFI KAISER—Surrealist paintings and drawings with medieval elements; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 8. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

LOIS LANE—A tulip bud seems to have inspired a number of the stark oil paintings in this exhibit, which also contains a couple of geometric patterns and a free-form pencil drawing of a bear whose eye is a tiny representation of a polar bear. Through Oct. 27. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

DEAN MARS / ANN COLE PHILLIPS—Tabletop-size sculpture in polished marble, most of it figurative, some of it semi-abstract. The subject matter is largely classic—motherhood and mythology. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. / Watercolors and drawings of flowers and of English gardens. Through Oct. 19. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

ALICE NEEL—New paintings. Through Oct. 29. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

HOWARD NEWMAN—Abstract bronze sculptures, and drawings. Through Nov. 5. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

JOSEPH PICCILLO—Black-and-white figurative drawings on canvas and paper. Through Oct. 22. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

JOSEPH SOLMAN—Paintings and monotypes devoted to interiors, portraits of friends, and motorcycles. Through Saturday, Oct. 8. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

RAPHAEL SOYER—Portraits of artists (Alex Katz, Mimi Gross Grooms) and New York street scenes. Through Oct. 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ROLAND TOPOR—Color drawings on paper and canvas by an artist who does literal representations of such clichés as "looking ahead" and "the long view." Through Oct. 29. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

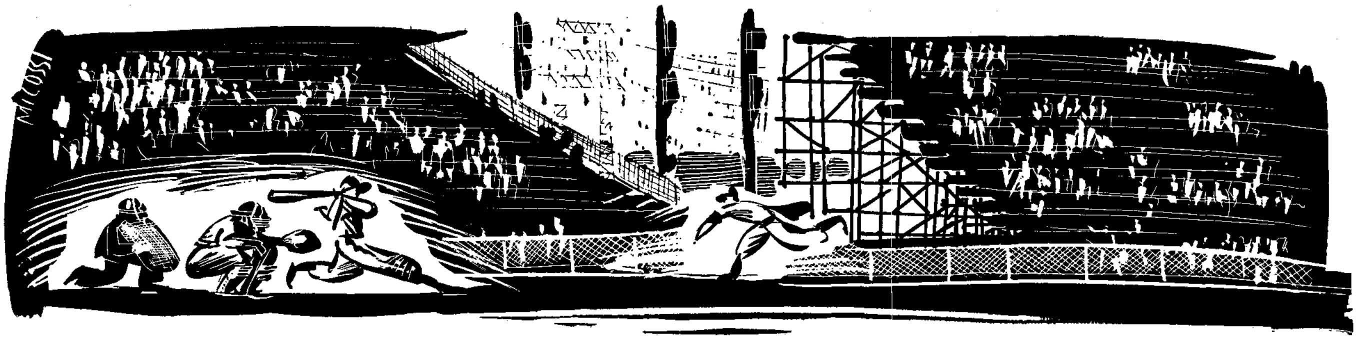
BROOKLYN COLLEGE ART FACULTY—A double exhibition of paintings, sculptures, photographs, and so on that gives one confidence that the art students at Brooklyn College are in good hands, and have been for some time. Works by former faculty members, including Mark Rothko, Berenice Abbott, and Joseph Stefanelli are on view at **DAVIS & LONG**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5), and items by current faculty members, including Lennart Anderson, Lois Dodd, and Sylvia Stone, are at the **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30). Both shows through Saturday, Oct. 8.

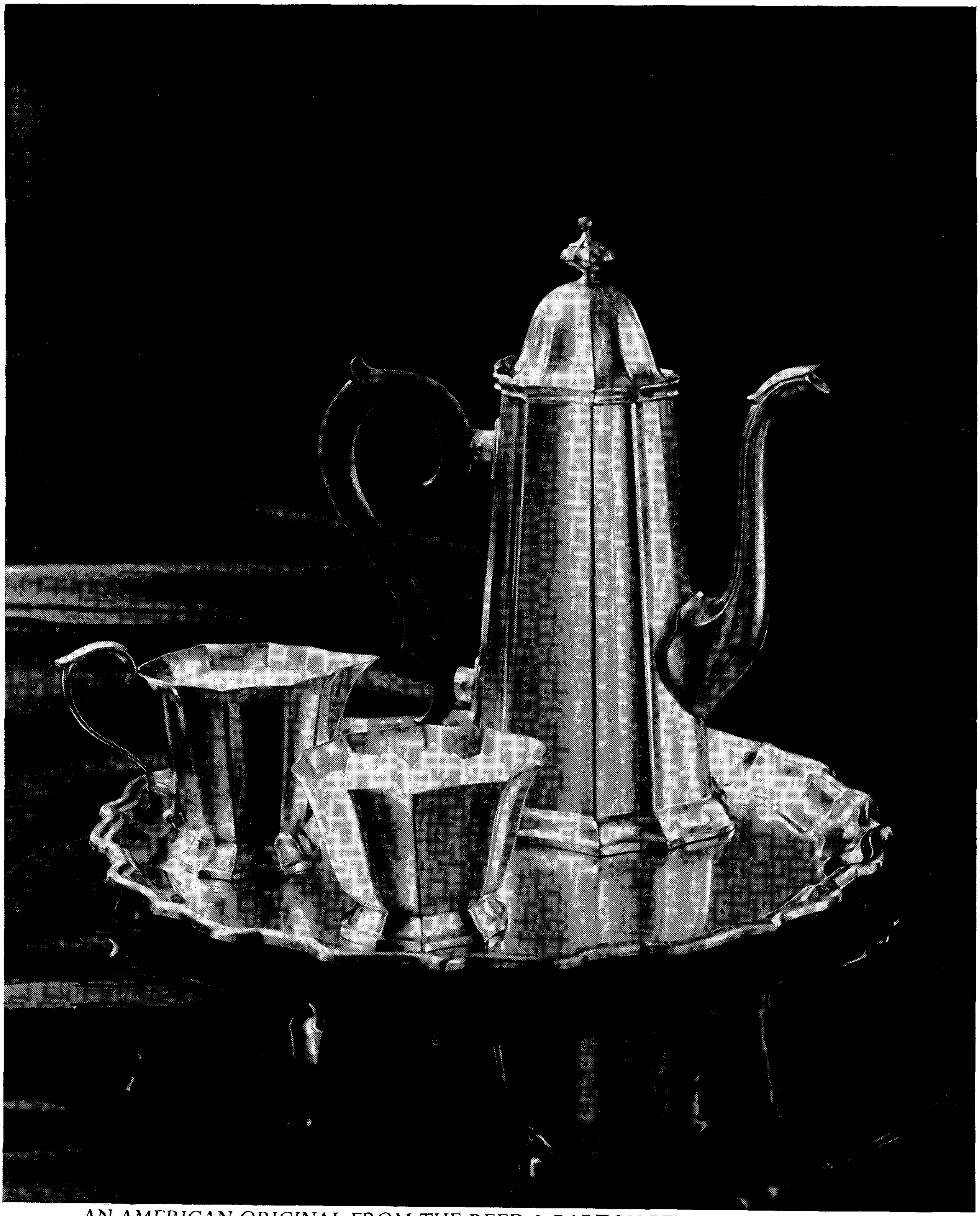
DADA ARTISTS—Paintings, drawings, photographs, and other works by Marcel Duchamp, Kurt Schwitters, Man Ray, and others at **LA BOETIE**, 9 E. 82nd St. Through Nov. 26. . . . ¶ Collages and watercolors by Hannah Höch at **CARUS**, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Through Oct. 29.

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: "Warp-Patterned Weaves of the Andes," an exhibit of modern and ancient textiles. Through Nov. 13. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)... **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Characteristic works by such early-twentieth-century American painters as Guy Pène du Bois, Glackens, and Marin, and an early, glowing nude by John Sloan. Through Saturday, Oct. 15.... **LERNER-HELLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: American paintings dating from 1910 to the present by Avery, Burchfield, O'Keeffe, and Wallace Putnam. Through Nov. 30.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

MINO ARGENTO / MAUD MORGAN—Abstractions worked out in shades of white, upon which crisp geometric patterns are incised with a





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pencil. / Collages made of rice paper in various colors; the darker tones are often laid on like Chinese calligraphy. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Enrico Baj / Jeff Hoare—Assemblages and prints in a range of materials including metal, ceramic, and fabric. / Abstract seascapes in watercolor. Through Nov. 4. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Miriam Bloom—A selection of large earth-colored or black papier-mâché sculptures, all of them in the basic shape of a bowl. Through Saturday, Oct. 8. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Power Boothe—Abstract paintings. Through Oct. 27. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Jon Carsman—Paintings of rural settings. Through Oct. 20. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

William Clutz—Semi-abstract paintings and drawings of the upper West Side and other city locations. Through Oct. 27. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Peter Flaccus / Marja Vallila—Abstract paintings in which a sparse pattern of emblems, uniform in their shieldlike shape but varied in color, are arrayed on a subdued, often monochromatic background. / Foursquare steel sculptures—essentially rectangular boxes with mysterious subdivisions inside. Through Saturday, Oct. 8. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Robert Graham—Bronze figurative sculptures. Through Oct. 22. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Christopher James—A series of photographic prints that have been hand-dyed and coated with translucent enamels. Through Saturday, Oct. 8. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Aristodemos Kaldis—New landscapes that are a happy patchwork of symbols representing features of the mountainsides in the artist's native Greece. Through Oct. 20. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Doris Klein—Stylistic oil paintings of nudes and still-lifes. Through Thursday, Oct. 13. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Agnes Martin / David von Schlegell—This artist rings another set of changes on the grid pattern, this time scoring variations of it with a pencil on a silver-gray canvas field. / Large, angular floor sculptures made of painted steel. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Maryan (1927-77)—A memorial exhibition of the violent works of this Polish abstract artist, who spent his childhood in concentration camps and whose colors are like shrieks in the night. Through Friday, Oct. 14. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Alice Trumbull Mason (1904-71)—A retrospective of oil paintings by this abstract artist. Through Oct. 29. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Robert Murray—Large, globular works made of crumpled sheets of five-eighths-inch aluminum, painted with automobile enamels, which have a natural casual grace and balance. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Donald Sandstrom—Boxes made of painted hardware cloth—a sort of metal mesh—containing rural landscapes, such as a ranch in Texas, a crossroads in Iowa, or a cluster of farm buildings anywhere in the heartland, all meticulously constructed of the same mesh material and soldered together like jewelry. Through Friday, Oct. 14. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Harold Stevenson—Seven large canvases whose subjects touch on the erotic, by an artist who regularly returns to classical symbols in his paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Joaquín Torres-García (1874-1949)—Constructivist paintings. Through Oct. 29. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings of Maine by Thon, Betts, Schoener, Moller, and Etnier. Through Oct. 29. . . . **PEARL**, 29 W. 57th St.: "American Geometric Abstract Painting of the 1950's" includes works by Ilya Bolotowsky and Jeanne Miles. Through Oct. 29. . . . **RENÉ**, 6 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Leon Polk Smith, Tadaaki Kuwayama, Michael Goldberg, and Olle Baertling. Through Saturday, Oct. 8.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Bill Alpert—Constructions by an artist who has graduated from stretching canvases in two dimensions to stretching them in depth and adding, in three-dimensional collage fashion, various symbols of the studio—scraps of used canvas, rows of crayon, recycled crates, and so on. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 8. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Dottie Attie / Herbert George—A hundred and thirty-nine tiny, superbly finished drawings, medieval in feeling, that relate a strange story made up by the artist. / Large wooden sculptures—frameworks, really—strung with wide belts of sheet aluminum, giving an industrial effect. Through Saturday, Oct. 8. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Ariane R. Berman—Figure paintings done with a posterlike simplicity in flat designs reminiscent of Will Barnet, plus prints. Through Thursday, Oct. 13. (Ward-Nasse, 131 Prince St. Open Sundays.)

Walter De Maria—Two hundred and twenty thousand pounds of earth, tastefully and evenly distributed by this pioneer earth artist over thirty-six hundred square feet of exhibition space. It is visible only through a foyer door. Through Nov. 5. (Friedrich, 141 Wooster St.) . . . ¶ Thirteen stainless-steel circles, all over six feet in diameter, and sixteen stainless-steel squares, all over six feet across, laid out on the floor in pairs, each encompassing precisely the same area (within an eighth of an inch). Through Jan. 31. (Lone Star Foundation, 19 Waverly Pl., east of Washington Square.)

William Graham—Drawings done with carbon dust and depicting sheets of paper—sometimes gray sheets and sometimes black, but usually white, and curled up at the edges. Through Saturday, Oct. 8. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Margie Billstein Katz / Flory Chowe—Collages made of painted canvas strips cut and more or less molded into figurative shapes that seem to be in motion. Through Sunday, Oct. 9. / Colorful sculptural constructions, the largest seven feet tall, in which geometric Plexiglas shapes are hinged together so that they can be folded this way or that; viewers are invited to take liberties with them. Through Oct. 16. (Pleiades, 152 Wooster St. Open Sundays.)

Joseph Konopka / Jim Youngerman—Urban landscapes, some with a solitary figure. / Detailed, humorous fantasy drawings. Through Oct. 19. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Robert Mangold—Graphite lines and paint applied to canvas, paper, and masonite by a Minimalist. Through Oct. 25. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Salvatore Romano—A dimly lighted black vinyl environment, consisting of two shallow, contiguous reflecting pools (altogether fifty-five feet long and forty-one feet wide) with four twelve-foot shafts rising from each, and three polystyrene floats drifting slowly about in each, thanks to a hidden pump that keeps the water in steady but almost imperceptible movement. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

James Rosenquist—Large paintings done with airbrush smoothness and depicting implausible juxtapositions—automobile gears piled up with moist-looking lipsticks and strings of pearls, for instance. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ Etchings, lithographs, and a solid-gold garbage can, six inches tall. Through Oct. 20. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Reginald Case—Paintings in which a figure is silhouetted against a background of upholstery-and-tile patterns. Also collages. Through Oct. 29. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Opens at noon.)

Dona Nelson—Abstract oils. Through Oct. 16. (NoHo, 542 LaGuardia Pl. Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Michael Robbins—Oil paintings depicting speed as sensed from the rider's seat of a bicycle. (Klein, a new gallery, at 85 Fourth Ave., at 10th St. Opens at noon.) . . . ¶ Drawings, again about speed, but involving hurtling trucks and motorcycles and people falling. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.) Both shows through Oct. 22.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Berenice Abbott—Close to eighty vintage prints of New York in the thirties, including a photograph of a stalwart little frame house on the corner of Bedford and Grove Streets. Through Oct. 23. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

C. L. Dodgson (Lewis Carroll) (1832-98)—Eighteen portraits of Ellen Terry and her family, which were recently printed for this exhibit. Also vintage prints by Carroll and some of his contemporaries. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

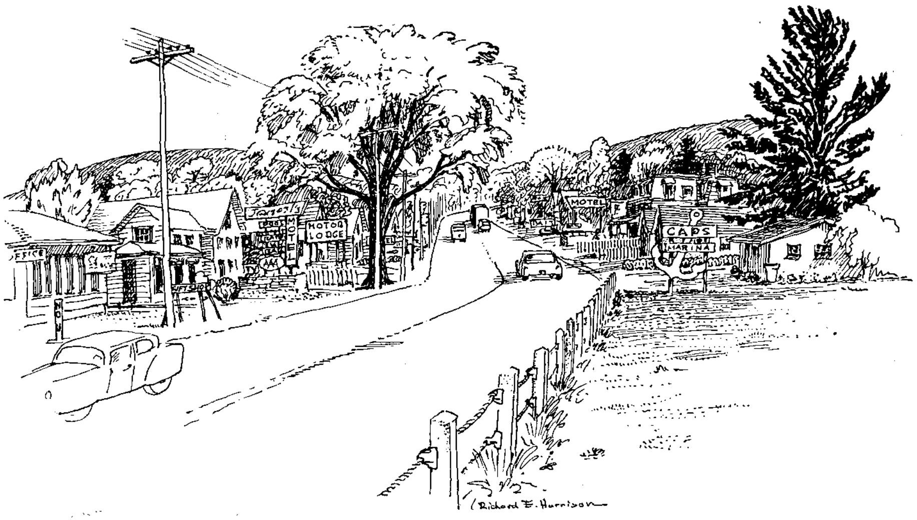
Chauncey Hare—A show of interiors of homes and other spaces has been mounted by the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

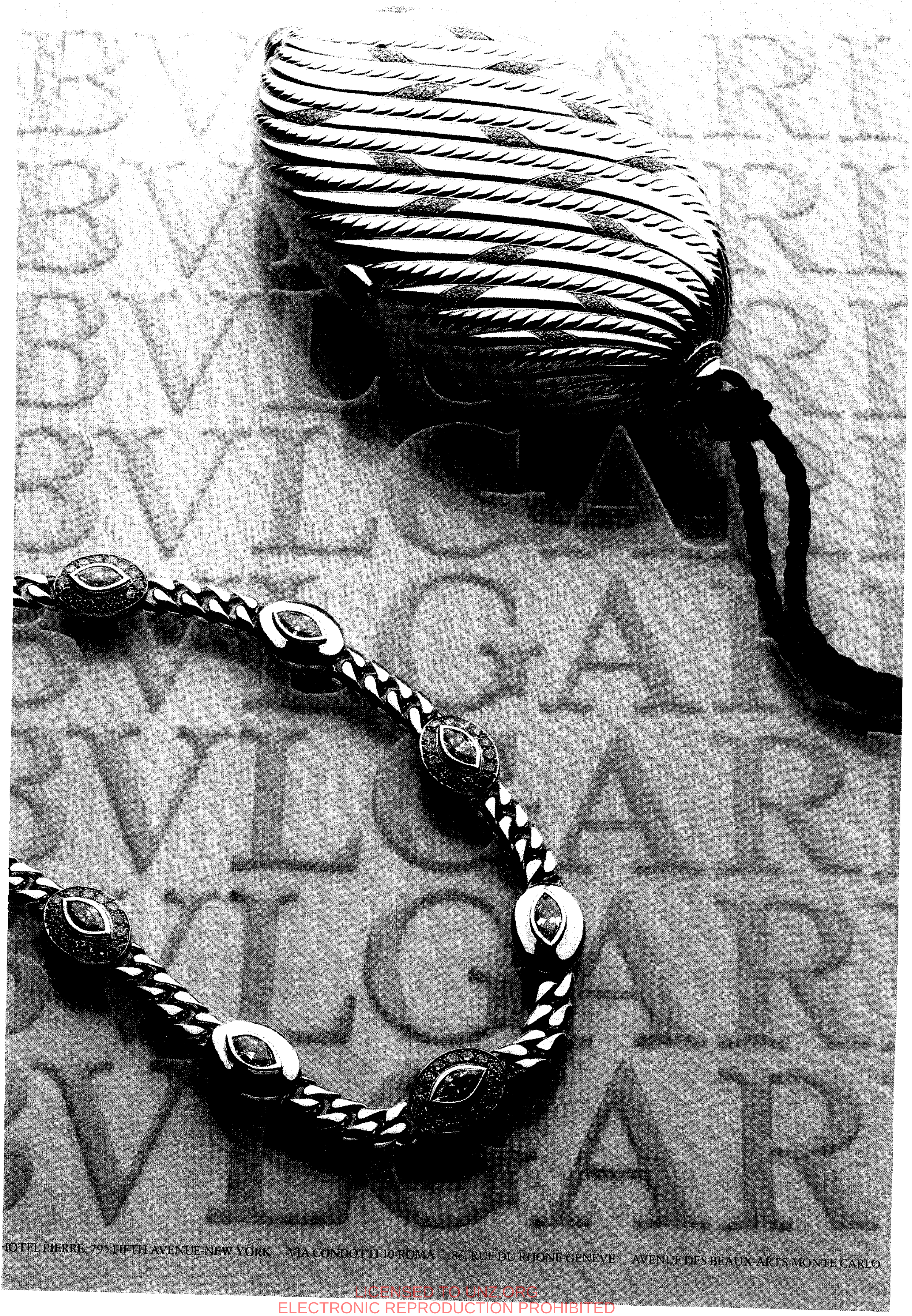
Herta Hilscher-Wittgenstein—Black-and-white photographs, mostly of nudes. Through Saturday, Oct. 8. (Genesis, 41 E. 57th St.)

Vilem Kriz—Surrealist prints by a Czech photographer who was closely associated with Cocteau and Renoir when he lived in Paris during the forties. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Kimmel-Cohn, 1 W. 64th St.)

Christopher Makos—Twenty-five of his recent works. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Irving Penn—A hundred and twenty-five platinum prints spanning his entire career.





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What's more, Ford LTD once again has a roomier trunk than a Chevrolet Impala or Caprice. It's a spacious deep-well trunk that accommodates eight pieces of luggage (including four men's 2-suiters) and two sets of golf clubs!

Greater rated towing capacity

For those who do heavy towing, here's good news: Ford LTD with the optional towing package has a rated towing capacity of 7,000 pounds—1,000 pounds more than Chevrolet.

So this year more than ever, consider a Ford LTD. You can put more into it, and get more out of it.

More room here

More room here

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Through Tuesday, Oct. 11. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Ben Shahn (1898-1969)—Vintage prints of boys in knickers playing handball in a Houston Street playground, of two black-robed women sitting on the stoop of a Little Italy tenement, and of a black family waiting for a Lenox Avenue No. 2 bus are included in this show centered on New York in the thirties. Through Oct. 29. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

Peter Simon / Godfrey Frankel—Photographs of reggae musicians in their native Jamaica. / More pictures of New York, these picking up where Abbott and Shahn left off. Through Oct. 22. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Robert J. Steinberg—Albumen-process prints of abandoned railroad terminals and other architectural subjects, on muslin (some four feet by five) and paper. Through Oct. 28. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Paul Strand (1890-1976)—A retrospective that covers sixty years of his career, plus his last works, made in his garden in Orgeval, France. Through Oct. 29. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Weegee (1899-1968)—A retrospective of more than a hundred vintage prints. Through Nov. 6. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At the **GREY ART GALLERY** of New York University, Washington Place, just east of Washington Square: A survey of panoramic photographs, some of them quite large (one is twenty feet long), which includes, along with the usual pictures of Civil War battlefields, cityscapes, and Martian landscapes, a picture of a 1935 White House luncheon in which Eleanor Roosevelt can be pinpointed among the hundred or so ladies, all of them wearing hats. Through Nov. 2. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Wednesday evenings until 8:30; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)... **PARSONS-DREYFUSS**, 24 W. 57th St.: Works by Chris Rauschenberg, Jonathan Bayer, Ron Stark, and Gwyn Metz, in this gallery's first show devoted solely to photography. Through Saturday, Oct. 8. . . . **WITKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: George A. Tice showing a series of portraits of Artie Van Blarcum, a New Jersey factory worker and amateur photographer; Mr. Van Blarcum showing his own works; and Ruth Bernhard showing still-lifes and nudes in black-and-white. Through Saturday, Oct. 8.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Paintings, drawings, and prints by Paul Signac, all taken from the museum's collections. Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Fifty drawings and oil sketches by a teacher of Signac, Georges Seurat, several of them studies for "La Grande Jatte." Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ A large selection of English and Continental decorative objects, dating from the fourteenth century to the eighteenth, from the Irwin Untermyer Collection. . . . ¶ Etchings and books devoted to rococo fountains sketched by Watteau, Boucher, and others, who were exercising the artist's prerogative and never expected to see them realized. Through Nov. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of oils and watercolors by Cézanne, all of them from his last decade. Starts Friday, Oct. 7. . . . ¶ Book jackets, posters, magazine covers, and such, juxtaposed with architectural models, furniture, decorations—all produced in Holland, Germany, and the Soviet Union between 1920 and 1940—in a show that underscores the relationship between graphics and other art forms. Through Oct. 31. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Chauncey Hare. Through Oct. 23. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An exhibit of David Hare's paintings, drawings, and sculptures, centered on the myth of Cronus. Through Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper acquired by the museum during the past year. Louise Nevelson, Richard Diebenkorn, and Eva Hesse are among those represented. Through Oct. 16. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, and Monday, Oct. 10, from 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—About seventy-five paintings, drawings, and sculptures from the museum's permanent collection are the main show at the moment. Through Oct. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—"City Life" is a show of paintings and drawings (on loan from the uptown branch) by Raphael Soyer, Kenneth Hays Miller, Howard Kanovitch, and others, dating from 1900 to 1975. Through Oct. 21. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Women Artists: 1550 to 1950," an exhibition of paintings, mostly, by major American and European artists. Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Gouaches, drawings, and prints by Anni Albers. Through Nov. 11. (The museum is open Wednesdays through Sundays and Monday, Oct. 10. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Monday, Oct. 10, from 1 to 5. The Albers show opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays.)

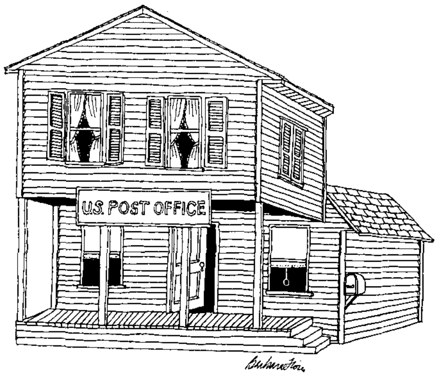
American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Peru's Golden Treasures," an exhibit of gold objects (masks, beakers, figurines, jewelry) that surveys nearly two thousand years of the pre-Columbian goldworking tradition. Through Dec. 31. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 10, from 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—More than sixty Japanese art objects, dating from the seventeenth century through the nineteenth, decorated with scenes that reflect the Japanese absorption with nature. Starts Thursday, Oct. 6. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—"Utamaro and Hiroshige," an exhibit of prints by these (and other) Japanese printmakers, collected by James A. Michener. Through Oct. 23. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of the prominent American sculptor Chaim Gross includes as well drawings, watercolors, prints, and tapestries. Through Oct. 24. (Open daily except Fridays, Saturdays, and Wednesday, Oct. 5. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Manuscripts and autograph letters by nineteenth-century luminaries, among them Washington Irving, Thoreau, Emily Dickinson, and Henry James. Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Musical manuscripts that trace notation from the eighth century through the sixteenth. Through Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Forty etchings by Rembrandt, most of them landscapes and portraits. Through Dec. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)



Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Andy Warhol's folk-art collection which includes ceramics, painted furniture, weathervanes, and a cigar-store Indian. Through Nov. 19. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—A show of handcrafted objects, by craftsmen under thirty, in four mediums: fibre, wood, leather, and plastic. Starts Friday, Oct. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—Reginald Marsh's renderings of popular entertainments (burlesque, amusement parks, the vaudeville acts of Houdini and Ina Claire) make up this show of more than eighty works in a variety of mediums. Through Nov. 19. (Open daily, except Sundays and Monday, Oct. 10, noon to 6.) A complement to this show is a selection of about twenty of Marsh's works on paper, these of the New York scene from the thirties through the early fifties, at the Sid Deutsch Gallery, 43 E. 80th St. Through Saturday, Oct. 8.

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings, drawings, and prints by Adrienne W. Hoard. . . . ¶ Paintings of Ghanaian scenes by Andrews Ofori Danso. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.) Both shows through Nov. 6.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Met Marathon—A couple of dozen Met singers in a benefit program to raise money against a matching-fund grant from the National Endowment for the Arts. Among the participants will be Mirella Freni, Renata Scotto, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Sherrill Milnes, Nicolai Gedda, Jerome Hines, Mario Sereni, Justino Díaz, Paul Plishka, and Placido Domingo. (Metropolitan Opera House. 799-3100. Thursday, Oct. 6, at 8.)

Metropolitan Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Saturday, April 15—Monday evening, Oct. 10: "Boris Godunov," with Martti Talvela, Wieslaw Ochman, Robert Nagy, Andrea Velis, Vern Shinall, Arthur Thompson, Paul Plishka, and Marius Rintzler; conducted by Kazimierz Kord. (A nonsubscription performance.). . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 11: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Teresa Stratas, Claudine Carlson, Raymond Gibbs, José van Dam, and Jerome Hines; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 12: "La Bohème," with Mirella Freni, Mary Costa, Placido Domingo, Mario Sereni, José van Dam, Robert Goodloe, Richard Best, and Paul Franke; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 13: "Boris Godunov," with Martti Talvela, Wieslaw Ochman, Robert Nagy, Andrea Velis, Vern Shinall, Arthur Thompson, Paul Plishka, and Marius Rintzler; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 14: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Teresa Stratas, Claudine Carlson, Raymond Gibbs, José van Dam, and Jerome Hines; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 15: "La Bohème," with Mirella Freni, Mary Costa, Placido Domingo, Mario Sereni, José van Dam, Robert Goodloe, Richard Best, and Paul Franke; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 15: "Eugene Onegin" (in English), with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Sherrill Milnes, Nicolai Gedda, and Martti Talvela; James Levine. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 5, at 8: "Carmen," with Francine Arrauzau, Elizabeth Hynes, Herman Malamood, and David Holloway; conducted by Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 6, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Sandra Walker, Lando Bartolini, and Pablo Elvira; William Noll. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 7, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Gianna Rolandi, Victoria Vergara, Enrico Di Giuseppe,

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Richard Fredricks, and Will Roy; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 8, at 2: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Catherine Malfitano, Delia Wallis, Samuel Ramey, William Justus, and Richard McKee; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8: "La Bohème," with Diana Soviero, Patti Allison, Ermanno Mauro, Dominic Cossa, Will Roy, and Thomas Jamerson; Vincent La Selva. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 9, at 1: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Celina Lindsley, Faye Robinson, Gianna Rolandi, Henry Price, and Charles Roe; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 9, at 7: "Carmen," with Francine Arrauzau, Elizabeth Hynes, Kenneth Collins, and Richard Fredricks; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 11, at 8: "La Bohème," with Diana Soviero, Patti Allison, Ermanno Mauro, Dominic Cossa, Samuel Ramey, and Thomas Jamerson; Jorge Mester. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Sandra Walker, Lando Bartolini, and Pablo Elvira; William Noll. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Catherine Malfitano, Victoria Vergara, Herman Malamood, Richard Fredricks, and Will Roy; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 14, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Karan Armstrong, Elizabeth Haley, David Griffith, John Lankston, David Holloway, David Rae Smith, Richard McKee, and James Billings; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 15, at 2: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Martha Sheil, Gwenlynn Little, Delia Wallis, David Holloway, Vernon Hartman, and Richard McKee; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Judith Ehrlich, Samuel Ramey, and Kenneth Collins; John Mauceri. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 13.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Andrew Davis conducting Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 6-8, at 8:30, and Tuesday, Oct. 11, at 7:30 (all with Rodney Friend, violin). . . . ¶ Erich Leinsdorf directing on Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 14, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 7:30 (all with Julius Baker, flute, and Faye Robinson, soprano).

American Symphony Orchestra—Kazuyoshi Akiyama conducting, with Ruggiero Ricci, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 9, at 3.)

Beethoven Society—William Smith conducting the Orchestra of the New School of Music (in Philadelphia) in a rehearsal and performance of Beethoven's Third Symphony, illustrating conditions existing at the first performance, in 1805, and changes made since then. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Sunday, Oct. 9, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

Houston Pops Orchestra—Ned Battista conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 14, at 8.)

Manhattan Orchestra—Bruce Ferden conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Oct. 14, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Antonia Brico conducting a program of music by Slavic composers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 2.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing an all-Beethoven program, with Pamela Kucenic, soprano; Natalia Chudy, mezzo-soprano; Richard Taylor, tenor; Paul Plishka, bass; Agustin Anievas, piano; and the New York Choral Society. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

RECITALS

Barbara Hendricks—Soprano, in a lieder recital. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Oct. 5, at 8.)

Jane Allen—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 5, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 7, at 8.)

Elisabeth Söderström—Soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8.)

Renata Scotto and Sherrill Milnes—Soprano and baritone, in a program of scenes, arias, and duets from Verdi and Puccini, with Eve Queler directing the Opera Orchestra of New York and the St. Cecilia Chorus. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8.)

Seymour Barab—Cello, with Morey Ritt, piano; Cynthia Otis, harp; and Matthew Raimondi, violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8, a varied program; and Friday, Oct. 14, at 8, the first in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. All seats have been sold for the second program, and only standing room is left.)

Coleman Blumfield—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 9, at 8.)

New York Philomusica—A benefit concert, with Grant Johannesen, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Playing Bach's Goldberg Variations twice: once on the harpsichord and once on the piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 11, at 6 on the harpsichord, and, after an hour-and-twenty-minute intermission, at 8:40 on the piano.)

Erick Friedman—Violin, with Nadia Reisenberg, piano, in a sonata recital. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Oct. 11, at 8.)

Fine Arts Quartet—With Walter Trampler, viola, in the first of two concerts presenting the cycle of Mozart viola quintets. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 8.)

Maro and Anahid Ajemian—Piano and violin, in a sonata recital. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Oct. 14, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—James Buswell, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Leonard Arner, oboe; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; Loren Glickman, bassoon; Richard Goode, piano; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Oct. 14, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 16, at 5.)

Thruston Johnson—Violin, in a program of Spanish music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—AMERICAN LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFFS: Yankees vs. Kansas City. The first two games will be played at Yankee Stadium, Wednesday, Oct. 5, at 3:15 and Thursday, Oct. 6, at 8:15, and the third and, if necessary, the fourth and fifth games in Kansas City, Friday through Sunday, Oct. 7-9. . . . WORLD SERIES: Starts Tuesday, Oct. 11, in the home park of the American League champion. The New York Telephone Company will furnish running scores; call 999-1313.

Professional Basketball—Exhibition games—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Boston vs. Washington and Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Thursday, Oct. 6, at 6. . . . ¶ Philadelphia vs. Washington and Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, Oct. 8, at 6. . . . RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER, Piscataway, N.J.: Nets vs. Indiana, Thursday, Oct. 6, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Washington, Friday, Oct. 7, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Knicks, Sunday, Oct. 9, at 7:05. (For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 8 (all games at 1:30): Army vs. Villanova, at West Point. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Harvard, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Seton Hall, at Fordham. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Colgate, at Worcester. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. Fairleigh Dickinson, at Gaelic Park. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Brown, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Columbia, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Williams, at Hartford. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 15 (all games at 1:30): Army vs. Notre Dame, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Cornell, at Providence. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Yale, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Lehigh, at New Brunswick.

Professional Football—Sunday, Oct. 9: Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 1. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, at Buffalo.

Gymnastics—Nadia Comaneci and other members of the Rumania National Women's Gymnastic Team. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Oct. 9, at 1 and 5:30.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Boston Bruins (exhibition game), Wednesday, Oct. 5, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Vancouver Canucks, Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Atlanta Flames (exhibition game), Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 15. The Man o' War, Saturday, Oct. 8; the Beldame, Monday, Oct. 10; the Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase, Friday, Oct. 14; and the Jockey Gold Cup and the Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 15. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays between 11 and 1:15.). . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 31. The Queen Charlotte, Saturday, Oct. 15.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. a team from China. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Saturday, Oct. 8, at 1:45. For information about tickets, call 484-6010.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 5.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry Readings—At ST. PETER'S CHURCH: John Updike reading from his own works. (Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Thursday, Oct. 6, at 8. Admission by contribution.). . . 92ND STREET Y: Irene Worth reading a selection of sonnets by William Shakespeare, as well as his "Venus and Adonis," Thursday, Oct. 6, at 8. . . . ¶ Elizabeth Bishop and Howard Moss reading from their own works, Monday, Oct. 10, at 8. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000.)

National Arts and Antiques Festival—A benefit exhibition, combining handicrafts from around the world with a wide range of traditional antiques. Among the displays will be art in contemporary glass by sixty American craftsmen, two hundred netsuke objects, and a collection of pipes from the United States Tobacco Museum. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Saturday, Oct. 8, through Sunday, Oct. 16. Weekdays, 1 to 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Walking Tour—"Upper Fifth Avenue," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Oct. 9, starting at Fifth Avenue and 89th Street, at 2:30. For information, call 534-1672.

Auctions—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Oct. 5, at 11: English and Continental miniatures, from the estate of Greta S. Heckett. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 5, at 2:15, and Thursday, Oct. 6, at 10:15 and 2: Miniatures, watches, *objets de vertu*, and English and Continental silver; from many owners. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 7, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings, from various collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 8, at 2: French furniture and decorations, from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 12-13, at 2: Jewelry, from the estate of Edith Kane Baker and from other sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 7.

Election Registration—The registration dates for the Nov. 8 elections are Thursday, Oct. 13, and Saturday, Oct. 15, from 1 P.M. to 9 P.M.

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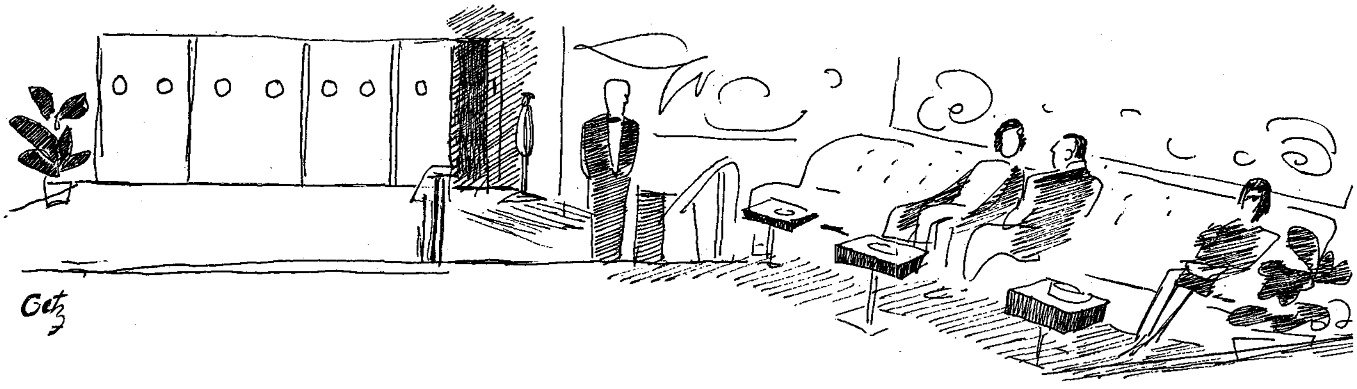

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Marriage—Italian Style" and "Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Oct. 11: "A Bridge Too Far" and "Vanishing Point."
From Oct. 12: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 6: "The Kentucky Fried Movie."
From Oct. 7: "Annie Hall."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Star Wars."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Valentino."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Oct. 6: "The Kentucky Fried Movie."
From Oct. 7: "A Piece of the Action."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Short Eyes."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Valentino."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Oct. 7: "La Grande Bourgeoise."
From Oct. 8: "The Lacemaker."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"One Sings, the Other Doesn't."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Bobby Deerfield."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Bobby Deerfield."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Pardon Mon Affaire."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Julia."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Outrageous!"

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Oct. 6: "The Spy Who Loved Me."
From Oct. 7: "The Kentucky Fried Movie."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Lincoln Conspiracy."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"A Special Day."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Let Joy Reign Supreme."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Oct. 6: "You Light Up My Life."
From Oct. 7: "The Spy Who Loved Me."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 11: "A Bridge Too Far."
From Oct. 12: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Valentino."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Lincoln Conspiracy."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Star Wars."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Oct. 6: "The Spy Who Loved Me."
From Oct. 7: "Oh, God!"

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Oct. 6: "The Happy Hooker Goes to Washington."
From Oct. 7: "A Piece of the Action."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Oct. 6: "Grand Theft Auto."
From Oct. 7: "Cinderella" (R-rated).

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Rabid" and "Demon!"

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through Oct. 6: "Pardon Mon Affaire."
From Oct. 7: "A Piece of the Action."

Renoir Cinema, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. (873-8702; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Oct. 5: "Strongman Ferdinand."
Oct. 6-12: "The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz" and "The Great Madcap."
From Oct. 13: "Bonaparte."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through Oct. 11: "La Grande Bourgeoise."
From Oct. 12: "Annie Hall" and "Harry and Walter Go to New York."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Spy Who Loved Me."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 8: "North by Northwest" and "The Thin Man." Oct. 9-11: "Broadway Melody of 1940" and "The Harvey Girls." From Oct. 12: "Forbidden Planet" and "The Time Machine."
Theatre 2: "The Lincoln Conspiracy."
Theatre 3: "Stroszek."
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 11: "Rabid" and "Demon!" From Oct. 12: "Children of Rage."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"MacArthur."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Oct. 6: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 7: "Tommy."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Salò, 120 Days of Sodom."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Oct. 11: "The Bad News Bears in Breaking Training."
From Oct. 12: "MacArthur."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Handle with Care."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Black and White in Color."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"A Woman's Decision."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Short Eyes."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The American Friend."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"La Grande Bourgeoise."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "The Spy Who Loved Me."
Theatre 2: "Rabid" and "Demon!"
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 6: "The Happy Hooker Goes to Washington." From Oct. 7: "Cinderella" (R-rated).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Pardon Mon Affaire."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Oct. 11: "The Bad News Bears in Breaking Training" and "Bugsy Malone."
From Oct. 12: "The First Nudie Musical" and "Next Stop, Greenwich Village."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Through Oct. 6: "The Decameron" (1971), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini himself; and "Accattone!" (1961), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini.
Oct. 7-8: "Where's Poppa?" (1970), directed by Carl Reiner, with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, and Trish Van Devere; and "Harold and Maude" (1971), directed by Hal Ashby, with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.
Oct. 9-10: "Persona" (1967), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann; and "Cries and Whispers" (1972), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan.
Oct. 11: "Live Today, Die Tomorrow" (1970), in Japanese, directed by Kaneto Shindo; and "Stray Dog" (1949), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.
Oct. 12-13: "Mr. Arkadin" (1955), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Michael Redgrave, Akim Tamiroff, Mischa Auer, and Katina Paxinou; and "Touch of Evil" (1958), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Oct. 5: "Salvation Hunters" (1925), a silent film, directed by Josef von Sternberg, with George K. Arthur and Georgia Hale; and "The Taming of the Shrew" (1929), directed by Sam Taylor, with Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.
Oct. 6: "The Forest" (1973), in Kannada, directed by Girish Karnad; and "The Runaway" (1966), in Bengali, directed by Tapan Sinha.
Oct. 7: "Marty" (†) and "Mean Streets." (†)
Oct. 8: "Cabaret" (1972), directed by Bob Fosse, with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "The Blue Angel" (1929), in German, directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich and Emil Jannings.
Oct. 9: "A Tale of Two Cities" (†) and "David Copperfield." (†)
Oct. 10: "The Canterville Ghost" (†) and "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." (†)
Oct. 11: "The Brutalization of Franz Blum" (1974) and "Mathias Kneissl" (1971), both films in German, directed by Reinhard Hauff.
Oct. 12: "Vivacious Lady" (†) and "The More the Merrier." (†)
Oct. 13: "Funeral Rights" (1972), in Kannada, directed by T. P. Rama Reddy; and

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⑯ Standard warning chimes (instead of buzzer).
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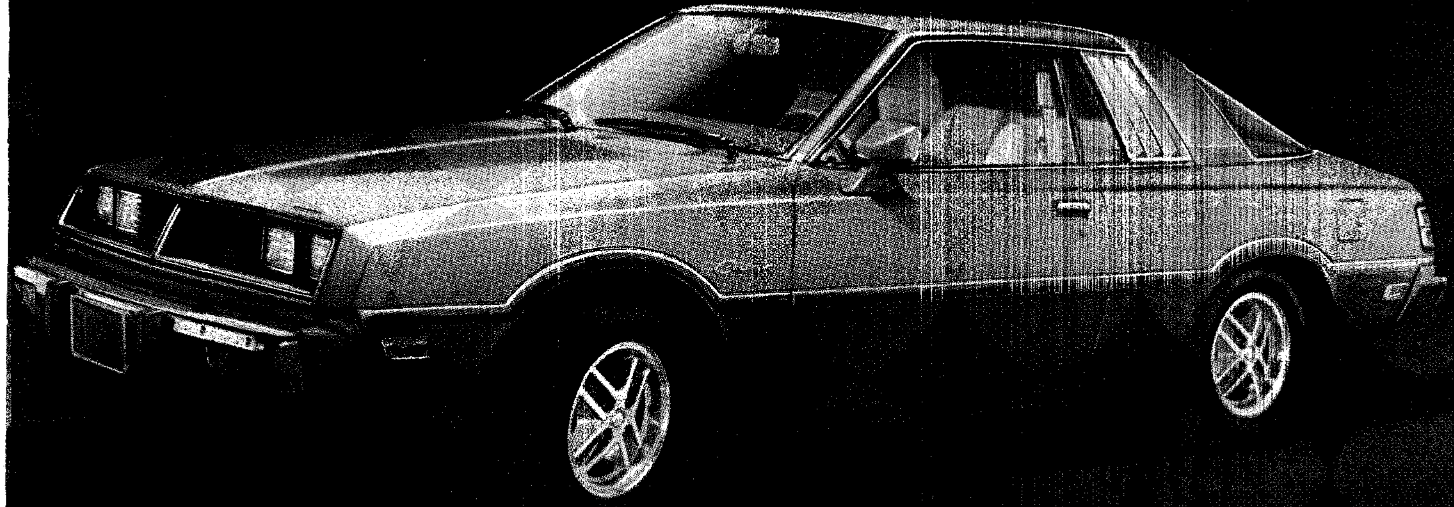
⑱ Standard plaid cloth interior with carpeting.
⑲ Standard lighted door locks (outside).
⑳ Standard louvers (rear quarter windows).
㉑ Standard side-striping.
㉒ Standard locking gas cap.



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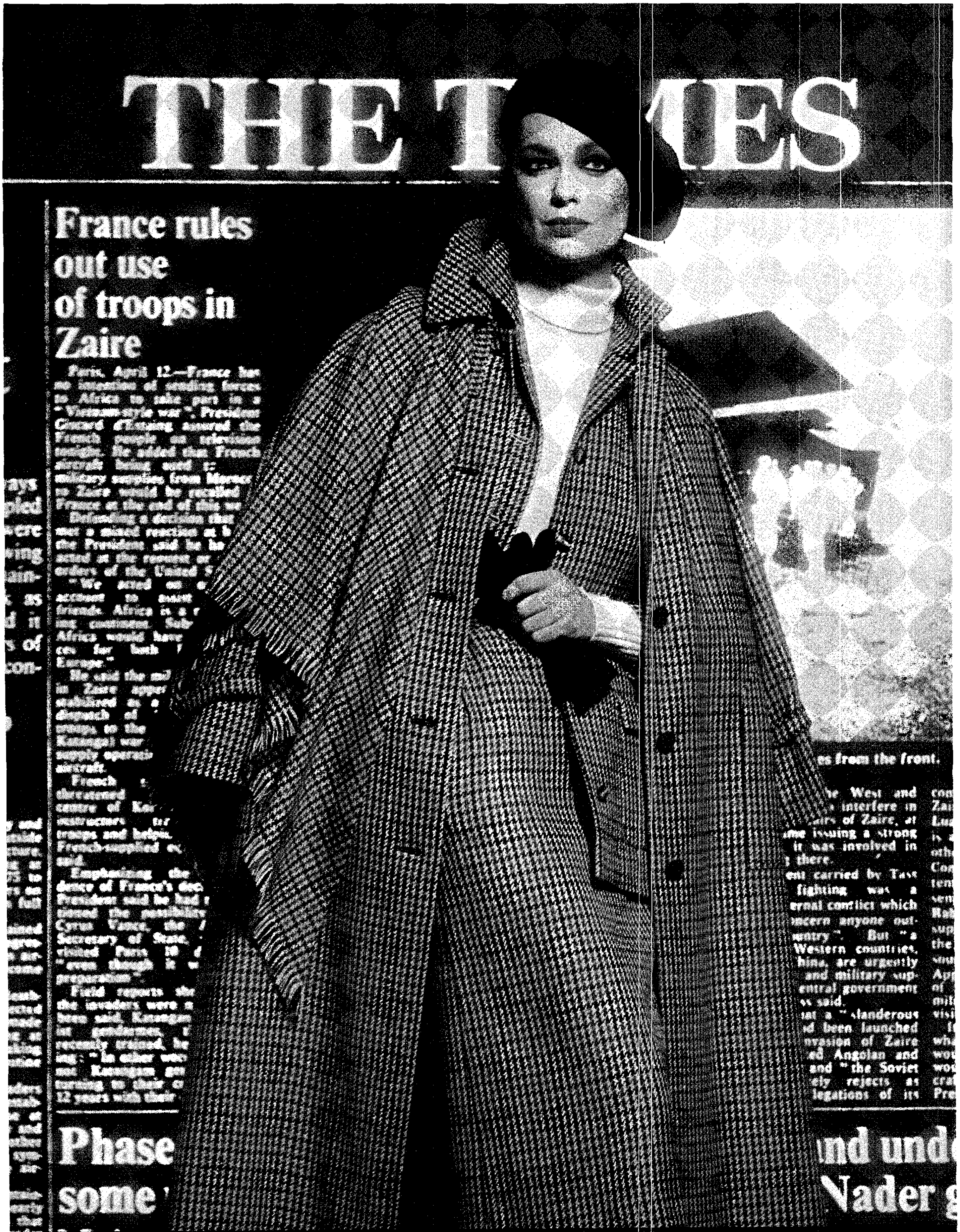
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"The Whole Sky" (1970), in Hindi, directed by Basu Chatterji.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Oct. 6: "Seven Beauties" (1976), in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey; and "Love and Anarchy" (1973), in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini.

Oct. 7-8: "What's New Pussycat?" (†); and "The Front" (1976), directed by Martin Ritt, with Woody Allen.

Oct. 9-10: "Bedazzled" (1967), directed by Stanley Donen, with Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron; and "The Ruling Class" (1972), directed by Peter Medak, with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe.

Oct. 11: "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (†); and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig.

Oct. 12-13: "Welcome to L.A." (1977), directed by Alan Rudolph, with Keith Carradine, Geraldine Chaplin, Lauren Hutton, Harvey Keitel, John Considine, and Sissy Spacek; and "The Day of the Locust" (1975), directed by John Schlesinger, with Donald Sutherland, Karen Black, Burgess Meredith, Billy Barty, and William Atherton.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Oct. 8: "Mr. Skeffington" (1944), directed by Vincent Sherman, with Bette Davis and Claude Rains; and "The Catered Affair" (1956), directed by Richard Brooks, with Bette Davis, Ernest Borgnine, Debbie Reynolds, and Barry Fitzgerald.

Oct. 9-10: "Autumn Leaves" (†); and "Storm Center" (1956), directed by Daniel Taradash, with Bette Davis, Brian Keith, Kim Hunter, Paul Kelly, and Kevin Coughlin.

Oct. 11-12: "Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte" (†); and "Phone Call from a Stranger" (1952), directed by Jean Negulesco, with Shelley Winters, Gary Merrill, and Bette Davis.

From Oct. 13: "The Petrified Forest" (†) and "Johnny Guitar." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through Oct. 6: "The Pickwick Papers" (1954), directed by Noel Langley, with James Hayter and Nigel Patrick; and "Moulin Rouge" (1953), directed by John Huston, with José Ferrer, Colette Marchand, and Zsa Zsa Gabor.

Oct. 7-8: "Nothing Sacred" (1937), directed by William Wellman, with Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Walter Connolly, and Charles Winninger; and "My Man Godfrey" (1936), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady.

Oct. 9-11: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina; and "8½" (1963), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale.

Oct. 12-13: "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" (†); and "The Private Life of Henry VIII" (1933), directed by Alexander Korda, with Charles Laughton, Merle Oberon, Binnie Barnes, Wendy Barrie, and Elsa Lanchester.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through Oct. 6: "The Big Broadcast of 1936," directed by Norman Taurog, with Bing Crosby, Ethel Merman, Amos 'n' Andy, and Burns and Allen; and "The Big Broadcast of 1938," directed by Mitchell Leisen, with W. C. Fields, Kirsten Flagstad, Martha Raye, Dorothy Lamour, Bob Hope, and Shirley Ross.

Oct. 7-8: "Design for Living" (†) and "The Scoundrel." (†)

Oct. 9-10: "Holiday" (†) and "Born Yesterday." (†)

Oct. 11-12: "The Big Pond" (†) and "Midnight." (†)

Oct. 13: "Bad Sister" (1931), directed by Hobart Henley, with Conrad Nagel, Sidney Fox, Bette Davis, and ZaSu Pitts; and "Payment on Demand." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Oct. 6 at 2:30: "My Little Chickadee" (1940), directed by Edward Cline, with W. C. Fields and Mae West. . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 6: "My Man Godfrey" (1936), directed by Gregory La Cava, with William Powell, Carole Lombard, Alice Brady, and Eugene Pallette. . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 8:30: "Unfinished Business" (1941), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Irene Dunne, Robert Montgomery, and Preston Foster. . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 2:30: "Christmas Holiday" (1944), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Gene Kelly, Deanna Durbin, and Gladys George. . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 6: "And Then There Were None" (1945), directed by René Clair, with Walter Huston, Barry Fitzgerald, and Judith Anderson. . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at noon: "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break" (1941), directed by Edward Cline, with W. C. Fields, Gloria Jean, and Leon Errol. . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 2:30: "Criss Cross" (1949), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Burt Lancaster, Yvonne De Carlo, and Dan Duryea. . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 5: "The Dark Mirror" (1946), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Olivia de Havilland, Lew Ayres, and Thomas Mitchell. . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at noon: "Three Smart Girls" (1937), directed by Henry Koster, with Deanna Durbin and Ray Milland. . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 2:30: "Christmas Holiday.". . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 5: "Your Money or Your Life" (1932), in Czech, directed by Jindrich Honzl, with George Voskovec and Jan Werich; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at noon: A program of three short films. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 2:30: "The Killers" (1946), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Burt Lancaster, Edmond O'Brien, and Ava Gardner. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 6: "Another Part of the Forest" (1948), directed by Michael Gordon, with Fredric March, Ann Blyth, and Florence Eldridge. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at noon: A program of three short films. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 2:30: "Les Amours de la Reine Elisabeth" (1912), a French silent film, directed by Louis Mercanton, with Sarah Bernhardt, English inter-titles; and "Amor Pedestre" (1914), an Italian silent film, directed by Marcel Fabre. . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 2:30: "The Suspect" (1945), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Charles Laughton and Ella Raines. . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 6: "A Woman's Vengeance" (1947), directed by Zoltan Korda, with Charles Boyer, Ann Blyth, Jessica Tandy, and Cedric Hardwicke. . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 8:30: "The Web" (1947), directed by Michael Gordon, with Edmond O'Brien, Vincent Price, and Ella Raines. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Oct. 9: "The Hand," a video film directed by David Lamelas; and "Dialectical Facts," a video film directed by Ron Clark. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 11: "Scenes from the Class Struggle in Portugal," directed by Robert Kramer and Philip Spinelli. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evening). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Buñuel, Cavalcanti, Clair, Picabia, Cocteau, Dreyer, Bresson, Brakhage, Wiegand, Mitzka, Dovzhenko, Deren, Genet, and others. Showings Oct. 5-7 at 7 and 9; Oct. 8 at 2:30, 7, and 9; Oct. 9 at 8; and Oct. 11-13 at 7 and 9.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Starting Oct. 13: "Breaking with Old Ideas" (1975), in Chinese, produced by the People's Republic of China, English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

New York Film Festival—The final programs in a series of international films—At **ALICE TULLY HALL,** Lincoln Center. Oct. 5 at 1:15: "Transatlantic" (William K. Howard; United States, 1931). . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 3:30: "Wild Oranges" (King Vidor; United States, 1924) and "Regeneration" (Raoul Walsh; United States, 1915). . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 6:15: "Hot Tomorrows" (Martin Brest; United States) and "My Grandmother" (U.S.S.R., 1929). . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 9:30: "Omar Gatlato" (Merzak Allouache; Algeria). . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 1:15: "The Torrent" (Monta Bell; United States, 1926). . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 3:30: "It" (Clarence Badger and Josef von Sternberg; United States, 1927) and "It's the Old Army Game" (Edward Sutherland; United States, 1926). . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 6:15: "Women" (Márta Mészáros; Hungary). . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 9:30: "The Lacemaker" (Claude Goretta; Switzerland). . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 1:15: "Dodsworth" (William Wyler; United States, 1936). . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 3:30: "Liliom" (Frank Borzage; United States, 1930). . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 6:15: "The Lacemaker.". . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 9:30: "Women.". . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 2 and 7:30: "1900" (Bernardo Bertolucci; Italy). . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL.** Oct. 9 at 8:30: "That Obscure Object of Desire" (Luis Buñuel; France). (For tickets, call 362-1911.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The American Friend—With Dennis Hopper and Bruno Ganz, directed by Wim Wenders. (Cinema Studio.)

Annie Hall—Woody Allen's newest film—very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/25/77.) (Gramercy; starting Oct. 7. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; starting Oct. 12.)

Autumn Leaves (1956)—Robert Aldrich piling on the garish melodrama and working up a storm of emotional anguish. He holds your attention even though some part of you is giggling while you watch Joan Crawford take as her husband Cliff Robertson, who is not well in the head. He tosses objects at her (including a standard typewriter), and she heaves, gasps, and rolls her large eyes, but persists in being understanding. What's eating him is that in his first marriage (to Vera Miles) he was cuckolded by his own rotten dad (Lorne Greene). It eventually becomes evident to the hand-wringing, knuckle-gnawing Crawford that *something* has to be done, but not until after she does a lot of striding up and down. (Regency; Oct. 9-10.)

The Bad News Bears in Breaking Training—Highly likable sequel to "The Bad News Bears," with the crew of unruly and matchlessly mismatched kids caught up in a ballgame in Houston. Jackie Earle Haley, smoking hard to get around the cops' suspicion that he hasn't got a driver's license, is fine. (Playboy, and Olympia; through Oct. 11.)

The Big Pond (1930)—The pond is the Atlantic, and in this musical starring Maurice Chevalier he's a Frenchman whose intentions are often misunderstood in the United States, particularly by George Barbier, the rich, chewing-gum-manufacturer father of the girl he loves (Claudette Colbert). Preston Sturges did the rewrite job on the 1928 Broadway play, but the script isn't memorable. The film is remembered chiefly for the charming songs that Chevalier introduced, especially "You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me" and "Livin' in the Sunlight, Lovin' in the Moonlight." Hobart Henley directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 11-12.)

Black and White in Color—Directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud; at first anecdotal, then ironic and sharp and charming. The scene is West Africa in 1915, when the local French and German garrisons learn that they are at war. The hero is a good-looking, decisive French geographer called Hubert (Jacques Spiesser), who turns a tribe into a pukka regiment. In French. (5/23/77) (Paris.)

Bobby Deerfield—A rich-meets-rich picture, and worse than one imagines. Al Pacino gives a torpid performance as a spiritually depleted Grand Prix racing-car driver who falls in love with a well-heeled free spirit (Marthe Keller), a metaphysical kook. Though she's dying, she asks him such meaningful questions that he is restored to life. The director, Sydney Pollack, tries for a Lelouch atmosphere but settles for the glitter of cash outlay. From Remarque's "Heaven Has No Favorites," adapted by Alvin Sargent; with Anny Duperey. (10/3/77) (Baronet, and Coronet.)

Bonaparte (1927, 1971)—The work of Abel Gance, one of the great pioneers of film and a master of fast editing, has not had the recognition it deserves because he was technically

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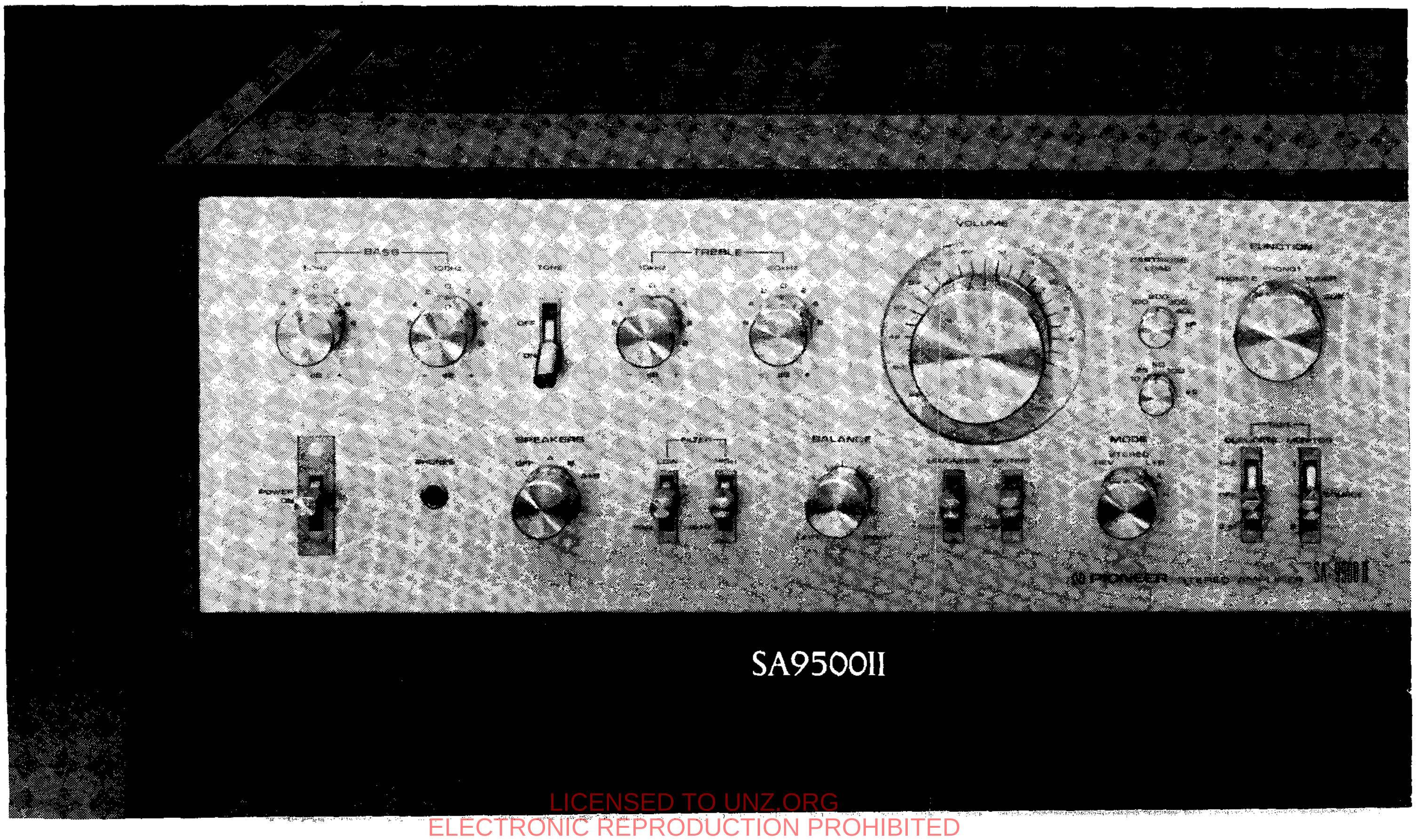

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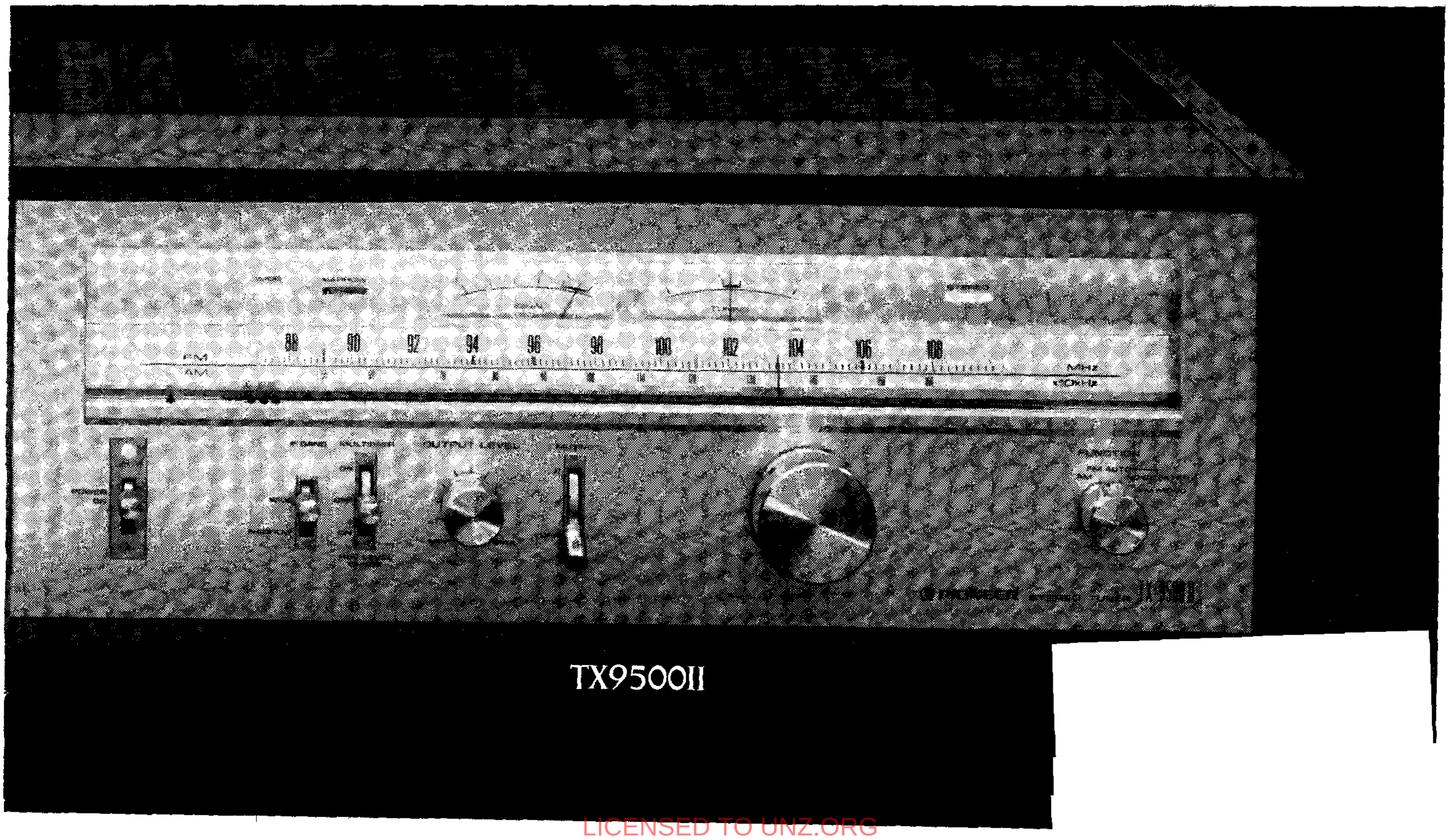

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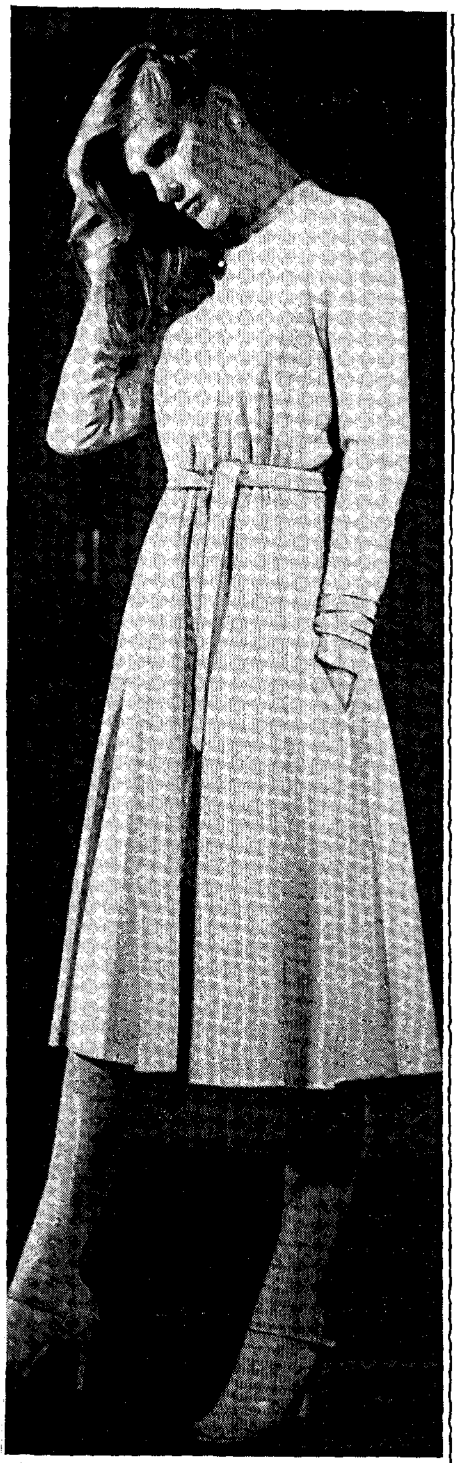

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so far ahead of his time that theatres weren't designed or equipped to handle his films. His 1927 "Napoleon" was made in Polyvision, and those lucky enough to have seen it projected that way (or, as it sometimes was, on three ordinary screens) will recall that his conception was far more complex than what directors later did with Cinerama, since Gance frequently used the images at the left and right of the central image for contrapuntal effects. The imagery poured from the three sources, history literally seemed to be *an avalanche of armies, battles, and crowds*. His epic was, however, so rarely shown that in 1934 he edited another version of it, and then in 1971 prepared this version. Even though much of the visual complexity is gone, what's left is still worth seeing—sweepingly romantic, both naive and sophisticated. Antonin Artaud appears as Marat, Gance himself as Saint-Just. (Four and a half hours.) (Renoir Cinema; starting Oct. 13.)

BORN YESTERDAY (1950)—Judy Holliday as a brassy, smart "dumb blonde" who is mistress to a big-time dealer in scrap metal (Broderick Crawford), and William Holden as the journalist who is hired to make her more "couth." When he succeeds, the picture fails; but the first half is good comedy. George Cukor directed, from the play by Garson Kanin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 9-10.)

A BRIDGE TOO FAR—*A film too long. Inaccurate, to boot.* About Arnhem in the Second World War, with a list of stars of whom only Laurence Olivier is worth your ticket money. (6/20/77) (St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; through Oct. 11.)

BROADWAY MELODY OF 1940—Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy. That's a lot of tapping. Norman Taurog directed; he couldn't do much with the indefatigable, intensely dull Miss Powell. A half-dozen good Cole Porter songs are reprised, including "I Concentrate on You" and "Begin the Beguine." (Quad Cinema; Oct. 9-11.)

BUGSY MALONE (1976)—An aberration from England, set in New York in 1929 and made with a cast of children, average age twelve. It's a kiddie-gangster musical, with slapstick gang wars—a film that operates on darlingness and the kitsch of innocence. Alan Parker wrote and directed; the score (sung by adults) is by Paul Williams. With Jodie Foster as the vamp Tallulah, Martin Lev as the villian Dandy Dan, and, among the nonprofessionals, the appealing Florrie Dugger as the complacent ingenue, Blousey. (9/27/76) (Olympia; through Oct. 11.)

THE CANTERVILLE GHOST (1944)—In this heavy whimsey taken from an Oscar Wilde story, Charles Laughton is atrociously coy and florid. As the ghost of a man who was a coward, he's doomed to flutter about until his descendant, Robert Young, proves himself brave. Jules Dassin directed; with Margaret O'Brien. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 10.)

CHILDREN OF RAGE (1975)—With Helmut Griem, directed by Arthur Allan Seidelman. (Quad Cinema; starting Oct. 12.)

THE CRIMINAL LIFE OF ARCHIBALDO DE LA CRUZ (1955)—Only intermittently amusing black comedy, made in Mexico by Buñuel. Directed rather indifferently, though the story has a Buñuelian perversity. It's about a man whose attempts to commit murder are constantly frustrated by the deaths of his intended victims. In Spanish. (Renoir Cinema; Oct. 6-12.)

DAVID COPPERFIELD (1935)—Misplaced homage to Dickens by Hollywood, with Freddie Bartholomew's child-star classiness serving for Copperfield as a boy, and W. C. Fields squeezing himself into Mr. Micawber as if into a prescription of teetotalism. Edna May Oliver is pretty good as Aunt Betsey; so is Basil Rathbone as Mr. Murdstone. It being 1935, and this being an M-G-M production, nobody quite managed to get Roland Young to keep the charm out of Uriah Heep. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 9.)

DEMON!—With Tony Lo Bianco, Sandy Dennis, Sylvia Sidney, and Sam Levene; directed by Larry Cohen. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Oct. 11.)

DESIGN FOR LIVING (1933)—Noël Coward's famous play, filmed by Ernst Lubitsch, with a screenplay by Ben Hecht. Though Hecht swore that he had deleted all but one of Coward's actual lines, the Coward temperament is intact. Gary Cooper is miscast in Coward's part, but Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins muster some of the freebooting stylishness. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 7-8.)

LE FANTÔME DE LA LIBERTÉ (1974)—Buñuel's theme is freedom, in the sense of chance: the picture is a random series of anecdotes and paradoxes, and they miss as often as they connect. Buñuel has a great tonic style, but this is piffle. The actors come on in relays; the cast includes Monica Vitti, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Adriana Asti. In French. (Cinema Village; Oct. 11.)

THE FIRST NUDIE MUSICAL—A spoof of low-budget porno films and the musical comedies of the thirties and forties, with Stephen Nathan, Cindy Williams, and Bruce Kimmel; directed by Mr. Kimmel and Mark Haggard. R-rated. (Olympia; starting Oct. 12.)

FORBIDDEN PLANET (1956)—The best of the science-fiction interstellar productions of the fifties lifts its plot and atmosphere from Shakespeare: the magical island of "The Tempest" becomes the planet Altair-4, where the sky is green and the sand is pink and there are two moons. The magician Prospero becomes the mad scientist Morbius (Walter Pidgeon); Prospero's daughter Miranda, who knows no man except her father, is Altaira (Anne Francis); and (though this is less clear) the sprite Ariel becomes Robby, the friendly robot. Caliban has become a marvellously flamboyant monster out of Freud—pure id. It's a pity the film, directed by Fred Wilcox, didn't lift some of Shakespeare's dialogue; the language is flat. (Quad Cinema; starting Oct. 12.)

LA GRANDE BOURGEOISE—A noble, beautiful piece of work by Mauro Bolognini, set in the Italy of 1897. The story has the quality of a fable. The Countess (Catherine Deneuve), daughter of the famed and powerful house of Murri, is married to a boorish doctor but is in love with her brother (played by Giancarlo Giannini). The Murris are rich Socialists; they excite the rage and envy of poorer fellow-Socialists and traditional monarchists alike. In French and Italian. (8/8/77) (Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Fine Arts; through Oct. 7. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 11.)

GRAND THEFT AUTO—Ron Howard and Nancy Morgan, directed by Mr. Howard. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Oct. 6.)

THE GREAT MADCAP (1949)—Directed by Luis Buñuel, in Mexico. In Spanish. (Renoir Cinema; Oct. 6-12.)

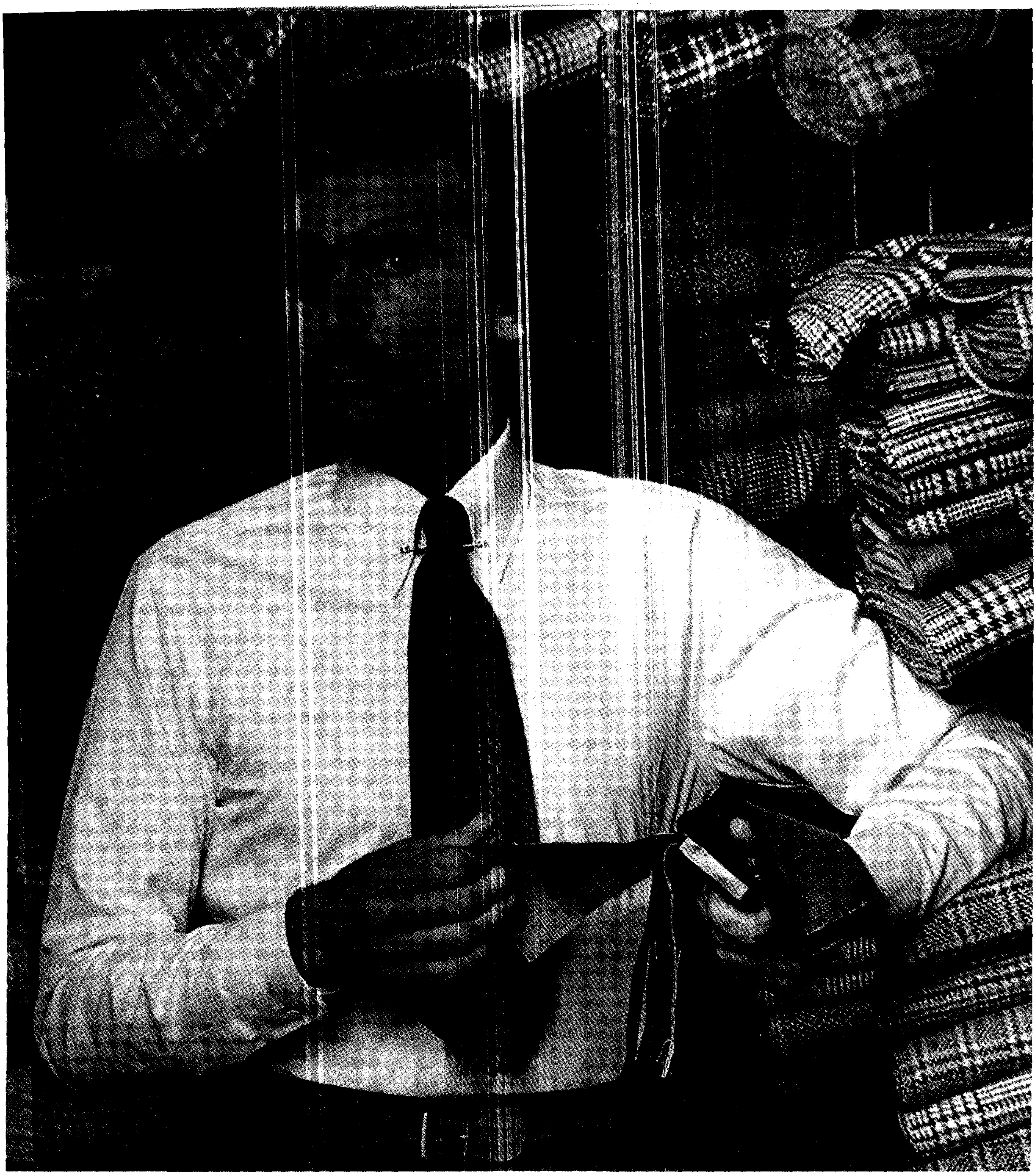
HANDLE WITH CARE—With Paul Le Mat and Candy Clark, directed by Jonathan Demme. (Little Carnegie.)

THE HAPPY HOOKER GOES TO WASHINGTON—With Joey Heatherton and George Hamilton, directed by William A. Levey. (86th St. East, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through Oct. 6.)

HARRY AND WALTER GO TO NEW YORK (1976)—A turn-of-the-century comedy, with James Caan, Michael Caine, Elliott Gould, and Diane Keaton. Directed by Mark Rydell. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Oct. 12.)

THE HARVEY GIRLS (1946)—In this lavish, high-spirited M-G-M period musical, Judy Garland leads the forces of respectability (the clean, starched waitresses who serve travellers food only), and Angela Lansbury is the wicked, glittering dance-hall queen whose girls provide God-knows-what illicit pleasures. The central conceit of glorifying progress and moral uplift in a musical comedy set in New Mexico in the eighteen-eighties is certainly a strange one, but it worked out surprisingly well—though the charm is mostly heavy. With John Hodiak (an ill-chosen romantic partner for Judy Garland) and Ray Bolger, Cyd Charisse, Marjorie Main, Kenny Baker, Virginia O'Brien, Chill Wills, Selena Royle, and Preston Foster. There is, of course, the deservedly famous classic number "On the Atchison, Topeka, and the Santa Fe"—it's one of the triumphant sequences in screen-musical history—as well as a batch of other Johnny Mercer and Henry Warren songs, including "The Wild, Wild West" and "It's a Great Big World." George Sidney directed. (Quad Cinema; Oct. 9-11.)

HOLIDAY (1938)—In the thirties, Katharine Hepburn's wit and nonconformity made ordinary heroines seem mushy, and her angular beauty made the round-faced ingenues look piggy and stupid. Here she is in her archetypal role, as the rich tomboy Linda in Philip Barry's romantic comedy. She had understudied the role in 1928 on Broadway and had used it for her screen test, and she was the moving force behind this graceful film version, which Donald Ogden Stewart tailored for her and which George Cukor directed. In the pivotal role of a man who



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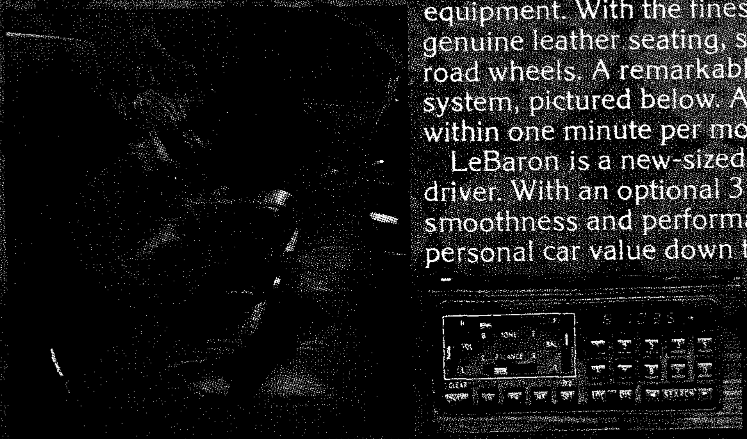

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wants a holiday in order to discover his values, Cary Grant manages to make a likable and plausible character out of a dramatist's stratagem. With Lew Ayres as Linda's brother; Edward Everett Horton and Jean Dixon as her friends; Doris Nolan as her stuffy, patrician sister; and Henry Daniell and Binnie Barnes among her obnoxious relatives. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 9-10.)

The Hunchback of Notre Dame (1939)—Playing Quasimodo (Lon Chaney's old role), Charles Laughton seems determined to outdo Chaney's horrifying makeup. With only one eye and a hump so big his head seems to be in the middle of his chest, his Quasimodo is so distorted and misshapen that little of the human being, much less of the actor, survives. It's an appallingly masochistic performance. The adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel seems rather perfunctory, but it's an elaborate, well-photographed mixture of historical spectacle and Grand Guignol. William Dieterle directed. Maureen O'Hara is a ravishing Esmeralda, and the cast includes Edmond O'Brien (in his film début), Cedric Hardwicke, Thomas Mitchell, George Zucco, Alan Marshal, Walter Hampden, Minna Gombell, Fritz Leiber, Etienne Girardot, and Harry Davenport as Louis XI. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Thalia; Oct. 12-13.)

Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte (1965)—Bette Davis in a macabre melodrama directed by Robert Aldrich—an attempt to reproduce the box-office success of their camp Gothic "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," in which Davis's co-star was Joan Crawford. Crawford was to have appeared in this one also, but became ill and was replaced by Olivia de Havilland. Davis is a rich, dotty recluse living in a moldy mansion in Louisiana; she wanders about the shadowy rooms in streaming hair and billowing nighties, whispering telepathic endearments to her long-dead daddy. De Havilland is her treacherous cousin, Agnes Moorehead the witchlike housekeeper, and Joseph Cotten the family doctor. The story, redolent of mutilation and assorted horrors, is from a novel by Henry Farrell, who also was the source of the earlier film. A lot of people seemed to enjoy the spectacle of Davis crawling and howling and looking wildly repulsive. With Victor Buono, Mary Astor, Bruce Dern, George Kennedy, and Cecil Kellaway. (Regency; Oct. 11-12.)

Johnny Guitar (1954)—A very rum Western, with cockeyed feminist attitudes expressed by Joan Crawford as a gambling-house owner. Directed by Nicholas Ray at his most delirious, which at least makes his work more of a fling than usual, if not distinguished. With Ernest Borgnine and John Carradine. Enjoyable. (Regency; starting Oct. 13.)

Julia—Based on a memoir by Lillian Hellman, with Jane Fonda and Vanessa Redgrave. Directed by Fred Zinnemann. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I.)

The Kentucky Fried Movie—With David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; directed by John Landis. (Gramercy, and Eastside Cinema; through Oct. 6. . . . ¶ Columbia I; starting Oct. 7.)

The Lacemaker—With Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton, directed by Claude Goretta. In French. (Fine Arts; starting Oct. 8.)

Let Joy Reign Supreme—Bertrand Tavernier's sage reconstruction of the year 1719 in France, when the Duc d'Orléans (Philippe Noiret) was running the land as regent for the sickly little boy who was to survive—to everyone's surprise, and in the face of many hopes—to become Louis XV. We are in a world of galloping inflation, corruption in high places, the sleepless nights of the powerful, the puny budget of any possible usurper. Tavernier shows us the luxe, the muddle, the cruelty of the time, with many scenes full of wit, and one sequence that points straight ahead to the Revolution. Highly knowledgeable and intelligent, with a low voice about dreams of power that rings in one's ears long afterward. In French. (9/19/77) (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Lincoln Conspiracy—With Bradford Dillman, John Dehner, and Whit Bissell; directed by James L. Conway. (Columbia II, U.A. East, and Quad Cinema.)

MacArthur—A blockbuster film that is an act of homage to egocentricity and battle hunger. Gregory Peck plays the General perfectly: his skill in reproducing the characteristics of a noisy, obtuse, brave, Red-baiting man makes the actor and subject seem uncannily matched. At West Point, stripped of his command, the General has some moving moments: you feel that without war this authoritarian man is made inert and void. (7/11/77) (Guild. . . . ¶ Playboy; starting Oct. 12.)

Marriage—Italian Style (1964)—A bit of cashing-in on the much funnier and more rash "Divorce—Italian Style;" this picture also stars Marcello Mastroianni, but it was directed by Vittorio De Sica, not Pietro Germi. Mastroianni plays a rising young businessman back in 1943 who meets a sumptuous prostitute (Sophia Loren). Over the years, the obliging girl assumes the triple task of being his mistress, his business associate, and his housekeeper, having once tricked him into a marriage that he quickly has annulled. The plot squeaks with complications, but De Sica's love of all scamps is endearing, and so are the two stars' luscious comic gifts. In Italian. (Art.)

Marty (1955)—Ernest Borgnine is the shy Bronx butcher who goes to a dance hall (it suggests Roseland) and meets a lonely high-school teacher (Betsy Blair). Delbert Mann directed this small-scale, overly celebrated film version of Paddy Chayefsky's television play. (On TV it starred Rod Steiger.) You have to have considerable tolerance for Chayefsky's repetitive dialogue and his insistence on the humanity of "little" people. With Esther Minciotti as Borgnine's Italian mother, and Augusta Ciolli as his aunt. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 7.)

Mean Streets (1973)—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie and Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 7.)

Midnight (1939)—Rapturous fun. Slim-hipped, wide-eyed Claudette Colbert, stranded in Paris in an evening gown, gets involved with John Barrymore, who is trying to regain the affections of his straying wife, Mary Astor, who is hooked on dapper Francis Lederer. This romantic comedy, written by Brackett and Wilder, and directed by Mitchell Leisen, is one of the authentic delights of the thirties. The cast includes Hedda Hopper, Monty Woolley, and Don Ameche. Actually, Ameche has an important role; he isn't bad—for Ameche. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 11-12.)

The More the Merrier (1943)—It has a memorable funny love scene: the very proper office-worker heroine (Jean Arthur) reluctantly sits down on the front steps of her apartment building with the inventor-hero (Joel McCrea); they begin to neck, and she's embarrassed by what she feels. The film is set in Washington, D.C., during the Second World War; the housing shortage results in their becoming part of an innocent *ménage à trois* with Charles Coburn, an elderly businessman who enjoys playing Cupid. Directed by George Stevens, this hit comedy is lively and well paced, but the fun is too often forced, and Jean Arthur overdoes her adorably prim act. (Remade in 1966 as "Walk, Don't Run," with Cary Grant in the Coburn role.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 12.)

Next Stop, Greenwich Village (1976)—Paul Mazursky's wonderful autobiographical lyric satire about a young comedian's life in the Village in the early fifties. With a tip-top cast headed by Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas, and with Shelley Winters giving her first full-scale performance that works on all levels. (2/2/76) (Olympia; starting Oct. 12.)

North by Northwest (1959)—Hitchcock's amusing, improbable thriller, with confused identities, mad geography, and a classic sequence—the crop-dusting airplane trying to dust Cary Grant. With Eva Marie Saint and James Mason. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 8.)

Oh, God!—With George Burns and John Denver, directed by Carl Reiner. (Loews Ciné; starting Oct. 7.)

One Sings, the Other Doesn't—Directed by Agnès Varda. In French. (Plaza.)

Outrageous!—A shock-the-bourgeois film from Canada about a friendship between a schizophrenic girl and a homosexual who is expert at drag entertainment. A cheap and false analogy is made between the states of the two characters, and it doesn't pass muster by miles. (9/12/77) (Cinema II.)

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Lothario (Jean Rochefort). Directed by Yves Robert, who made "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe." Sabotaged sometimes by coquetry, but its high spirits save it. In French. (8/8/77) (D. W. Griffith, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ Waverly; through Oct. 6.)

PAYMENT ON DEMAND (1951)—This Bette Davis picture—the story of a hideously bad marriage—was made just before "All About Eve," though it wasn't released until afterward. Davis plays a wrongheaded wife who drives her husband (Barry Sullivan) to success and into the arms of another woman (Frances Dee). Davis has so many outbursts that Sullivan, who has to listen to them, looks benumbed. The wife's treacherousness and racism also affect viewers' minds. By the time the celebrated stage actress, Jane Cowl, turns up as a broken-down divorcée who is reduced to sharing her life with a grubby poet—a spectacle that shatters Davis's wicked complacency and causes her to reform—the special disease of dull "women's pictures" has set in: a sogginess of the intellect. With Kent Taylor, John Sutton, Otto Kruger, Natalie Schafer, Richard Anderson, and, in the flashback sequence, Davis's own daughter, playing her child. Curtis Bernhardt directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 13.)

THE PETRIFIED FOREST (1936)—Archie Mayo turned Robert Sherwood's famous play into this pretty good movie about the ironic ascendancy of a strongly physical man in a society of sophisticates. An escaped gangster, played by Humphrey Bogart, holds Leslie Howard and Bette Davis hostage at a roadside restaurant in Arizona. Bogart is at his best, the irresistible type of the sardonic bandit. (Regency; starting Oct. 13.)

A PIECE OF THE ACTION—With Sidney Poitier, Bill Cosby, and James Earl Jones; directed by Mr. Poitier. (Eastside Cinema, 86th St. East, and Waverly; starting Oct. 7.)

RABID—With Marilyn Chambers and Frank Moore, directed by David Cronenberg. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Oct. 11.)

SALÒ, 120 DAYS OF SODOM—Directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian. (Festival.)

THE SAVAGE IS LOOSE (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. Scott directed. (59th St. East.)

THE SCOUNDREL (1935)—The young Noël Coward acted in this Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur movie, playing a dissolute publisher seething with self-dislike and charm. The picture is very, very witty for its first two-thirds. Hecht and MacArthur had the notion of making a film that would confound cow-lidded moviegoing taste by taking the form of a violently suave fairy tale. The film is a wonderful exercise in the debonair, with a kind of crippled poetry about it. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 7-8.)

SHORT EYES—Robert M. Young directed Miguel Piñero's adaptation of his own play—an insider's view of life in a men's house of detention, centering on the revulsion that prisoners feel toward child-molesters ("short eyes"). The play shows through the documentary surface, and the film's potency is in its words, yet parts of this disorganized, somewhat pedestrian movie seem as good as they could possibly be, and the neo-Cagney cocky humor and the moments of pain, danger, and cruelty suggest that this may be the most emotionally accurate—and so most frightening—movie about American prisons ever made. Shot entirely in the Tombs; with Piñero as Go Go, Bruce Davison as the child-molester, and Joe Carberry as Longshoe Murphy. (9/26/77) (Sutton, and Paramount.)

A SPECIAL DAY—With Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni, directed by Ettore Scola. In Italian. (Beekman.)

THE SPY WHO LOVED ME—This time around in the James Bond cycle, Roger Moore is 007, and his girl-object, a coldly luscious Russian spy, is Barbara Bach. Much ingenuity of blood lust. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (8/8/77) (Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Columbia I, and Loews Ciné; through Oct. 6. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East; starting Oct. 7.)

STAR WARS—A film, written and directed by George Lucas (of "American Graffiti"), about an interstellar war in a galaxy inhabited by tiny, chattering, evil beings, by Tenniel creatures of high individuality (a henna-dyed wolf-man, snakes with the look of mathematicians), by a gold-plated robot, and by a computer that looks like a mixture of hair-dryer and mailbox. Witty and fun, with spectacular optical effects. (6/13/77) (Murray Hill, and Loews Orpheum.)

STRONGMAN FERDINAND—Alexander Kluge, who made the light-winged "Yesterday Girl," has directed a film about the perils resulting from the sort of walled-up logic that could produce good Germans who went along with the Nazis. The hero is a security officer in a manufacturing plant. He is a fanatic and, like most fanatics, he goes too far, even to the point of taking up an assassin's gun. He aims to miss but doesn't; his rational explanation of his actions aims to hit home but doesn't. Kluge is a lawyer, and not for nothing: the film is brilliantly reasoned and rather sad about a man on the wrong track. In German. (7/25/77) (Renoir Cinema; Oct. 5.)

STROSZEK—Werner Herzog, the West German who wrote and directed this wonderful film, describes it as a ballad. Stroszek, played by Bruno S., feels himself like a castaway going round and round forever—merry-go-round or mill wheel, he doesn't know which. In a key scene, early in the film, a befriending doctor tells Stroszek that he doesn't know how to look after himself, and then shows him a premature baby who, like Stroszek, will be all right, given a little help. A masterwork. In German and English. (7/25/77) (Quad Cinema.)

A TALE OF TWO CITIES (1935)—In this most popular version of the least typical of Dickens' novels, Ronald Colman is noble Sydney Carton, and Edna May Oliver is Miss Pross. Blanche Yurka's Madame Defarge dominates the film; a menace in the grand manner, she knits like a house afire and takes the Bastille practically single-handed. Simpleminded and yawny, in the M-G-M style for classics. Jack Conway directed, with Val Lewton and Jacques Tourneur working on the Revolutionary sequences; S. N. Behrman had a sizable hand in the script. The big cast includes Elizabeth Allan, Basil Rathbone, Billy Bevan, Reginald Owen, Isabel Jewell, Fritz Leiber, Donald Woods, H. B. Warner, and Henry B. Walthall. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 9.)

THE THIN MAN (1934)—Directed by the whirlwind W. S. Van Dyke, the Dashiell Hammett novel took only sixteen days to film, and it turned out to be one of the most popular comedies ever made. However, new audiences aren't likely to enjoy it as much as the public in 1934 did, because new audiences aren't fed up, as that public was, with what the picture broke away from. It started a new cycle (as well as a "Thin Man" series) by demonstrating that a murder mystery could also be a sophisticated comedy, and that a married couple—Nick and Nora Charles (she was based on Lillian Hellman)—could drink together, exchange insolent remarks, and have a good time. William Powell and Myrna Loy were the pair, and they delighted the country. A married couple, Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich, wrote the script; James Wong Howe did the shooting. The cast includes Maureen O'Sullivan, Cesar Romero, Minna Gombell, Harold Huber, Edward Brophy, Nat Pendleton, Edward Ellis (in the title role), and a famous wirehaired terrier, called Asta here. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 8.)

THE TIME MACHINE (1960)—Entertaining George Pal sci-fi, loosely derived from the H. G. Wells novel and set at about the time the book was written—1895. The plush Victorian furnishings in the home of the time-travelling scientist (Rod Taylor) are contrasted with the catacombs of the cannibalistic future, where Yvette Mimieux is a dainty morsel on the menu. The machine itself is a beauty, with a red velvet seat and gadgets made of ivory and rock crystal, and the time-travel effects help to make this film one of the best of its kind. However, it deteriorates into comic-strip grotesqueries when the fat, ogreish future race of Morlocks torments the effete, platinum-blond, vacant-eyed race of Eloi. With Alan Young, Sebastian Cabot, and Whit Bissell. (Quad Cinema; starting Oct. 12.)

TOMMY (1975)—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous film by Ken Russell. Like many other mindless satires, it fallaciously respects and exploits what it seeks to criticize. For instance, it pretends to be severe about the false idols of our era, but it is exceedingly religious

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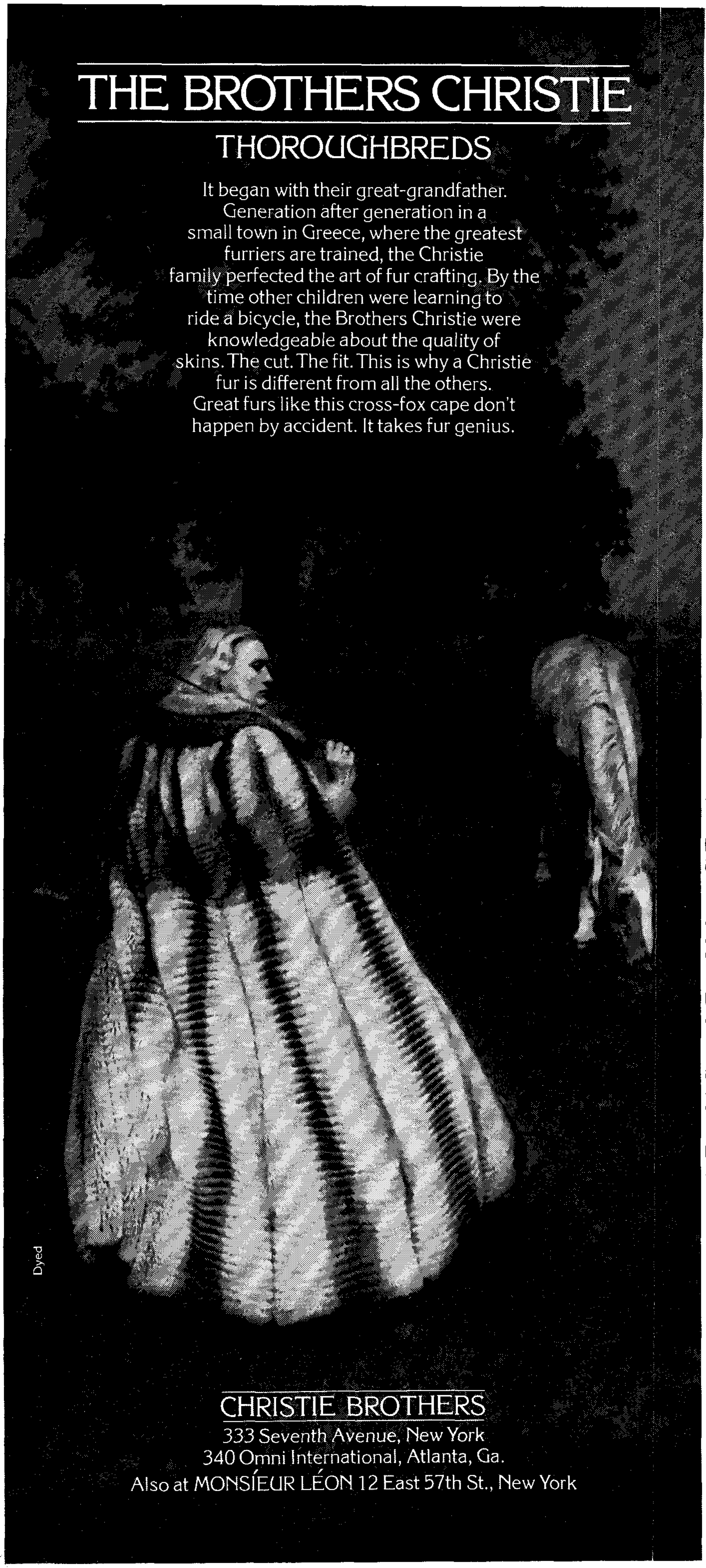
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

about show biz and success. Lots of psychedelic shocks and comic-strip effects. Ann-Margret is appealing when she doesn't have to fling herself about. Roger Daltrey plays Tommy. (Ziegfeld; starting Oct. 7.)

VALENTINO—With Rudolf Nureyev in the title role, directed by Ken Russell. (34th St. East, Trans-Lux East, and Trans-Lux 85th St.)

VANISHING POINT (1971)—Solid car chase, celebrating both kinds of speed. Not up to much. It seems a rather mechanical extension of points proved profitable in "Easy Rider." With Barry Newman, directed by Richard Sarafian. (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 11.)

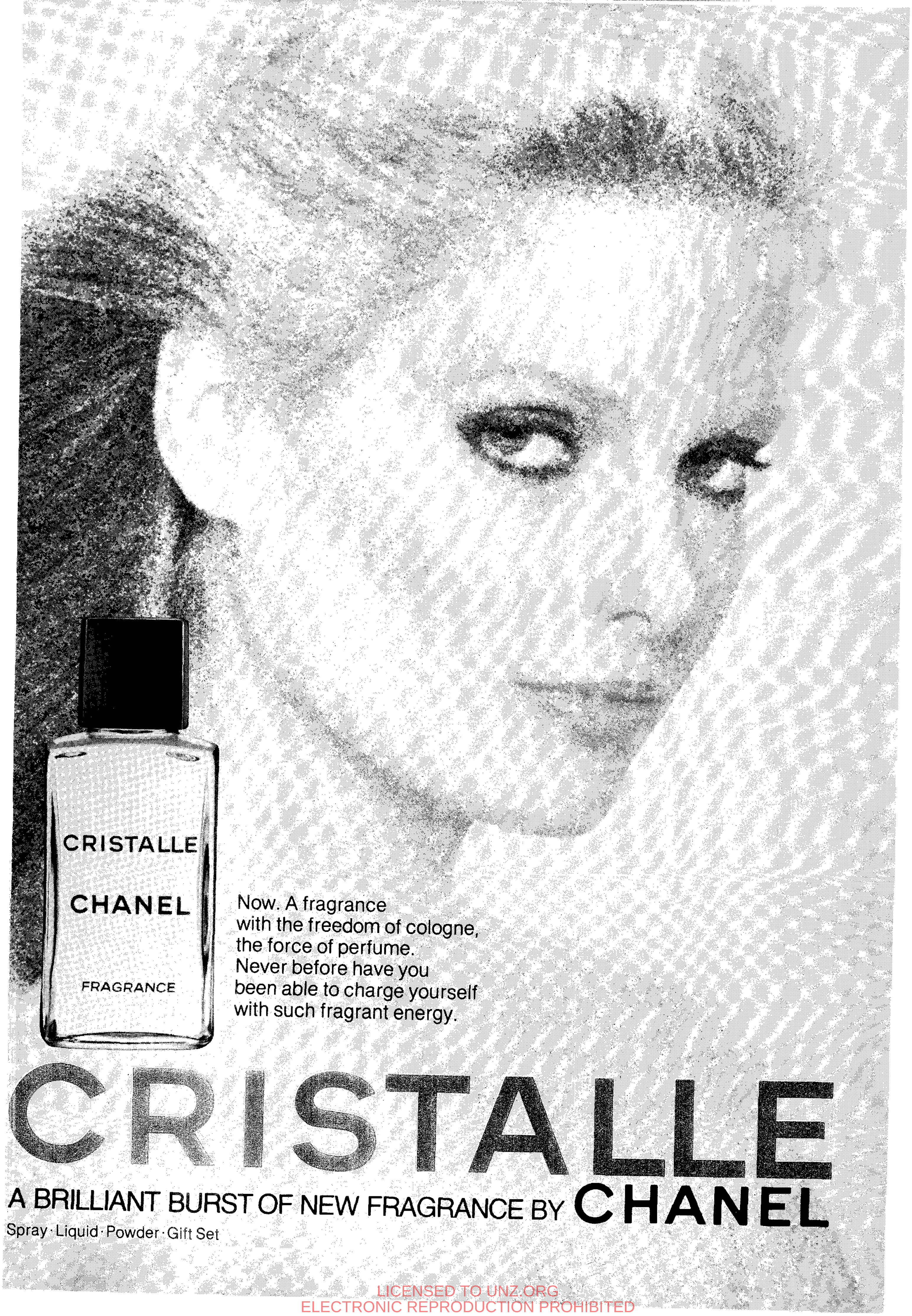
VIVACIOUS LADY (1938)—A good-natured, unpretentiously entertaining comedy, with Ginger Rogers (supremely likable here) as a nightclub singer who marries an assistant professor of biology (James Stewart). The movie is about the collision of cultures. When the newlyweds arrive at his college town—Old Sharon—they discuss the problem of breaking the news to his parents (Beulah Bondi and Charles Coburn), and Ginger finds the perfect solution. "You go tell them how wonderful I am," she says, "and I'll come over later." George Stevens directed in a nice, relaxed style; he and the cast (which includes James Ellison, Grady Sutton, Franklin Pangborn, Jack Carson, Willie Best, and Maude Eburne) all seem to enjoy the silliness. P. J. Wolfson and Ernest Pagano did the script, based on I. A. R. Wylie's story. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 12.)

WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT? (1965)—The script for this lavish production, set in Paris, is by Woody Allen, and his oblique humor is occasionally weird and alienating in this expensive context. It's a frenetic but generally funny psychiatric farce. Peter O'Toole plays a fashion-magazine editor who consults a psychiatrist (Peter Sellers) about how to cure his susceptibility to the girls who pursue him; inevitably, Sellers goes berserk trying to discover the secrets of O'Toole's success. Sellers is in the Woody Allen role, but Woody turns up, too, and there is a trio of beautiful, zingy comediennes—Paula Prentiss (who gets to read a poem called "Ode to a Pacifist Junkie"), Romy Schneider, and Capucine. Clive Donner directed. (Cinema Village; Oct. 7-8.)

A WOMAN'S DECISION—A Polish picture (awful title), directed by Krzysztof Zanussi, that has a touch of "Brief Encounter." An impetuous woman is married to a strict-faced, hidebound man, and she foreseeably falls for a physical-education instructor who is the very symbol of spontaneity and ease. Much the best part of the film has to do not with marriage and reconciliation but with the beguilingly forthcoming woman's excessive emphasis on her own good opinion of herself. And Zanussi goes as far as he probably can go in Poland to draw a picture of a scared, line-toeing director of the office where the woman works. He is obviously a symbolic Communist official, and there is a fine, whining scene when, after manhandling the heroine for standing up for an older woman colleague, he complains of the strain on his own blood pressure. In Polish. (9/19/77) (Cinema 3.)

YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW (1964)—Vittorio De Sica puts Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni through their paces in a funny three-part comedy of high and low life in Naples, Milan, and Rome. In Italian. (Art.)

YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE—If the producer-director-writer, Joseph Brooks, had written a script with a few more strands woven into it, he wouldn't have had to overwork the gamine vulnerability of his star, Didi Conn. The single plot thread has her trying to break away from a career as a comic, which her borscht-belt comedian father (Joe Silver) shoved her into in childhood, and find her own way as a composer-singer-actress. The movie is both amateurish and slick—it oozes heart. The scenes go on too long, and there isn't enough in them—they're stretched out with closeups of the heroine grinning or singing (though she's dubbed)—yet it's all so unabashedly on her side that many in the audience (young girls, especially) seem to respond happily. Stephan Nathan is amusingly relaxed as the fiancé born to be jilted; with Melanie Mayron and Michael Zaslow. (Loews Tower East; through Oct. 6.)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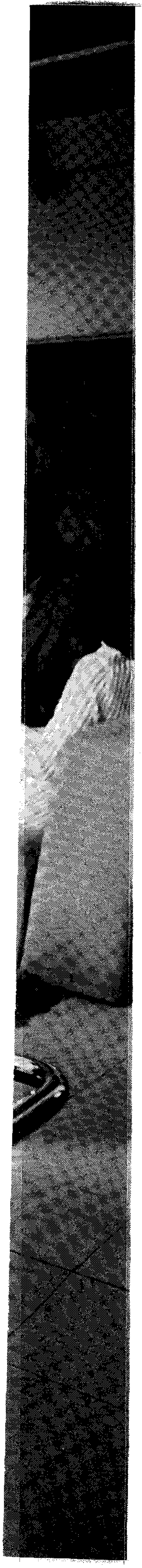

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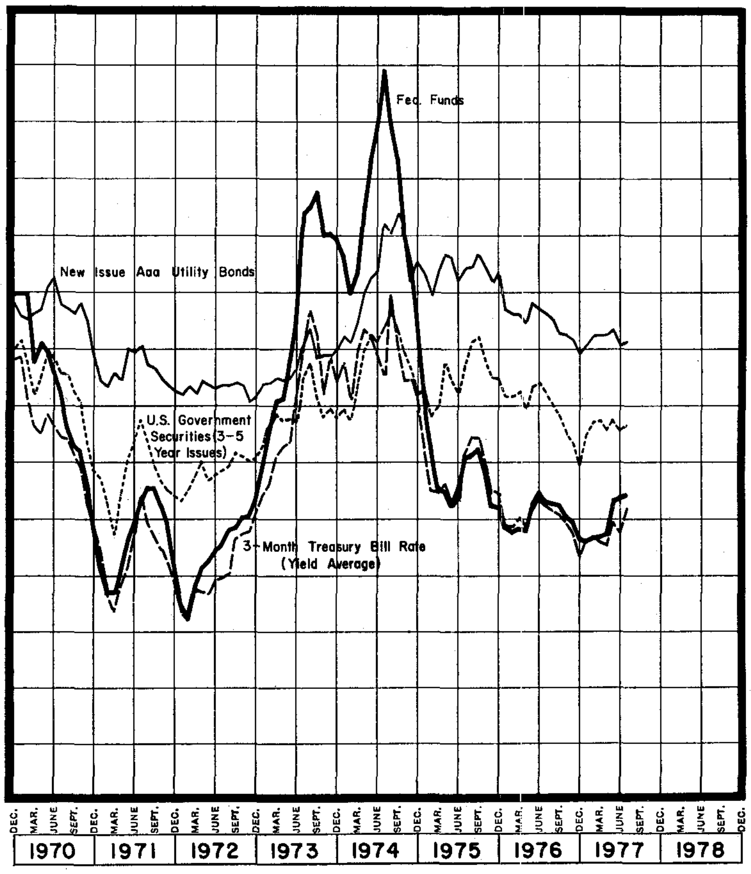

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND writes:

I have for some time longed to "leak" something to a national magazine, and now, at last, I have a burst pipe which might interest you. This is good stuff, so pay attention. The President's energy bill has been having a rough time in the Senate, as you know, and the President has had some angry words for "narrow, special-interest attacks on . . . the national energy plan." Who is he talking about, exactly? The true gen, from a guy I know who is very, *very* close to Jody Powell, the President's press secretary, is this: *The plot to wreck the energy bill is the work of none other than China's notorious Gang of Four, which has half the Senate by the throat!* Yes, it's Chiang Ch'ing and her pals, up to their old tricks. Well, I was flabbergasted, as I assume you are, but the notion took on more credibility when my source listed for me the names of the particular senators around whose Adam's apples the Gang's tendrils restlessly wrap, unwrap, and rewrap. (I can't reveal them here, because of the libel laws.) What a Gang! They have already rented an office on H Street and applied for a Blue Cross group policy. How did the Gang get from mainland China to the continental U.S.? The answer, for students of Comparative Disinformation, is ridiculously simple: they had standby seats on the Bell & Howell plane.

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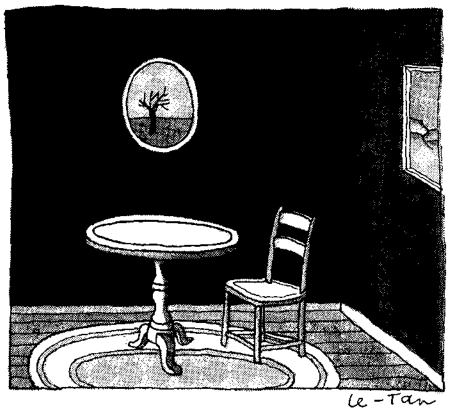
Fashion Lecture

ABOUT eighty good-looking women gathered for the Parsons-New School Course 9000: "Fashion for the Consumer," in a converted cinema on Fifth Avenue between Twelfth and Thirteenth Streets last week. Some of the women were enrolled in the course and some had paid ten dollars apiece to hear the first lecture, and, with their hats, earrings, umbrellas, and bright scarves to provide a splash of color, they were a well-accessorized group. Especially one woman sitting in front of us to our left: she had a nice umbrella with a kind of pastel Navajo pattern, and a floral-print blouse, and slightly frizzy auburn hair, and beautiful brown eyes. Forceful, red-haired Phyllis Youngheart, the professor, introduced herself by saying, "I produce very large fashion shows for corporations." Then she introduced the panel of experts: Dorothy Waxman, vice-president for fashion merchandising at the Associated Merchandising Corporation; Kay Mitchell, head of the women's division of Wilhelmina Models, Inc. (standing in for her boss, Wilhelmina, who was in France); and Luciana Avedon, head of her own company, the Perfumer's Workshop, author of "The Beautiful People's Diet Book," "The Beautiful People's Beauty Book," and "Luciana Avedon's Body Book," and former television spokeswoman for Camay Soap. Although the title of this particular lecture was "Discovering Your Own Type," and Phyllis Youngheart had said that each speaker would give different ideas on how to go about doing that, Luciana Avedon, holding her head tilted slightly back to cut down on the harsh shadows from the overhead lighting, delivered what amounted to a series of maxims on the order of "When you feel beautiful, you look beautiful, and that's a beautiful way to feel" (she used to say that in one of her commercials; she didn't say exactly that at the lecture, only things on that order), and ended with a commercial for her new fragrance, Tea Rose, samples of which her assistants passed around. The room quickly smelled like roses. One of the women asked her why she had chosen this fragrance, and she said that it was because she found it exciting, and besides, men liked it. Another woman then asked whether what men liked should be the prime criterion in fashion choice, and Luciana said, "No, it is very dangerous to listen to men. One day, they will say, 'Oh, I like you in that little black dress,' or 'Oh, I like you without any makeup,' and then in six weeks they have you looking like an unmade bed and then they drop you like a hot potato." This brought laughter.


Le-Tan

The most interesting part of the lecture came when Dorothy Waxman showed slides of fashionable women she had photographed on the street. In fact, when she said, "I am now going to show slides of what the women in Paris are wearing right now," the audience interest level rose so fast you could almost hear a sound like a truck going into overdrive. During the slide show, we learned that the most fashionable women in the world are the Milanese women, that American women wear too much color, especially in Texas and Miami, that the operative word in fashion now is "slouch" (inspired by the clothes worn in the movie "Annie Hall"), that a beautiful big blouson sweater can really make an outfit sing, and that some of the punk-rock hairstyles have the hair on top short and yellow-green like a fluorescent tennis ball and the hair on the sides long and black and sticking out like a crow's wings. One of the slides was of a woman stepping off a curb holding a little girl by the hand. "Look at this beautiful woman!" said Dorothy Waxman. "Look at the stunning neutral palette of colors she has chosen—the hat just a slightly brighter shade than the jacket. The colors aren't flashy, but they really come alive. And look at that beautiful little blond girl. What a wonderful accessory!"

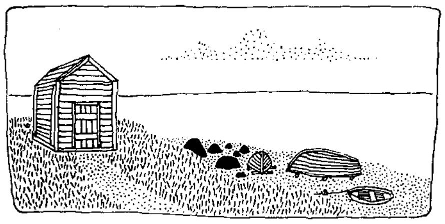
Rosalyn Tureck

ROSALYN TURECK first performed the complete Preludes and Fugues of Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavier," along with the Goldberg Variations, in six concerts at Town Hall, in 1937, when she was twenty-two years old. She is commemorating the fortieth anniversary of this "Bach-athon" in a repeat performance this autumn, with the opening concert at Carnegie Hall on October 11th. The concert will be in two shifts, with an hour-and-twenty-minute intermission, during which the audience will be encouraged to go and dine in "a leisurely baroque style." In the first shift, Miss Tureck will play the Goldberg Variations on the two-manual harpsichord, as the composer intended, and in the second she will play them on a piano, with the technique and touch she has devoted her musical life to perfecting. "On the piano I perform the Goldberg Variations as they appear in the original edition and do not make any alterations in order to meet the technical demands on one keyboard," she has written about what she calls her "doubleheader" tradition. "My piano performance does not imitate the harpsichord performance. However, the basic structure must stand undisturbed for its own sake on either instrument and it dictates the musical characteristics of each variation as well. Thus, in some variations I retain the same concept on both instruments but achieve it by different means. . . . The ideal is to etch the structure of the music, to achieve the quality of the composer's fantasy and vision, and always to employ the instrument as a means and never as an end in itself. . . . I have always believed in the principles of coöperation, rather than the attitudes of either/or. One may indeed choose, but with music and instrument treated with respect and knowledgeable art, the integrity of the music should stand, retaining its clarity, its structure, and its infinite significance to the human spirit." In fact, Miss Tureck has, at one time or another, rendered Bach on harpsichord, piano, clavichord, organ, and even Moog Synthesizer, in important musical centers around the world, along the way collecting honors and trophies, including a degree of Doctor of Music, *honoris causa*, from Oxford.

Miss Tureck's most recent publicity release notes, "After three marriages, she is currently a loner . . . and is rarely distracted by the mundane problems of life in the trophy-filled New York . . . ménage where attendance is danced on her by worshipful followers and where she receives visitors by dim light, sweeping into the room in exotic Oriental robe and striking a small brass gong to summon maid or secretary." We called on Miss Tureck one evening. She lives in a modest apartment on the twentieth floor of a newish building on the upper East Side. Her apartment is filled with mementos of her long career and of her world concert tours—masks, tapestries, and many kinds of instruments, including a primitive African piano that fits in the palm of the hand, is plucked with the thumb, and has a sound box in the shape of a ball dangling from a string. At the end of her living room are a Goble clavichord, a Dowd harpsichord, a seven-foot Steinway piano. Con Edison was digging up the street below, making the strings of the instruments vibrate to the accompaniment of the jackhammer. Contrary to the release, there were no worshipful followers, no gong, no maid or secretary, and Miss Tureck was dressed in blue pants, a flowered tunic top, and a blue jacket. It was, however, getting dark, and she had not turned on the lights. She settled down in a wide armchair by the window, a glass of vermouth in hand. She is a dark-haired, dark-eyed, rather short woman, with noticeably small hands and feet.

We asked her about her commemorative concerts.

"I don't know of any other performance at Carnegie Hall that has had a dinner intermission," she said. "After the Carnegie doubleheader, there will be concerts at the Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, at the Metropolitan Museum, every Thursday evening beginning November 10th, with a break for Thanksgiving. I believe there's no one else in the world who does doubleheaders quite the way I do them, and I believe there isn't anyone who plays the harpsichord, the piano, the clavichord, and so forth, as I do. Harpsichordists will play the clavichord now and then, or organists will play the harpsichord now and then, but there are no pianists who play both harpsichord and clavichord in public."



"How did the idea of a doubleheader get started?" we asked.

"I thought of it, and did a doubleheader, with a dinner intermission, at the Royal Festival Hall a few years ago, and then I followed it up at Carnegie Hall, but the Carnegie Hall doubleheader was on a Sunday afternoon, and although there was an intermission of an hour or so, it was not at dinnertime."

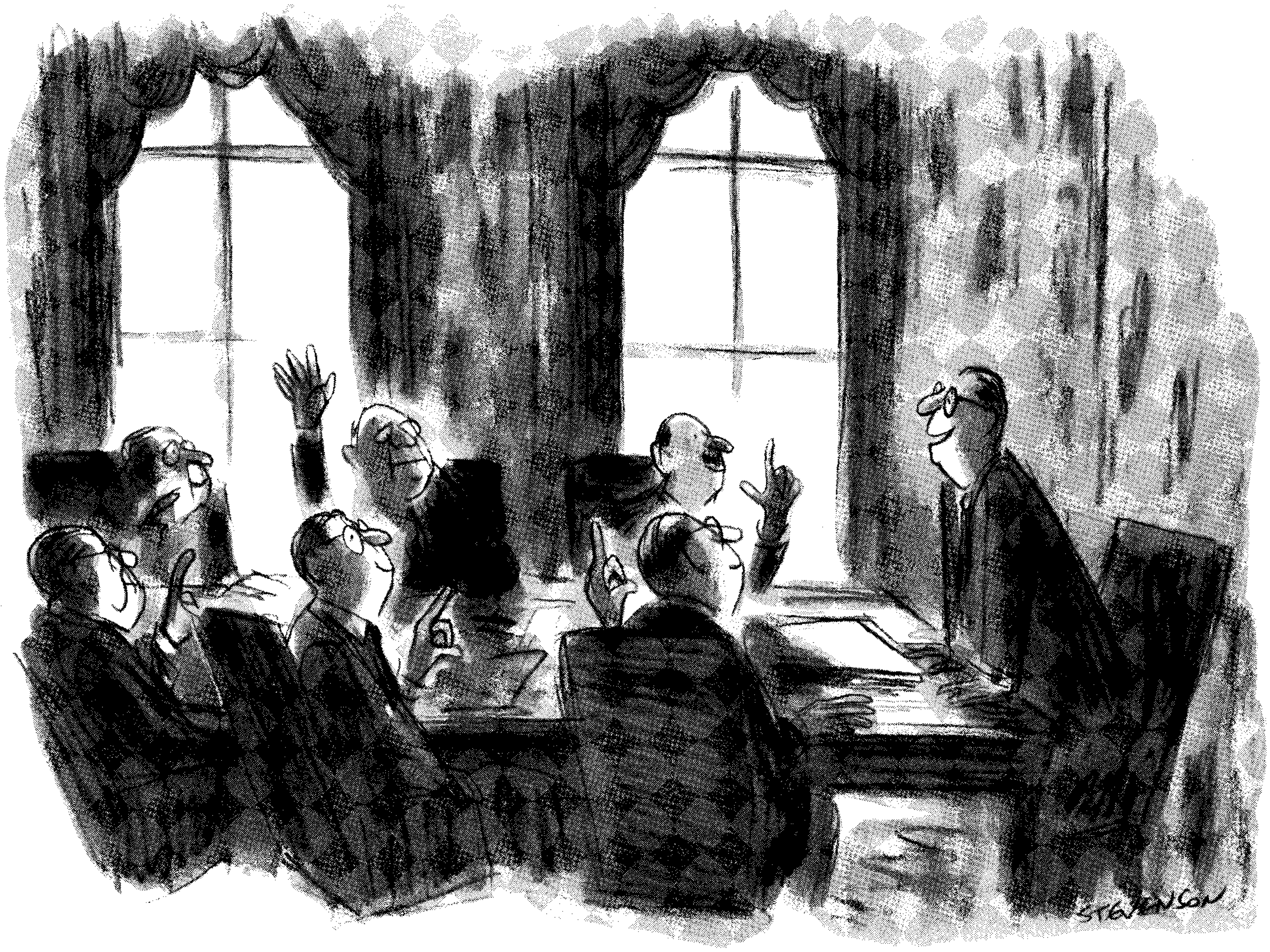
"And what is actually the point of having a dinner intermission?"

"Well," she laughed, "doubleheaders are long, and I like the idea of giving people a chance to rest. It just seemed a most natural idea for them to have dinner. At the Festival Hall, they have a very beautiful dining room and all sorts of coffee bars, little snack bars, all through the building. The Carnegie management was very happy at the idea of a doubleheader because it means higher rent."

We asked Miss Tureck about her career.

"My mother was Russian, my father was a Russian of Turkish descent, but I was born in Chicago," she said over the clatter of the drilling outside. "I had two older sisters who were always making music, and I started to play the piano when I was four. I started taking lessons when I was eight, and I made my début with two solo recitals when I was nine. After that, I *really* began to study piano seriously. I had a magnificent teacher in Sophia Brilliant-Liven, who was Russian and a student of Anton Rubinstein. I'll tell you one peak story about my time with her."

She took a sip of her vermouth and went on, "Mrs. Liven, as I called her, entered me in a contest that had eighty thousand contestants, in three age divisions. At the semifinals, there were forty of us left in my age division, and we were called to perform by numbers. I had a late number, and by the time my turn came I was very tired and hungry, and I went up onto the platform and started playing my two pieces—the Bach Invention in D Major and the 'Perpetual Motion' of Weber. As I began to play, I lost awareness, consciousness, completely. When I came to, I heard the bell and I heard this absolutely wild applause. Afterward, Mrs. Liven, who'd never given me a compliment in four years, said, 'If I'd



"All in favor of putting everything on the back burner, say 'Aye.'"

• •

been standing outside the door and listening, I'd have thought it was Anton Rubinstein.' After the competition, I started studying with Jan Chiapusso. He was a concert artist, a great student of Bach, and a very erudite man. I studied with him for only two years, but they were perhaps the richest years of my studies. At my first lesson, he gave me some music, including a score of a Prelude and Fugue of Bach. At my second lesson, three days later—I had two lessons a week—I handed him the score. 'What's that?' he said. And I said, 'Don't you want the score?' And he said, 'Do you have it memorized?' and I said, 'Yes.' He said, 'All right, play it,' and I played it through. He didn't say anything, but assigned me another Prelude and Fugue. I started the next lesson by handing him the Bach score again, and he said, 'You have this memorized, too?' and I said, 'Yes,' and he said, 'Play it.' I did, and when I finished he burst out, 'My God, girl, if you can do this, you must specialize in Bach!'"

She took another sip. "I had been learning Bach the way others learn Mendelssohn since I was ten, but my second lesson with Mr. Chiapusso was the beginning of my awareness of my gift for Bach, and we immediately started doing musicological research into Bach, along with the study of the standard repertoire—Beethoven, Chopin, Saint-Saëns. I started studying the harpsichord, the clavichord, and the organ. By the time I was fifteen, I was already playing all-Bach recitals in Chicago. Years later, I was at home with a cold one night in London and I turned on the radio, and there was Artur Rubinstein, playing my old warhorse, the Saint-Saëns G-Minor Concerto, live from Festival Hall. I wrote him a note and told him that I was so thrilled with the way he had played it, and he wrote back to me, 'You! Rosalyn Tureck, the Bach player, know this concerto so well—*you* write to me about the Saint-Saëns!'

"When I was sixteen, I came to New York, to Juilliard. The audition requirements at Juilliard in those days were just a few standard pieces. But I had in my head sixteen Preludes and Fugues of Bach, I had the Chaconne of Bach-Busoni, I had a big Beethoven sonata, I had the Chopin Ballade in G Minor, 'La Campanella' of Paganini-Liszt. I was ready to play the lot. At my first Juilliard lesson, with my third teacher, Mme. Olga Samaroff, I walked in and said, 'Well, I have sixteen Preludes and Fugues, and I want to finish all forty-eight.' Every Friday afternoon, I'd bring in three new Preludes and Fugues memorized and worked out interpretively; very often, on Saturday night, I would play the new ones at Mme. Samaroff's musicale. In early December of my first year—I remember it was just before my seventeenth birthday—I started on a Wednesday to work out the Fugue in A Minor, from Book One of the 'Well-Tempered Clavier,' which is one of the most complicated fugues of all. I lost consciousness, and when I came to I had had a real revelation, the way great scientists have their great revelations—of relativity or whatever. I'd had an insight into Bach's structures, into his whole sense of form, in the biggest, deepest way. I realized that Bach had an abstract mathematical structure, which was not linked to any sonority. As a result, I realized I had to develop a whole new technique of playing Bach on the piano—new keyboard techniques of touch, phrasing, dynamics. That Friday, I went to my lesson and said to Mme. Samaroff, 'I have only four lines of music.' She said, 'Why? Have you been ill?' I told her about my revelation and then played the four lines for her. She said, 'Well, it's marvellous, but I don't think it can be carried through. I don't see how it's physically possible, or even mentally possible, to build a whole art on it.' Well, it was, but I had to find every inch of the way myself—a whole new pattern of thinking, an entirely different physical approach to the keyboard, entirely different ways of using the fingers, new ideas of color and articulation."

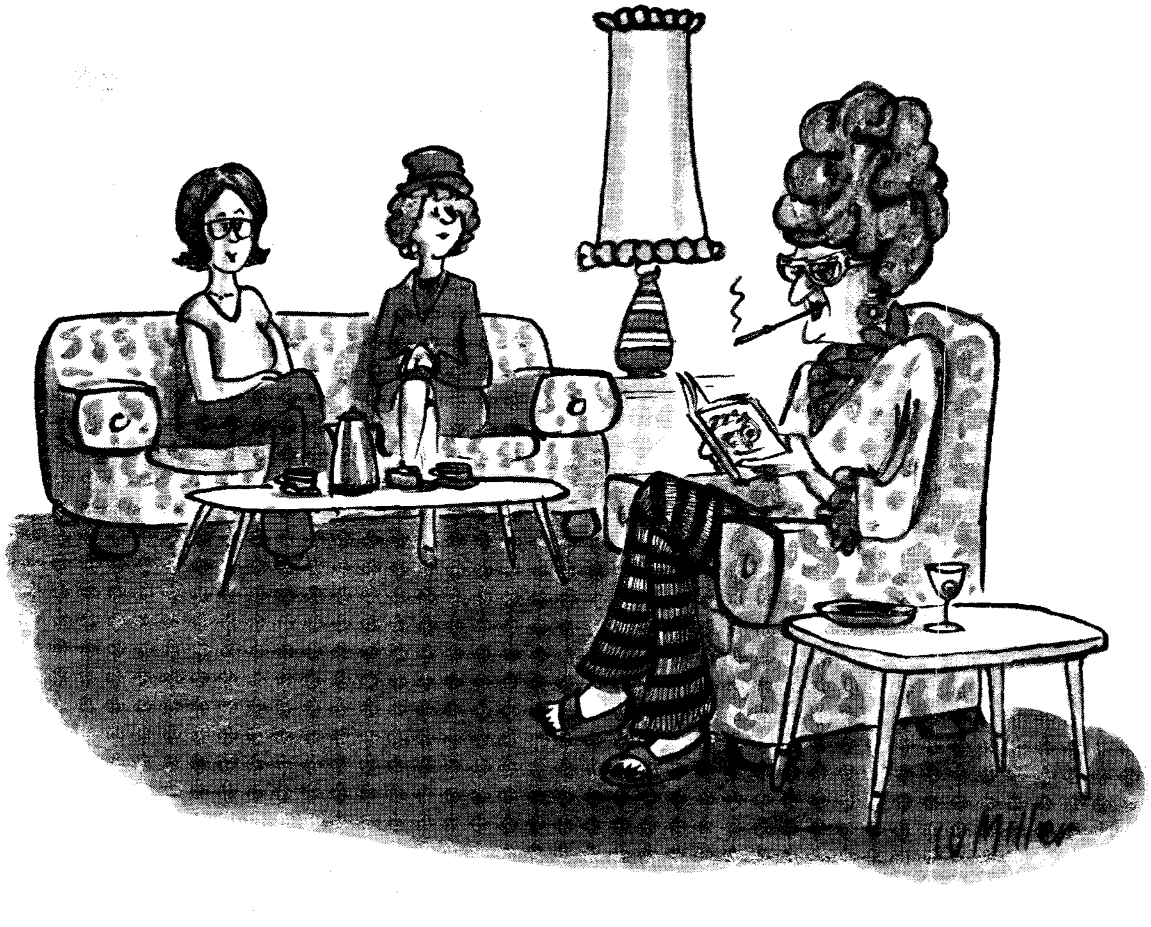
She sat down at the clavichord and played a fragment of the Prelude in D Sharp Minor, from Book One. The sound was soft and singing, and, at first, hard to listen to (even during the pauses of the jackhammer outside), but gradually the ear got accustomed to the delicate, distinct strokes of the tangents on the strings. She next moved over to the harpsichord and played the same fragment. This time, the sound was quick and bright and—at first, in contrast to the clavichord—almost jarring, but soon the ear learned to accept, too, the sharp plucking of the strings by the rustling jacks. Then she moved over to the piano and played the same fragment, and although the piano is tuned to a slightly different pitch, the sound this time was, in turn, as singing as the clavichord and as bright as the harpsichord, even if, in contrast to the simpler instruments, it was also, with its long, percussive tones, harsh and almost vulgar. In fact, once or twice the hammers of the piano action almost drowned out the jackhammer, but once again the ear grew accustomed to the new sound.

Long after we had left Miss Tureck, the sounds of the three instruments were reverberating in our ear like three contrapuntal parts from a movement of Bach's B-Minor Mass.

Try Me

THE Skytrain story—the inaugural eastbound flight of Freddie Laker's hundred-and-thirty-five-dollar nightly first-come-first-served flight to London—got more play than any other story in town last week, but this department has quite a bit to add, so we switch you now to Queens for a couple of on-the-spot reports:

"I'm standing here in Laker Travel Center—fourteen thousand brand-new square feet of plastic-chaired, red-carpeted office space on Queens Boulevard in Rego Park across Junction Boulevard from Alexander's, the first New York airline travel center that can be reached by subway, in this case the B.-M.T. N train. It's now 3 A.M. Monday morning, September 26th, twenty hours before Eastern Belle, one of Freddie Laker's four Skytrain all-coach DC-10s, will lift off the tarmac at Kennedy, Gatwick-bound, and begin the first regularly scheduled available-to-anyone cheap transatlantic crossings since steerage was abolished. This will also be the beginning of regularly scheduled flights by the only airline on the North Atlantic named after a man, Frederick A. Laker, a fifty-five-year-old entrepreneur from Canterbury with a big grin and let's-get-the-show-on-the-road eyes who lives and breathes the fires of free enterprise like the English empire-builders of old, and who looks short and cute in photographs but who in reality is tall and cute, standing six one. A self-made pound millionaire by the age of thirty, Freddie first made hay during the Berlin airlift, in 1948-49, when, starting with a fleet of twelve converted bombers, he flew supplies round the clock from England to Germany, invested all his profits in more government-surplus planes, and owned a hundred planes and six thousand airplane engines by the time the Russians lifted the blockade, one year and fourteen days later. Freddie melted down the six thousand engines into ingots, which he sold to a saucepan manufacturer. He later sold a complete squadron of Halifax bombers to the Egyptian Air Force, and now owns, in addition to Laker Airways, Ltd., two tour operations, four travel agencies, a twenty-seven-horse stud farm, a thousand-acre



"Aunt Beatrice had herself incorporated in 1975. Tell us about incorporating yourself, Aunt Bea."

"Well, now, if no one objects, I think I'll be off to bed."

sheep-and-cattle spread in Surrey, and a seventy-foot, seventy-five-ton yacht. Freddie's now on his twenty-seventh Rolls-Royce.

"Laker passengers check in here and are then bused to J.F.K. for departure, and the more than a hundred would-be passengers sitting around here are waiting for 4 A.M., when three hundred and forty-five tickets for tonight's flight go on sale. They'll check their luggage now, then have the day to themselves. There are thirty-five reporters in the building at the moment—twenty of them on line to buy tickets. The first two ticket buyers to show up got here Friday night at 5 P.M.—a couple of boys from California: an eighteen-year-old ex-cook-and-bottle-washer named Nicholas Ratner and his friend Todd Marks, a nineteen-year-old ex-usher. Fully half the ticket buyers hanging around seem to be either from Berkeley or from Boulder, Colorado, and an awful lot of them are ex-one-thing-or-anothers. There's an ex-nurse, an ex-gymnastics instructor, an ex-auto worker, a female ex-freight-car mechanic for the Burlington Northern in Seattle, and there are ex-bartenders, ex-busboys, ex-teachers, ex-high-school students, ex-college students, ex-graduate students, as well as a few ex-reporters. Many of these people seem to have quit their jobs just to go to Europe, and Skytrain came along at about the time they were ready to take off. Other passengers are still in business: there's a doctor with his wife, a merchant seaman, a British gentleman who will only say he is 'in the sporting business,' a plasterer from Cambridge, England, with his wife and three kids, a French chef, a New Guinea missionary, a guy whose aim is to set the world hitchhiking record (he's an M.I.T. grad who has thumbed his way past the fifty-thousand-mile mark so far), a lobbyist from Lansing, Michigan, a cook, a counsellor of emotionally disturbed children, and the imam of a Black Muslim mosque in Houston who is off on a sabbatical. Ratner and Marks, who got here together, decided that Ratner was first on line, because all the reporters want to interview whoever's No. 1. Priscilla Meyer of the *Wall Street Journal*, who is going to England with a teen-age daughter, is No. 5 in line—she's been here since 9 A.M. Saturday, and thereby cops our Talk of the Town Interboro Early Bird Prize. She is closely followed by the *Toronto Globe & Mail* and *Time* (ninth and thirteenth on line, respectively), and the rest of the press weighs in as follows:

Arizona Daily Star	21st
Chicago Tribune	35th
New Times	36th
New York Post	39th
Boston Globe	56th
Washington Post	57th
Detroit Free Press	65th
University of Nevada *Sagebrush*	76th
Providence Journal	86th
Newsday	87th
New York	101st

"That's it from here for now."

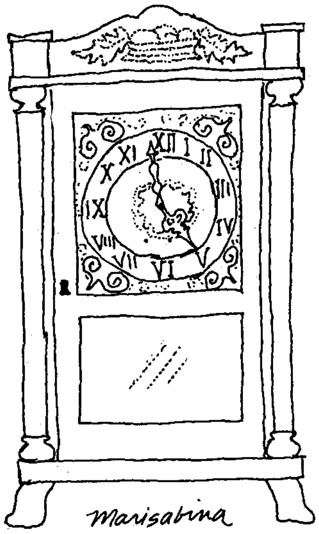
•

"It's now 10 P.M., and here I am at the United Airlines terminal at J.F.K., where Skytrain will be departing in an hour or so, weather permitting. The weather hasn't been permitting much of anything today. We had a violent thunderstorm this afternoon that almost gave us our second blackout in three months, and the flights of most airlines have been delayed for up to two and a half hours. The big news at the moment is that the first westbound Skytrain, London to New York, eighty-per-cent full, Freddie Laker aboard, touched down here at 8:45 P.M., and when I questioned the Skytrain pilot, Captain Basil Bradshaw, about his remarkable performance the only answer I got was a wink. The eastbound Skytrain is now sold out, but the last ticket wasn't sold until seven-fifteen tonight. Freddie's giving a press party here and the champagne is flowing around me. He is going around telling everyone the new slogan for Laker Airways he says he thought up over the ocean: 'Not "FLY ME." "TRY ME!"' I asked him if he'd had any reaction from the other airlines, and he told me, 'All across the Atlantic, at every airport—Gatwick, Shannon—from every lightship, from every passing plane and radio point—Halifax, Bangor—all the airlines, they all radioed us: "Good luck, Skytrain! Good luck, silver bird!"'"

THE GIRL ACROSS THE ROOM

Yvonne Soulas, the art historian, is much more beautiful in her late sixties than she was when she was young, and this is strange, because she has had much trouble in her life, including pancreatic cancer, through which she lived when no one expected her to. Neither her doctor nor her husband, Matthew Vann, the musicologist-manufacturer, thought she would make it, such a small, thin woman. Make it she did, however, although she lost much of her hair in the process of treatment. Now, seated with Matthew on the porch of an inn on the northern-California coast, her fine, precise features framed in skillfully arranged false white waves, she is a lovely woman. In the cool spring night she is wearing soft pale woollen clothes, a shawl, and Italian boots, daintily stitched.

Matthew Vann is also a handsome person, with silky white hair and impressive dark eyes, and he, too, wears elegant clothes. His posture is distinguished. Yvonne has never taken his name, not for feminist reasons but because she thinks the combination is unaesthetic: Yvonne Vann? Matthew looks and is considerably more fragile than Yvonne, although they are about the same age: that is to say, among other things, of an age to wonder which of them will outlive the other. The question is impossible, inadmissible, and crucially important. Matthew *is* frailer, but then Yvonne's illness could recur at any time.



They have been married for a little over thirty years, and they live, these days, in San Francisco, having decided that the rigors of New England winters and the overstimulation of Cambridge social life were, in combination, far too much for them. Trips to Europe, also, formerly a source of much pleasure, now seem, really, more strenuous than fun. And so Yvonne and Matthew have taken to exploring certain areas of California, beginning with the near at hand: Yosemite, Lake Tahoe, and now this extraordinarily beautiful stretch of coast at Mendocino, where rivers empty into the sea between sheer cliffs of rock.

They are sitting at the far end of the white-railed porch that runs the length of the building in which they are lodging. They have had an early dinner, hoping for quiet, and they are tired from a day of exploring the town and the meadows high above the vibrating sea. The other guests are almost all golfing people, since there is a course adjacent to the inn. They are people in late middle age, a little younger than Yvonne and Matthew, mostly overweight, tending to noise and heavy smoking and excessive drink. Not pleasant dinner companions. And Yvonne and Matthew were successful: they finished a quiet dinner of excellent abalone before the boisterous arrival of the golfing group. There was only one other couple in the dining room. That other couple had also been distinctly not a part of the golfing group, and they were as striking, in their way, as Yvonne and Matthew were in theirs. Yvonne had been unable not to stare at them—the girl so young and perfectly controlled in all her gestures, the man much older than the girl, so clearly and happily in love with her. It won't end well, Yvonne had thought.

Everything is fine, as they sit now on the porch. This place to which they have come is very beautiful. The walks through wild flowers and the views back to the river mouth, the beaches, the opposite banks of green are all marvellous. Everything is fine, except for a nagging area of trouble that has just lodged itself somewhere near Yvonne's heart. But the trouble is quite irrational, and she is an eminently sensible woman, and so she pushes it aside and begins a conversation with Matthew about something else.

"A thing that I like about being old," she observes to him, at the same time as she reflects that many of their conversations have had just this beginning, "is that you go on trips for their own sake, just to see something. Not expecting the trip to change your life." Not hoping that the man you are with will want to marry you, she is thinking to herself, or that Italy will cure your husband of a girl.

"Ye-e-es," drawls Matthew, in his vague New Hampshire way. But he is a good listener; he very much enjoys her conversation. "Yvonne is the least boring person in the world," he has often said—if not to her, to a great many other people.

"When you're young, you really don't see much beyond yourself," Yvonne muses.

Then, perhaps at having spoken the word "young," thinking of young people, of herself much younger, the trouble increases. It becomes an active heavy pressure on her heart, so that she closes her eyes for a moment. Then she opens them, facing it, admitting to herself: That girl in the dining room reminded me of Susanna, in Cambridge, almost thirty years ago. Not long after we were married, which of course made it worse.

WHAT happened was this:

In the late forties, in Cambridge, Yvonne was viewed as a smart, attractive, but not really pretty Frenchwoman. A widow? Divorced? No one knew for sure. She had heavy dark hair, a husky voice, and a way of starting sentences with an "Ah!" that sounded like a tiny bark. Some people were surprised to find her married to Matthew Vann, a glamorous man, admired for having fought in Spain as well as for his great good looks, a man as distinguished as he was rich. Then a beautiful young Radcliffe girl who wanted to become a dancer, and for all anyone knew eventually became one—a golden California girl, Susanna—fell in love with Matthew, and he with her. But Yvonne wouldn't let him go, and so nothing came of it. That was all.

Thus went the story that circulated like a lively winter germ through the areas of Cambridge adjacent to Harvard Square, up and down Brattle Street, Linnaean, Garden Street, and Massachusetts Avenue, and finally over to Hillside Place, where Yvonne and Matthew then were living.

But that is not, exactly, how it was. It went more like this:

"You won't believe me, but I think a very young girl has fallen in love with me," Matthew said to Yvonne one night, near the end of their dinner of *lapin au moutarde*, a specialty of Yvonne's which she always thenceforward connected unpleasantly with that night, although she continued to make it from time to time. (Silly not to, really.) Then Matthew laughed, a little awkward, embarrassed. "It does seem unlikely."

"Not at all." Yvonne's tone was light, the words automatic. Her accent was still very French. "You are a most handsome man," she said.

"You might remember her. We met her at the Emorys'. Susanna some-

"By God, gentlemen, I believe we've found it—the Fountain of Funding!"

• •

thing, from California. I've kept seeing her in Widener, and now she says she wants to help me with my research." He laughed, more embarrassed yet.

Yvonne experienced a wave of fury, which she quickly brought under control, breathing regularly and taking a small sip of wine. Of course she remembered the girl: long dark-gold hair and sunny, tawny skin; bad clothes, but not needing good clothes with that long lovely neck; a stiff, rather self-conscious dancer's walk; lovely long hands, beautifully controlled. Anyone would fall in love with her.

In those days, while Yvonne did her own work at the Fogg, Matthew was combining supervision of the factory he had inherited, in Waltham, with the musicologist's career that he had chosen. The research he had mentioned was for his book on Boccherini, for which they would later spend a year in Italy. They had married after a wildly passionate affair, during which Yvonne had managed to wrest Matthew away from poor Flossie, his alcoholic first wife, now long since dead in Tennessee.

And, thinking over the problem of Susanna, one thing that Yvonne said silently to her rival was: You can't have him, I've already been through too much for Matthew. Also, in her exceptionally clearheaded way, Yvonne *knew* Matthew, in a way that violent love can sometimes preclude. She knew that he would not take Susanna to bed unless he had decided to break with Yvonne—this out of a strong and somewhat aberrant New England sense of honor, and also out of sexual shyness, unusual in so handsome, so sensual a man. Yvonne herself had had to resort to a kind of seduction by force. But a young, proud girl could not know of such tactics.

Yvonne was right. Matthew did not have an affair with Susanna; he probably never saw her outside of Widener, except for an intense cup of coffee at Hayes-Bickford, where they were noticed together. However, Matthew suffered severely, and that was how Yvonne treated him—like someone with a serious disease. She was affectionate and solicitous, and very slightly distant, as though his illness were something that she didn't want to catch.

One March evening, after a bright, harsh day of intermittent sun, rain, and wind, Matthew came home for dinner a little late, with a look on his face of total and anguished exhaustion. Handing him his gin—they were in the kitchen; she had been tasting her good lamb stew, a *navarin*—Yvonne thought, Ah, the girl has broken it off, or has given him an ultimatum; such a mistake. She thought, I hope I won't have to hear about it.

All Matthew said during dinner was "The Boccherini project is sort of getting me down. My ideas don't come together."

"Poor darling," she said carefully, alertly watching his face.

"I should spend more time at the factory."

"Well, why don't you?"

As they settled in the living room for coffee, Yvonne saw that his face had relaxed a little. Perhaps now he would want to talk to her? She said, "There's a Fred Astaire revival at the U.T. tonight. I know you don't like them, but would you mind if I go? Ah, dear, it's almost time."

Not saying: You unspeakable fool, how dare you put me through all this? Are you really worth it?

Alone in the crowded balcony of the University Theatre, as on the screen Fred and Ginger sang to each other about how lovely a day it was to be caught in the rain, Yvonne thought, for a moment, that she would after all go home and tell Matthew to go to his girl, Susanna. She would release him, with as little guilt as possible, since she was indeed fond of Matthew. *Je tiens à Matthew.*

Tenir à. I hold to Matthew, Yvonne thought then. And she also thought, No,

it would not work out well at all. Matthew is much too vulnerable for a girl like that. He is better off with me.

Of course she was right, as Matthew himself must have come to realize, and over the summer he seemed to recover from his affliction. Yvonne saw his recovery, but she also understood that she had been seriously wounded by that episode, coming as it did so early in their life together. Afterward she was able to think more sensibly, Well, much better early than later on, when he could have felt more free.

That fall they left for Italy, where, curiously, neither of them had been before—Yvonne because her Anglophile parents had always taken her to the Devon coast on holidays, or sometimes to Scotland, Matthew because with drunken Flossie any travel was impossible.

They settled in a small hotel in Rome, in a large romantically alcoved room that overlooked the Borghese Gardens. They went on trips: north to Orvieto, Todi, Spoleto, Gubbio; south to Salerno, Positano, Ravello. They were dazed, dizzy with pleasure at the landscape, the vistas of olive orchards, of pines and flowers and stones, the ancient buildings, the paintings and statuary. The food and wine. They shared a mania for pasta.

A perfect trip, except that from time to time Yvonne was jolted sharply by a thought of that girl, Susanna. And, looking at Matthew, she wondered if he, too, thought of her—with sadness, regret? The question hurt.

She would have to ask Matthew, and deliberately she chose a moment of pure happiness. They were seated on a vine-covered terrace, at Orvieto, across the square from the gorgeously striped cathedral, drinking cool white wine, having made love early that morning, when Yvonne asked, "Do you ever wonder what happened to that girl, Susanna?"

Genuine puzzlement appeared on Matthew's distinguished face, and then he said, "I almost never think of her. I don't have time."

Knowing Matthew, Yvonne was sure that he spoke the truth, and she wryly thought, I undoubtedly think more often of that girl, that episode, than Matthew does.

And so she, too, stopped thinking of Susanna—or almost, except for an occasional reminder.

Leaving Rome, they travelled up to Florence, then Venice, Innsbruck, and Vienna—where Boccherini did, or quite possibly did not, murder his rival, Mozart.

That was the first of a succession of great trips.

YVONNE and Matthew remained, for the most part, very happy with each other, and over the years their sexual life declined only slightly. Then, in her late fifties, Yvonne became terribly sick, at first undiagnosably so. Surgery was indicated. On being told the probable nature of her illness—she had insisted on that—Yvonne remarked to her doctor, one of the chief surgeons at Massachusetts General, "Well, my chances are not exactly marvellous, then, are they?"

He looked embarrassed, and gazed in the direction of the Charles, just visible from his high office window. "No, not marvellous," he admitted.

After surgery, oppressively drugged, Yvonne was mainly aware of pain, which surged in heavy waves toward her, almost overwhelming her, and very gradually receding. She was aware, too, of being handled a great deal, not always gently, of needles inserted, and tubes, of strong hands manipulating her small body.

Sometimes, half conscious, she would wonder if she was dreaming. But at least she knew that she was alive: dead people don't wonder about anything, she was sure of that.

The first face that she was aware of was her surgeon's: humorless, stern, seeming always to be saying, No, not marvellous. Then there was the face of a black nurse, kind and sad, a gentle, mourning face. At last she saw Matthew, so gaunt and stricken that she knew she had to live. It was that simple: dying was something she could not do to Matthew.

"She's got to be the strongest woman I've ever seen, basically," the dubious surgeon remarked later on to Matthew, who by then could beamingly agree.

Chemotherapy worked; it took most of her hair but fortunately did not make her sick. Yvonne very gradually regained strength, and some health, and with a great effort she put back on a few of the many lost pounds. Matthew learned to make a superior *fettuccine*, and he served it to her often.

AFTER her illness and surgery, they did not make love anymore; they just did not. Yvonne missed it, in a dim sad way, but on the other hand she could sometimes smile at the very idea of such a ludicrous human activity, to which she herself had once devoted so much time. She was on the whole amused and a little skeptical of accounts of very sexually active seventy- and eighty-year-olds: why did they bother, really?

While she was recuperating, Yvonne finished a study of Marie Laurencin that she had been working on for years, and her book had considerable acclaim, even reasonably good sales. Matthew did not finish his Boccherini study, but from time to time he published articles in places like the *Yale Review*, the *Virginia Quarterly Review*.

A year ago, they left Cambridge and moved to the pleasant flat on Green Street, in San Francisco.

NOW, on the porch in Mendocino, thinking of the girl across the room at dinner, and remembering Susanna, all that pain, Yvonne has a vivid insight as to how it would have been if she had abandoned Matthew to Susanna all those years ago. Matthew would, of course, have married the girl—that is how he is—and they would have been quite happy for a while. He would have gazed dotingly upon her in restaurants, like the man in the dining room, with his Susanna. And then somehow it would all have gone bad, with a sad old age for Matthew, the girl bored and irritable, Matthew worn out, not understanding anything.

But what of herself? What would have happened to her? The strange part is that Yvonne has never inquired into this before. Now, with perfect logic, she suddenly, jarringly sees just what would have happened: for a while, considerable unhappiness for her, a slow recovery. And then she would have been quite herself again, maybe a little improved. She would have remarried—amazing, she can almost see him! He is no one she knows, but a man much younger than herself, very dark. In fact, he is French; they have many intimate things in common. He might be a painter. He is very unlike Matthew. Would she still have had her great illness? She is not sure; her vision ends with that man, her marriage to him.

Something in her expression, probably, has made Matthew ask a question never asked between them, a question, in fact, for adolescent lovers: "What were you thinking about, just now?"

And he is given, by Yvonne, the requisite response: "I was thinking, my darling, of you. At least in part."

The air on the porch is perceptibly chillier than when they first came out from dinner. Time to go in, and yet they are both reluctant to move: it is so beautiful where they are. In the distance, gray-white lines of foam cross the sea, beneath a calm pale evening sky; closer to hand are the surrounding, sheltering pines and cypresses.

Then, from whatever uncharacteristic moment of strong emotion, Matthew says another thing that he has not said before. "I was thinking," he says, "that without you I would not have had much of a life at all."

Does he mean if they had never met? Or does he mean if he had left her for that girl, for fair Susanna? Or if she had died? It is impossible to ask, and so Yvonne frowns, unseen, in the gathering dusk—both at the ambiguity and at the surprise of it. And she, too, says something new: "Ah, Matthew, what an absolute fool you are." But she has said it lightly, and she adds, "You would have got along perfectly well without me." She knows that out of her true fondness for Matthew she has lied, and that it is still necessary for her to survive him.

—ALICE ADAMS

HEALTH DEPARTMENT LISTS RESTAURANT VIOLATIONS

SEPTEMBER 27—The New York City Health Department has cited the following restaurants, food shops, and other eating places for violations of the health code:

P. J. Murphy's, 1100 Second Avenue: early-seventies jukebox.

Au Contraire Restaurant, 79 East 54th Street: gross disproportion of foundation executives among clientele.

Tyrone X. Shabazz Nation of Islam Cafeteria, 79 West 148th Street: reverse-quota seating.

Joe's Spot Food Shop, 987 Amsterdam Avenue: abandoned automobile in kitchen.

Gang of Four Shanghai Restaurant, 37 Mott Street: makes hungry where most it satisfies.

One Man's Meat Antivegetarian Restaurant, 34-56¼ Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn: trace elements of soybean extender in chopped round steak.

Zoom 'n' Dolly Avant-Garde Triplex Theatre Candy Stand, 9 Greenwich Avenue (third-floor hallway): no Jujubes.

Jekyll's Deli, 10 East 7th Street: dropping rodents.

The Upper Crust Penthouse Restaurant, 665 Fifth Avenue: overt ridiculing of tip.

Let's Eat Right to Get Off Health Food Café, 37 St. Marks Place: undernourished waiters.

Sauce for the Moose Alaskan Hideaway, Jerome Avenue and 210th Street: fused after-dinner mints.

VIOLATIONS CORRECTED

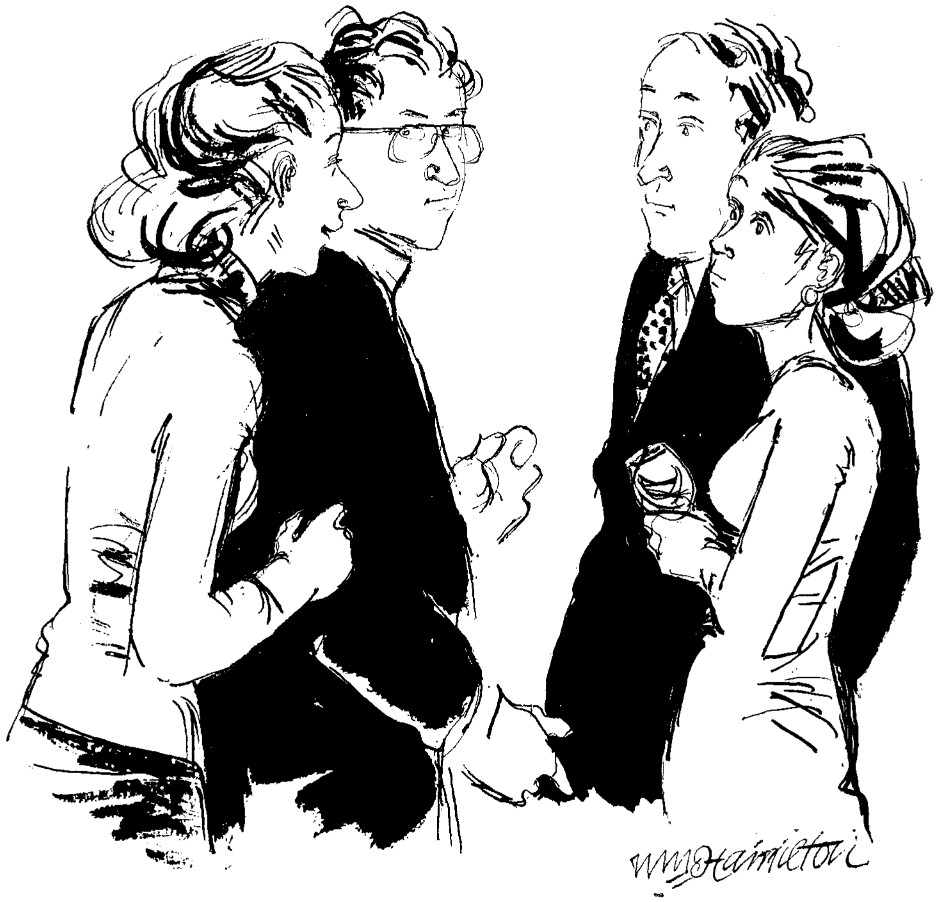
Mi-Mi-Mi Opera Café, 49 West 66th Street: "I Loves You, Porgy" dropped from singing waiters' repertoire.

Nadine's Bigshot Hangout, Third Avenue and 89th Street: Tongsun Park barred from premises.

INSPECTOR VANISHED

Punch Bowl S&M Diner, 294 11th Avenue.

—DANIEL MENAKER



"Now, don't let Georgie Porgie intimidate you. He gets absolutely everything from reviews."

FIVE POEMS

THE LATE HOUR

A man walks towards town,
a slack breeze smelling of earth
and the raw green of trees blows at his back.

He drags the weight of his passion as if nothing were over,
as if the woman, now curled in bed beside her lover,
still cared for him.

She is awake and stares at scars of light
trapped in the panes of glass.
He stands under her window, calling her name;

he calls all night and it makes no difference.
It will happen again, he will come back wherever she is.
Again he will stand outside and imagine

her eyes opening in the dark
and see her rise to the window and peer down.
Again she will lie awake beside her lover

and hear the voice from somewhere in the dark.
Again the late hour, the moon and stars,
the wounds of night that heal without sound,

again the luminous wind of morning that comes before the sun.
And, finally, without warning or desire,
the lonely and the feckless end.

THE HOUSE IN FRENCH VILLAGE: FOR ELIZABETH BISHOP

It stood by itself
in a sloping field,
it was white
with green
shutters and trim,

and its gambrel roof
gave it the look
of a small
prim barn.
From the porch,

when the weather was clear,
I could see Fox Point
across the bay,
where the fishermen,
I was told,

laid out
their catch of tuna
on the pier
and hacked away with axes
at the bellies

of the giant fish.
I would stare
at Wedge Island,
where gulls wheeled
in loud, broken rings

above their young;
at Albert Hubley's shack
built over water, and sagging;
at Boutilier's wharf
loaded down

with barrels of brine
and nets to be mended.
I would sit
with my grandmother,
my aunt, and my mother,

the four of us rocking
on chairs, watching
the narrow dirt road
for a sign
of the black

baby Austin
my father would drive
to town and back.
But the weather
was not often clear

and all we could see
were sheets of cold rain
sweeping this way and that,
riffling the sea's coat
of deep green,

and the wind
beating the field flat,
sending up to the porch
gusts of salt spray
that carried

the odor of fish
and the rot,
so it seemed,
of the whole bay,
while we kept watch.

FOR HER

Let it be anywhere
on any night you wish
in your room that is empty and dark

or down the street
or at those dim frontiers
you barely see, barely dream of.

You will not feel desire,
nothing will warn you,
no sudden wind, no stillness of air.

She will appear,
looking like someone you knew:
the friend who wasted her life,

the girl who sat under the palm tree.
Her bracelets will glitter
becoming the lights

of a village you turned from years ago.

ABOUT A MAN

Would get up at night,
go to the mirror and ask:
Who's here?

Would turn, sink to his knees
and stare at snow falling blameless
in the night air.

Would cry:
Heaven, look down!
See? No one is here.

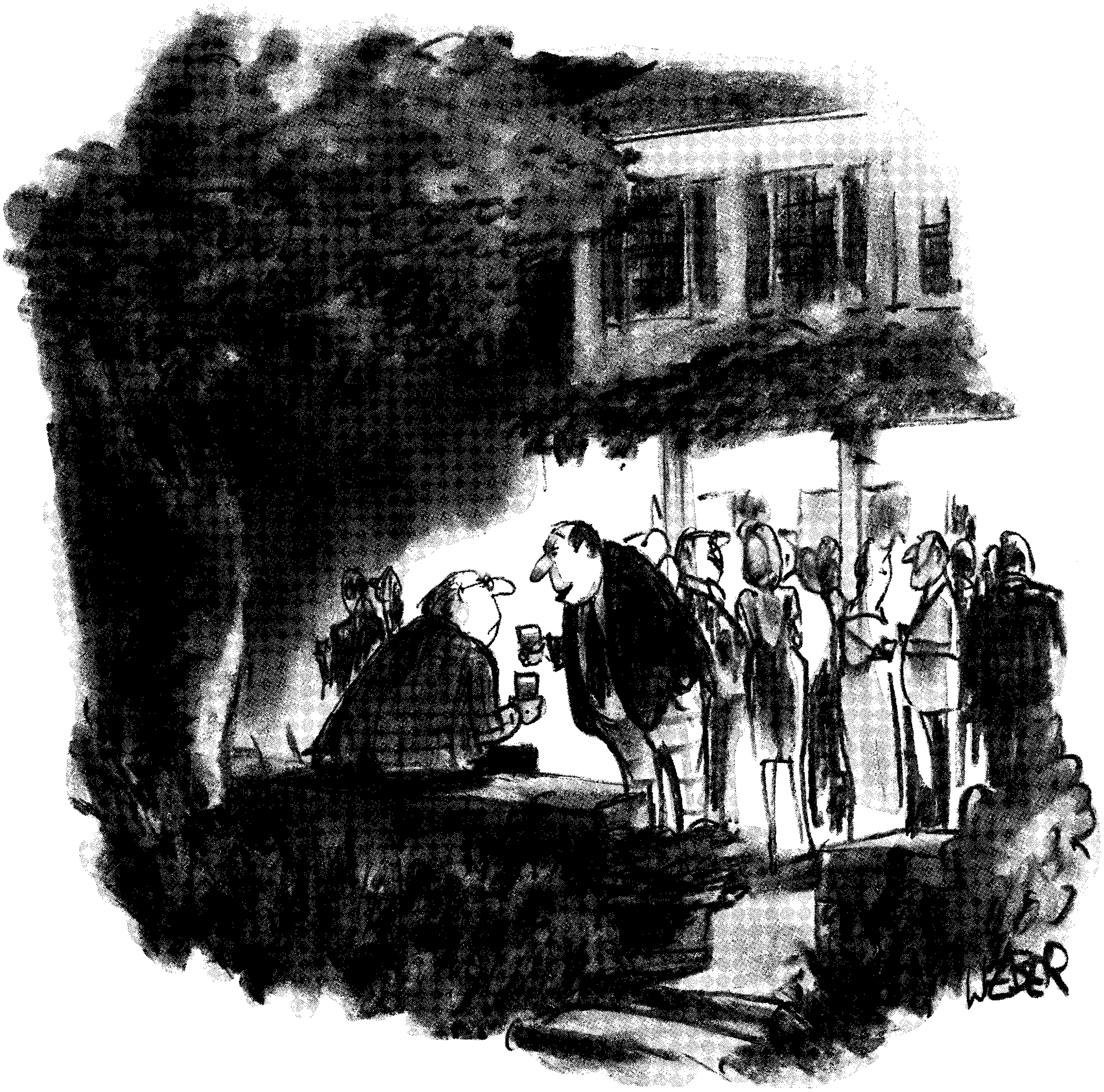
Would take off his clothes and say:
My flesh is a grave with nothing inside.

Would lean to the mirror:
You there, you, wake me,
tell me none of what I've said is true.

FOR JESSICA, MY DAUGHTER

Tonight I walked,
lost in my own meditation,
and was afraid,
not of the labyrinth
that I have made of love and self
but of the dark and faraway.
I walked, hearing the wind in the trees,
feeling the cold against my skin,
but what I dwelled on
were the stars
blazing in the immense arc of sky.

Jessica, it is so much easier
to think of our lives,
as we move under the brief lustre of leaves,
loving what we have,
than to think of how it is
such small beings as we



"O.K., you're into roses, right? Well, that's O.K. And I'm into peonies, right? Well, that's O.K., too."

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travel in the dark
with no visible way
or end in sight.

Yet there were times I remember
under the same sky
when the body's bones became light,
and the wound of the skull
opened to receive
the cold rays of the cosmos,
and were, for an instant,
themselves the cosmos,
there were times when I could believe
we were the children of stars
and our words were made of the same
dust that flames in space,
times when I could feel in the lightness of breath
the weight of a whole day
come to rest.

But tonight
it is different.
Afraid of the dark
in which we drift or vanish altogether,
I imagine a light
that would not let us stray too far apart,
a secret moon or mirror,
a sheet of paper,
something you could carry
in the dark
when I am away.

—Mark Strand

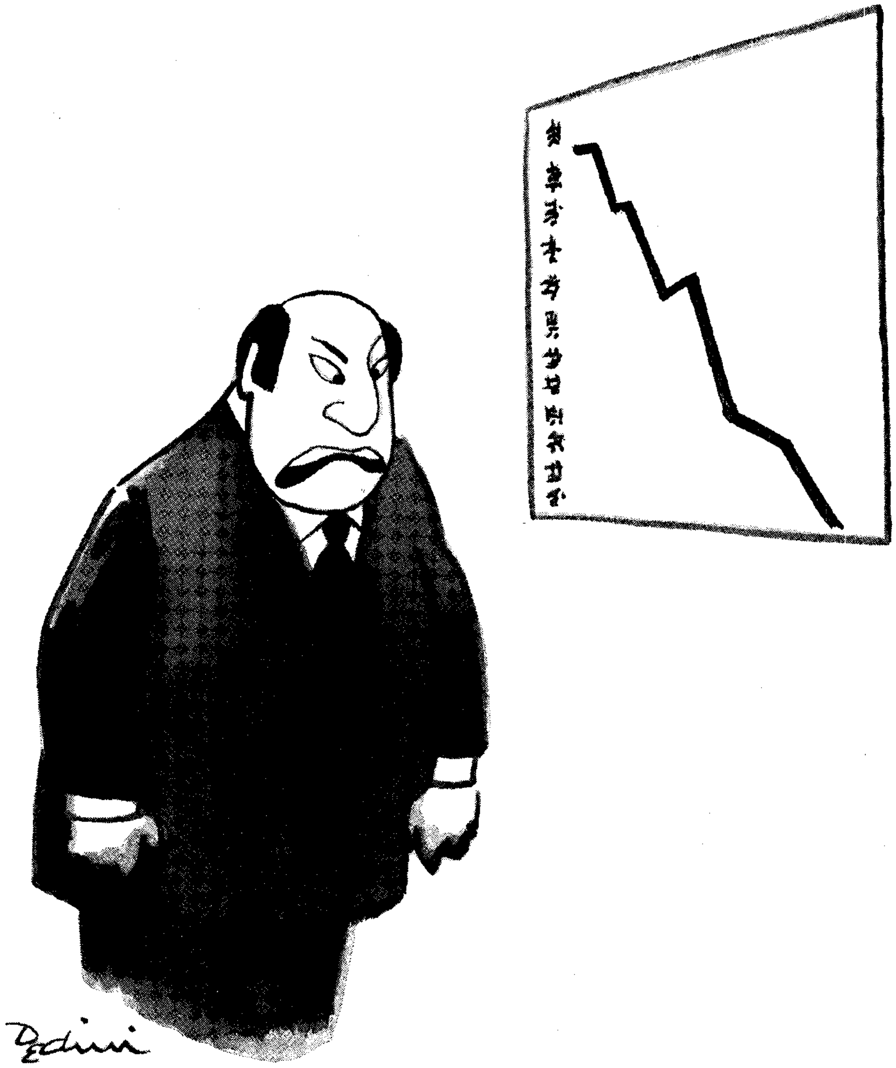
A FLIGHT OF GEESE

MY Uncle Wynford wasn't really my uncle; he was my great-uncle, my grandmother's brother. I used to visit him often on my way home from school. He lived in a small house at the edge of the village with his wife and two daughters. He also had two sons, but they lived in London and one of them was a famous footballer, an International. A color photograph of him, wearing his International cap and shirt, his arms folded across his chest, stood on the sideboard. My uncle had given up regular work when he was a young man. He had come home unexpectedly early from the engine room at the steelworks and announced his philosophy of leisure. "Anne," he had said to his wife, "I shall not be going to work again. There's too much talk about the dignity of labor. One life is all we have and I'm not spending mine in senseless toil." And he never did.

Not that he was an idle man. His garden was neat and orderly; his workbench, in the shed at the end of the garden, was swept free of dust and shavings; his tools, worn and polished with use, all had their proper place, and were sharp and clean. He could build a freestone wall, clear a chimney, repair plumbing. He was marvellously inventive with metal and stone, those old elements. But most of all he liked to work with wood. His hands held wood intimately, as if he knew all of its lost warmth and offered with his fingers and the flat of his palm a consolation for the tragic falling of trees. He made six crimson soup spoons for my grandmother, carved from the one piece of yew, polished hard and smooth. And he made her a little footstool for her use in chapel on Sundays. Many Sunday evenings I sat on that little stool, my head well below the top of the pew, noiselessly sucking a mint, reading a comic book while interminable sermons thundered above me.

Uncle Wynford made a stool for himself, too—a larger one. His was secular, not intended for Sunday use. It was painted in the most brilliant and glittering colors. The panel of the seat was decorated with an oval centerpiece, a landscape in which a lake of raucous blue lay beneath impossibly dramatic mountains. Water lilies grew close at hand, and birds—swallows, probably—performed their frozen arabesques above the water. Far away the little, leaning sails of yachts and skiffs stood white against the hills. Complex patterns, like those in the Book of Kells, covered the legs and the undersurface. My uncle normally carried this stool about with him. A short man, he found it useful to stand on in crowds, but mostly he just sat on it whenever he stopped to talk.

For his finest art was conversation. He loved above all else to be among a small circle of old friends, who made together a pattern of articulate life, each in his turn leading the discussion or telling a story, the others an essential, encouraging chorus. At all aspects of this activity my uncle was a master. Nobody could listen more intently to tales told many times before, nobody could time an urgent question more subtly, nobody else could invent such marvellous, rich detail. His voice was like an instrument. He could use it to entice, to chill, to bombard. On early-autumn mornings he sat among his friends down at the square, he on his wooden throne, they squatting or sprawled at length on the warm stone.

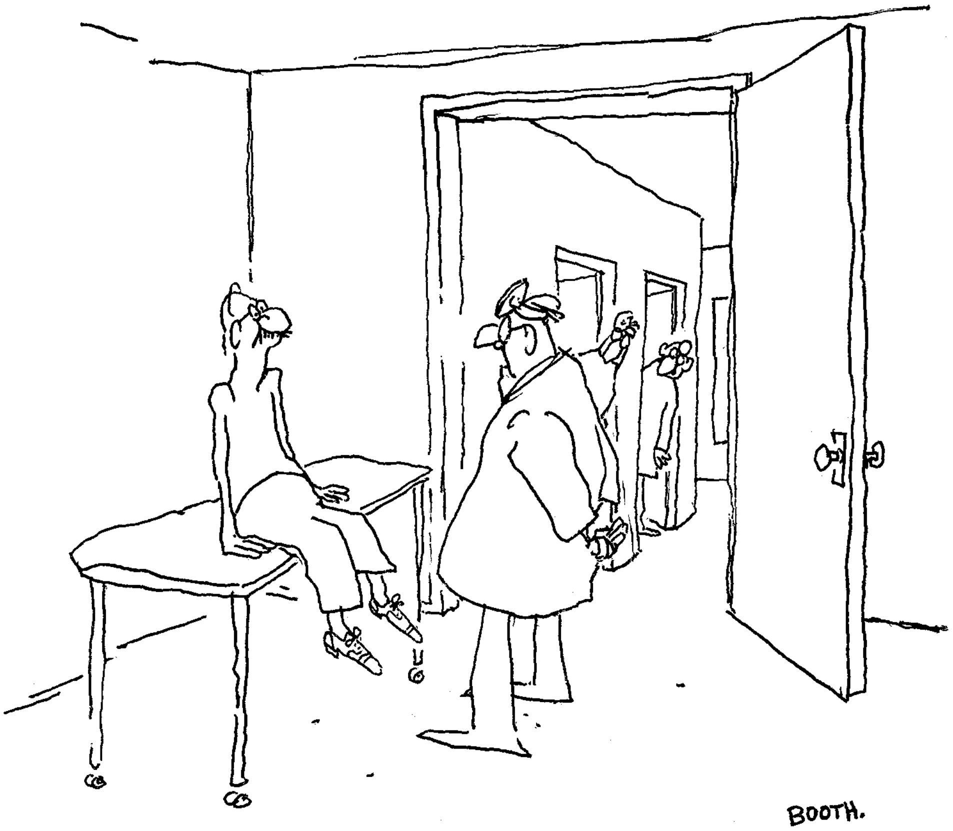


It was my habit then to go to school very early. I used to run almost all the way, using an exaggerated stride and a very upright stance, arms bent high at the elbow, trying to look like Paavo Nurmi in a photograph I had seen in an old book about the Olympic Games. I was running across the square one morning, driving off the toes just like Nurmi, when my Uncle Wynford called me. "Don't run, boy," he said. "You've no need to run. You have plenty of time."

I tried to tell him that I liked getting to school early, that I liked being alone in the playground when it was silent and empty and the windows of the school were without life, but he just shook his head and held my hand, so that I had to stand by him. I wore a white shirt and gray trousers, and my shadow was very long and thin in the sun.

After a while Mr. Carrington spoke. He was Frankie Carrington's grandfather. He had been a butcher, and kept snuff in a little silver box. He had a walking stick with a handle made of antler and was in every way precise and gentlemanly.

"Going up the street last evening," he said, "I saw Arthur Baker standing at his door with his dog—you know, that blue-roan cocker. It was sitting at Arthur's feet, near the front door. I



"I'm going to send you down the hall to see Dr. Hunseth. And please tell Dr. Hunseth it's his turn to send one of his patients to me."

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hadn't seen the dog for some time." Mr. Carrington smiled as he looked back in his mind and saw himself talking to Arthur Baker. " 'Well, Arthur,' I said, 'I haven't seen that dog of yours for some time, but there she is, safe and sound.' "

"Quick-tempered fellow," said Ginty Willis. "Arthur Baker has a very quick temper. All the Bakers have. Like living in a box of matches in their house."

"What did he say?" asked my Uncle Wynford. "What did Arthur say to you?"

"That's just it," said Mr. Carrington, leaning forward, widening his eyes, tapping himself on the knee to impress us. "He said nothing at first. He rushed down the path, and then, I swear, he almost shouted at me."

"Angry, was he?" said Ginty Willis. "Oh, a terrible quick temper."

"Not so much angry as puzzled," Mr. Carrington said. "And, yes, a bit frightened."

"Frightened?" my uncle said. "Why should he have been frightened?"

"Because the dog wasn't there!" Mr. Carrington said. "What do you think of that? Not there!

" 'What are you saying?' Arthur Baker shouted," said Mr. Carrington. " 'My dog was killed a fortnight ago. Run over by a truck. What do you mean there she is, safe and sound?' And boys, when I looked again, there was no dog anywhere. Gave me quite a turn." Mr. Carrington pursed his lips and took out his snuffbox.

"Was it dark?" said Selby Davis belligerently. He wasn't really bullying; sometimes he stammered, so he pushed his words out quickly and roughly before he tripped over them.

Mr. Carrington considered. "Not dark," he said, "but certainly more than dusk. The house—the Bakers' house—was in deep shadow."

"Could have been a shadow you saw," said Selby Davis.

"It could have been," agreed Mr. Carrington, "but it looked very much like Arthur Baker's dog."

"Arthur was very fond of that dog," said my uncle, "and the dog adored him. There was a great bond between them. It could have been some form of manifestation you saw, Jimmy." I hadn't known Mr. Carrington's name was Jimmy, so I looked at him carefully, to see if it suited him.

Eddie D'Arcy progressed across the square, more a parade than a walk. His dark suit was superbly cut, his white shirt was dazzling, his silk tie was rich and sombre, his expensive black shoes utterly without flaw or spot. Despite the perfection of the morning, he carried an umbrella, rolled tight as a sword.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said Eddie, his vowels without fault, his dignity unassailable.

"Good morning, Eddie," the men said, smiling and nodding.

Eddie moved, full-sailed, out of sight, toward the office where he worked as a lawyer.

"Clever chap, Eddie," said my uncle. He turned again to Mr. Carrington. "Jimmy," he said, "I'm prepared to believe that what you saw up at the Bakers' was a manifestation. Stands to reason that an animal's identity is bound up with its sense of place, and, in the case of a domestic animal like a dog, with its owner." He warmed to his topic. "Our lives—the lives of human beings—are astonishingly manipulated by animals. It is useless to ignore the fact that our lives are deeply influenced by those of animals. Take Eddie D'Arcy as an example."

"What about Eddie D'Arcy?" asked Ginty Willis.

"Did I ever tell you about the D'Arcys' goose?" my uncle said.

Nobody answered.

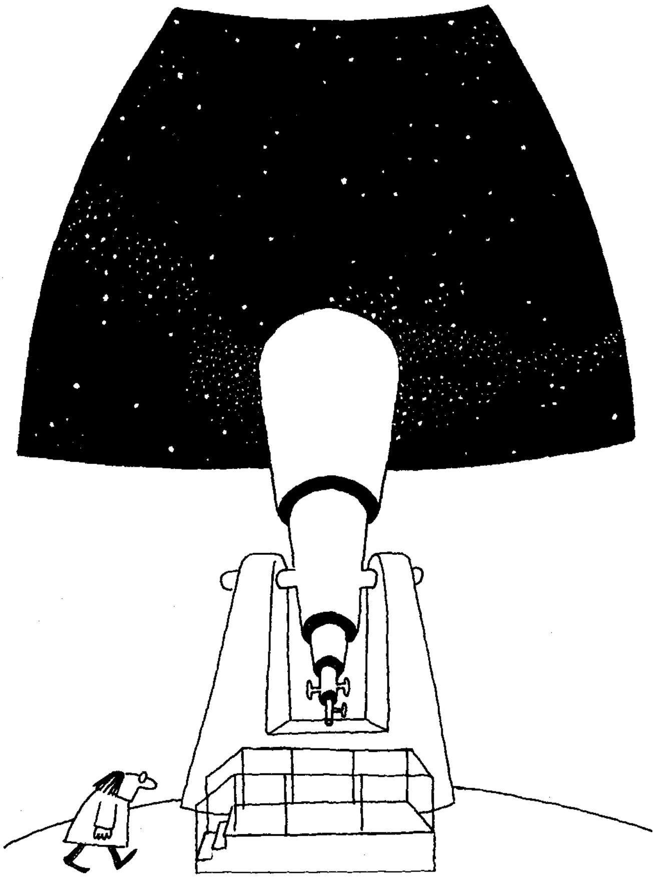
"Old Mrs. D'Arcy bought a gosling to fatten for Christmas," said Uncle Wynford. "Eddie was a little boy then. The bird had the run of the field at the back of the house. It grew and prospered—oh, it grew into a magnificent goose." We could see that my uncle still admired the bird's every feather. "Yes," he said, "it was a splendid bird."

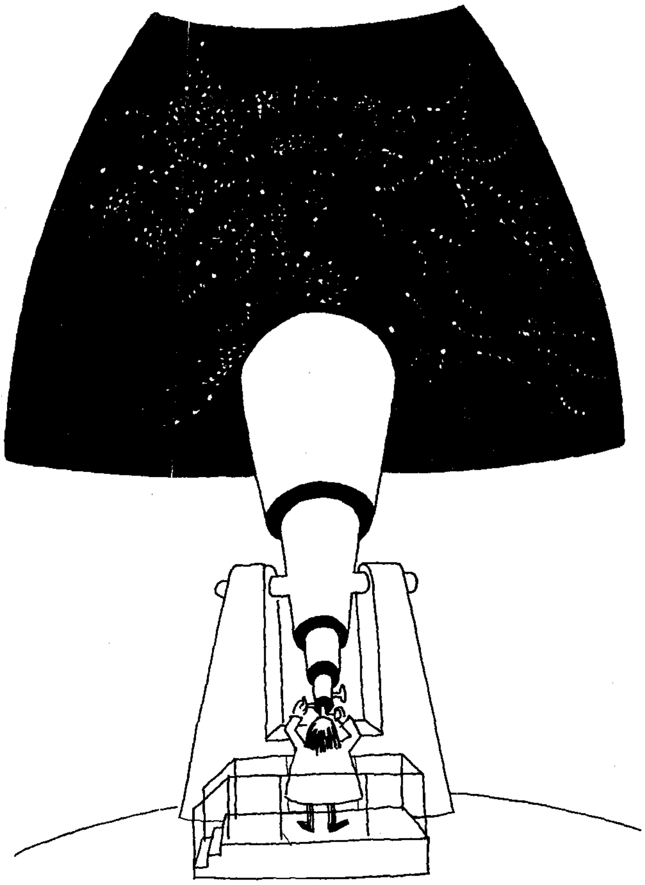
"I've done it myself, often," said Selby Davis, in his angry voice. "I prefer goose to any other bird. Properly cooked, a goose is lovely."

"This was an unusual goose," my uncle said. "Called at the back door every morning for its food, answered to its name. An intelligent creature. Eddie's sisters tied a blue silk ribbon around its neck and made a pet of it. It displayed more personality and understanding than you'd believe possible in a bird. Came Christmas, of course, and they couldn't kill it."

"Couldn't kill it?" Mr. Carrington said, his professional sense outraged. "It's not all that difficult. The best way—"

My uncle stopped him with a wave of his hand, as if conducting music. "They knew how to kill it," he said, "but they were unable to do so. On moral grounds, if you like. They were fond of it. They loved it. The goose lived another twenty years; Eddie grew





up with it. They all cried when, at last, it died. Except Eddie, of course."

"Why not Eddie?" someone asked.

"You know how particular Eddie is?" Uncle Wynford said. "Such clothes, such a dandy? How not a mote of dust shall settle on his linen, how his handkerchief must be pressed to a mathematical nicety? Imagine how it must have been for him, living in that house with an elderly, dictatorial goose. You ever tried to house-train a goose, Ginty?"

"I have not," said Ginty. "I imagine it can't be done."

"It can't," said my uncle, laughing.

"Geese are pretty bright," I said. "They're good guards. Some geese saved Rome from the invaders."

"The boy's right," said Mr. Carrington. "Well done, boy. I can see you're going to be a great scholar."

"I had a cousin in Cardiganshire who was an expert with geese," my uncle said after a silence. "Kept all the varieties in his time. People used to come from all over the country to buy breeding stock from him. Oh, what a sight to see his flocks on the moors—great flocks of geese, marching like Prussians! He used to clip their wings at the elbow so they couldn't fly, and then, once they were old enough, out they'd go on the open moors, white geese, gray geese. They never strayed. At dusk they'd come high-stepping into his yard and the whole mountain would be full of their voices. I often stayed with him when I was young.

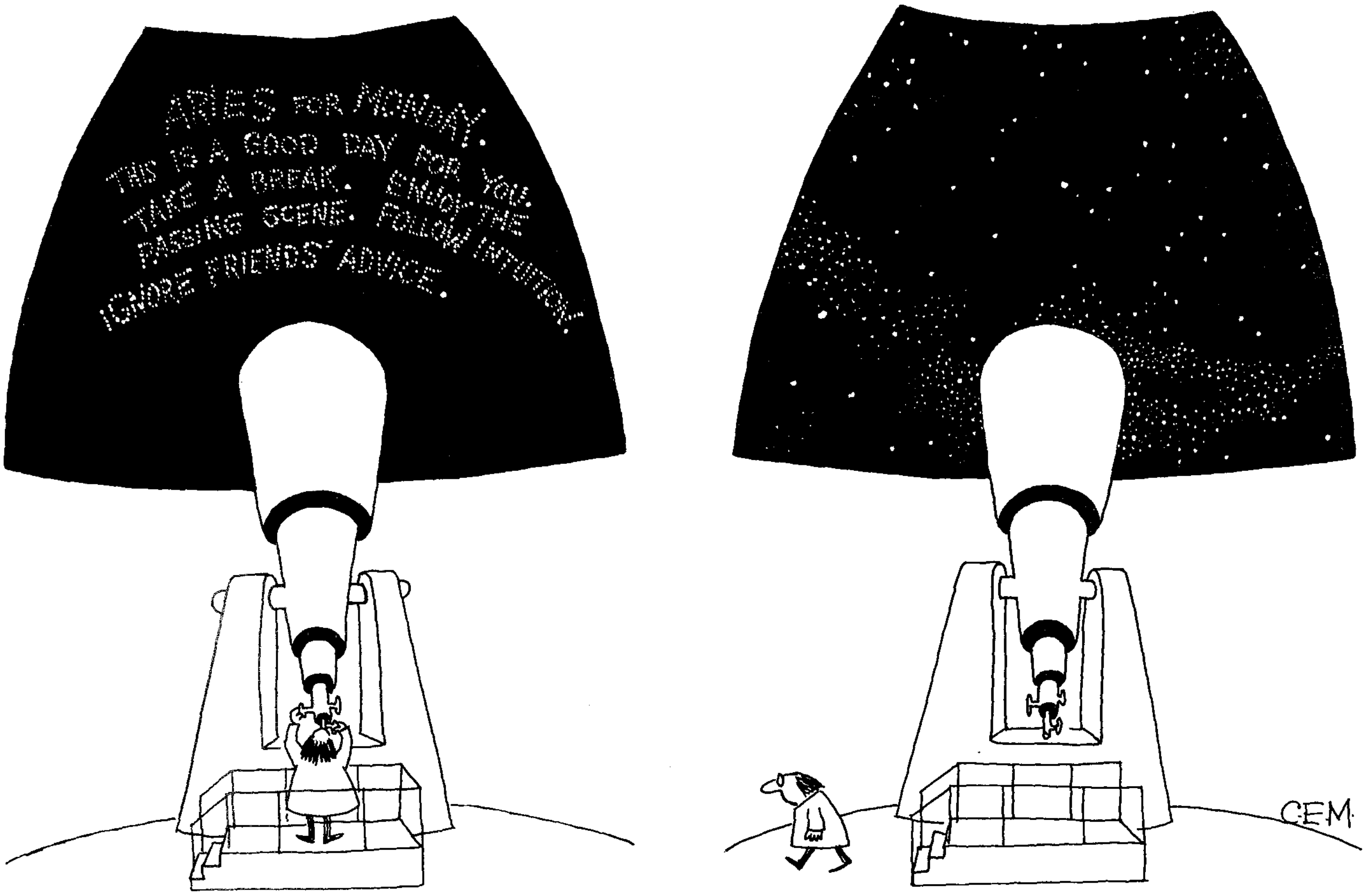
"He sent us a goose every year—two geese: one for Michaelmas and another for Christmas, always trussed and ready for cooking. He used to send them by bus—a bewildering journey, with many changes—but none of them ever failed to reach us. I used to wait here, on the square, for the bus to come in from Brecon toward late afternoon. The conductor would hand me a large hamper with our goose inside, and I'd stagger home with it. We used to cook it on a spit, rotating it in front of a blaze of a fire, a pan beneath to catch the melting fat. We took turns at basting as it spun slowly—first one way, then the other—so that it wouldn't burn. Every Michaelmas and every Christmas for years. What feasts we had then! Nor was that the end of the goose's usefulness. After the cooking we put the solidified goose grease in jars and kept it as a cure for sore throats and chest colds and bronchitis. I can remember my mother rubbing it on my bare chest and throat when I was a small boy. I can remember its gross smell, the thick feel of the grease on my skin. I hated that, although the old people swore by it as a curative.

"And even the bed I slept on owed its comfort to my cousin's geese, for the bed was stuffed with feathers from his birds. My mother made a huge envelope of blue-and-white striped ticking and filled it with goose feathers, making the whole thing plump and soft as a cloud. We all sleep well when we're young, but nobody could have slept softer and deeper than I did in my goose-feather bed."

My uncle held out his hand in front of him. "You see this hand?" he asked. "The hand is a superb instrument. This hand of mine can do all manner of things: it can wield a hammer, pick up a pin, it can point a chisel to the exact splitting place of a stone, it can create, it can destroy. My cousin's hands were to do with geese. He had huge hands. Here, on the inside of his thumb and his forefinger, he had long calluses, incredibly hard, from feathering geese. Every week he would kill and pluck some of his birds for market, and many more near Christmas and other busy times. He had slaughtered thousands over the years. And when he plucked them he did it swiftly, expertly, and the soft flesh would not be bruised or torn when he finished. I've seen him kill and dress hundreds of birds. He was an artist."

"How old was he, Wynford?" Mr. Carrington asked.

"Not a lot older than I," said my


ARIES FOR MONDAY.
THIS IS A GOOD DAY FOR YOU.
TAKE A BREAK. ENJOY THE
PASSING SCENE. FOLLOW INTUITION.
IGNORE FRIENDS' ADVICE.
CEM

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uncle. "Seven or eight years. But that's a lot when you're young. He was already at work on the farm when I was a young boy visiting there."

"What's he doing now?" asked Selby Davis.

"He's dead," my uncle said softly. "Yes, he's dead these many years." He shifted on his painted stool. He was far away, visiting an old sadness. "He's been dead for years," he repeated. "One Christmas he had many geese, and he set to work early, day after day, killing and preparing them. The weather was intolerably cold. The mountains had a fall of snow, two feet deep and deeper in drifts. It never stopped freezing. Night and day not a gust of wind—only the deep stillness of frost. My cousin kept the dead birds in a long barn, where they hung in rows, heads down. The bitter cold worried my cousin. It was bringing in the wild things off the hills, the rats and foxes. He found himself staying more and more near his filling barn.

"One night he awoke from sleep, bright awake at once, certain that something was wrong. It was just after three in the morning. He hurried into his thick clothes and wrapped a blanket over his shoulders. There wasn't a sound in the yard; even the living birds were silent. The brilliant snow threw back every gleam of light, redoubled it, so the night was unnaturally lit. The barn door was locked and safe. Nothing was out of place. He opened the door and went in. The dead geese hung in their rows before him, untouched, pallid. The night was pitilessly still. My cousin moved along the stiff files, alert, waiting for something to happen.

"Then, in the cold barn, as if from high above him, he heard the call of geese, far away, the crying of wild geese out of the empty sky. He could hear them clearly, although he knew they were not there. He did not move. In an instant the barn was full of their loud honking; their flailing wings beat under the sturdy roof. He closed his eyes in terror, he wrapped his arms about his bent head, and through his barn flew the heavy skeins of great, invisible birds. Their crying filled his ears; the still air was buffeted by their plunging flight, on and on, until the last bodiless goose was flown and the long, wild voices were gone. He stood in the cold of his barn and opened his eyes. What he saw was this: he saw the hanging corpses of his own geese, every one swaying, every one swinging gently. And that was the most frightening thing of all."

My uncle sighed. "Poor old boy," he said. "Poor old lad. After a while they took him to Swansea, to the mental hospital, and he died there."

"How do you know this?" asked Ginty Willis.

"He told me," said Uncle Wynford. "I went down to see him, and he told me. He was a young man, only thirty-two when he died. He had killed thousands of geese, thousands of them."

"What was his name, Uncle?" I asked. I stood in the warm day as cold as if I were in the heart of that long-dead winter and were standing under the roof among the swaying corpses of Christmas geese.

"Good God!" my uncle said. "Are you still here? Get to school, get to school! You'll be late." I turned and ran.

ALL day my friends were indolent in the heat of the quiet classroom, moving sleepily through their work, but all I could see were the high arrows of the streaming geese, all I could hear was their faint and melancholy crying, and the imagined winter was all about me. —LESLIE NORRIS

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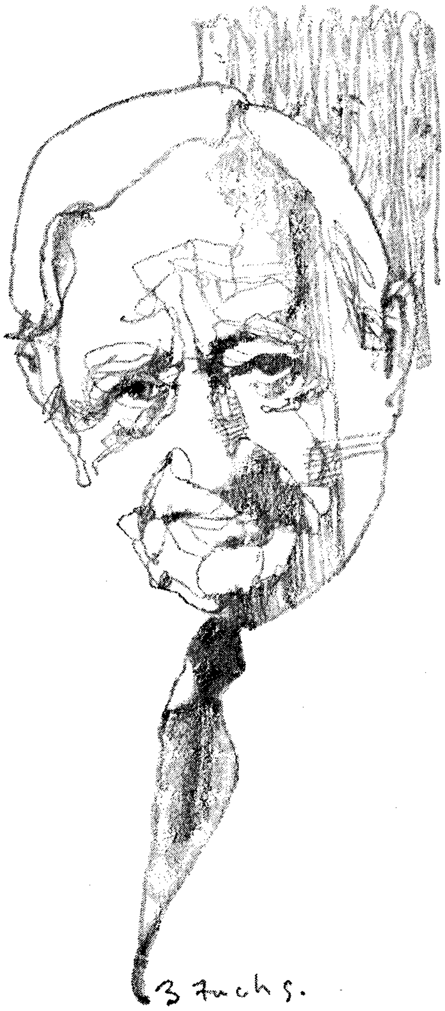
Sitting in a leather arm chair in his office, Kline considered the key attributes of a successful businessman.

"Integrity, voracity, and spirituality," he almost snapped out.—*Norfolk (Va.) Virginian-Pilot.*

And just a dash of venery.

PROFILES

COMMUNISTS' CAPITALIST—I



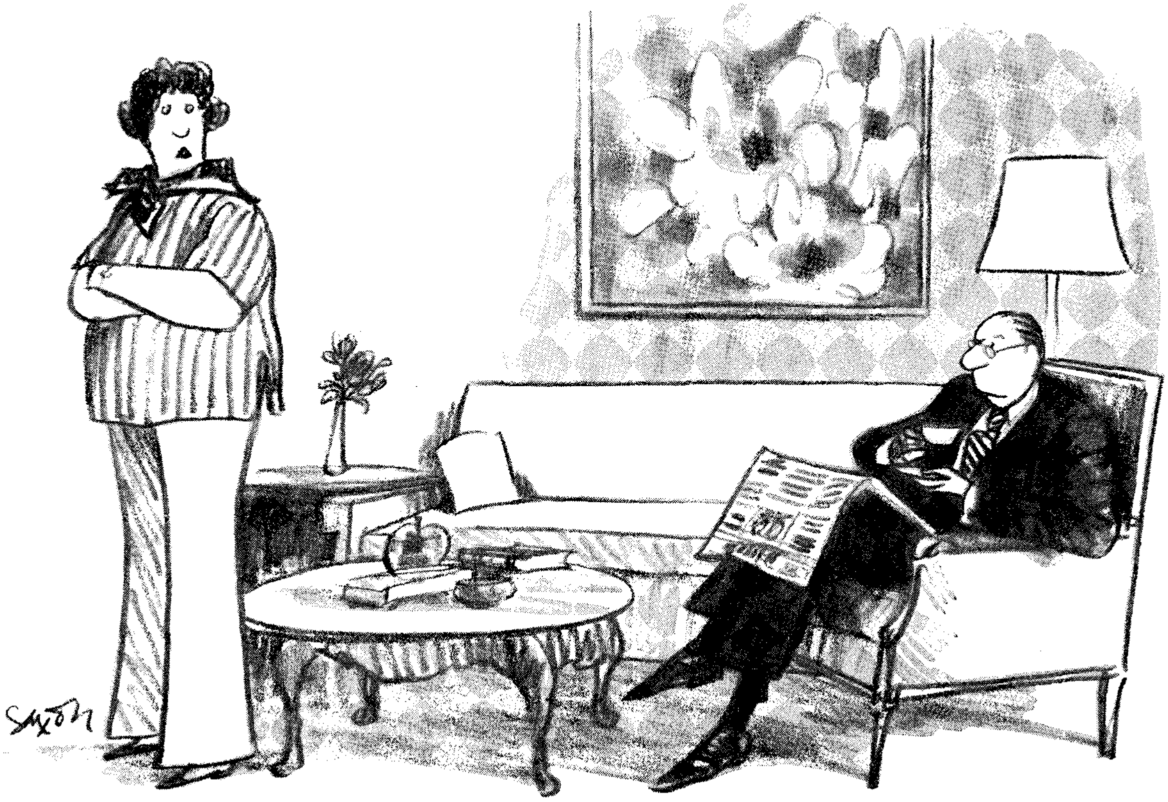
Cyrus Stephen Eaton

THEY are all gone now—Bertrand Russell, Samuel Insull, John L. Lewis, the Duke of Windsor, Nikita Khrushchev, and Frank Lindsay. Frank Lindsay was, in 1968, at the age of a hundred, the oldest living trustee of the University of Chicago. That he—let alone five fellow board members of eighty-five or older—was still around nine years ago was somewhat vexing to another venerable trustee, Cyrus Stephen Eaton, who was then eighty-four, and who remarked in a letter at the time, "My great ambition to be the oldest member of the Chicago board appears hopeless." Now, at nearly ninety-four, Eaton has achieved that goal, which might have pleased another of his assorted old acquaintances—John D. Rockefeller, Sr., who founded the University of Chicago in 1890, and who, back in 1901, introduced Eaton to the world of high finance. Eaton came to occupy a position of eminence in that world, and among those who have suffered more than he has from its inequities he has often been called a capitalistic robber baron, or worse. For the last couple of decades, he has also often been called a Communistic traitor, or worse. Eaton, who thinks that the senior Rockefeller was just about the finest American of his era, was for forty years further vexed because, following his designation, in 1936, as one of the hundred-odd electors of the Hall of Fame, it took him that long to get yet another of his heroes, Andrew Carnegie, admitted there. (Carnegie hasn't yet been enshrined; the Hall has run out of money.) On the pedestals of Eaton's own private pantheon are also to be found such other members of his wide-ranging social set as Fidel Castro, Leonid Brezhnev, Pham Van Dong, and whoever has happened in recent years to be in charge of Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland, Rumania, Yugoslavia, and East Germany. One of the few Western holders of the Lenin (né Stalin) Peace Prize, and a never-say-die aspirant to the Nobel, Eaton, who was born in Pugwash, Nova Scotia, and graduated in 1905 from McMaster University, then in Toronto and now in Hamilton, Ontario, has nine honorary degrees—from McMaster; from Dalhousie and Acadia Universities, in Nova Scotia; from Mount Allison University, in New Brunswick; from Bard and Bowling Green, in the United States; from the University of Sofia, in Bulgaria; from Eötvös Loránd University, in Budapest; and from Charles University, in Prague. When he attended the 1973 enthronement of his old mentor's great-grandson John D. Rockefeller IV as president of West Virginia Wesleyan College, the official program listed him as representing Charles University. That institution refers to him honorifically as "Cyrusovi Stephenovi Eatonovi."

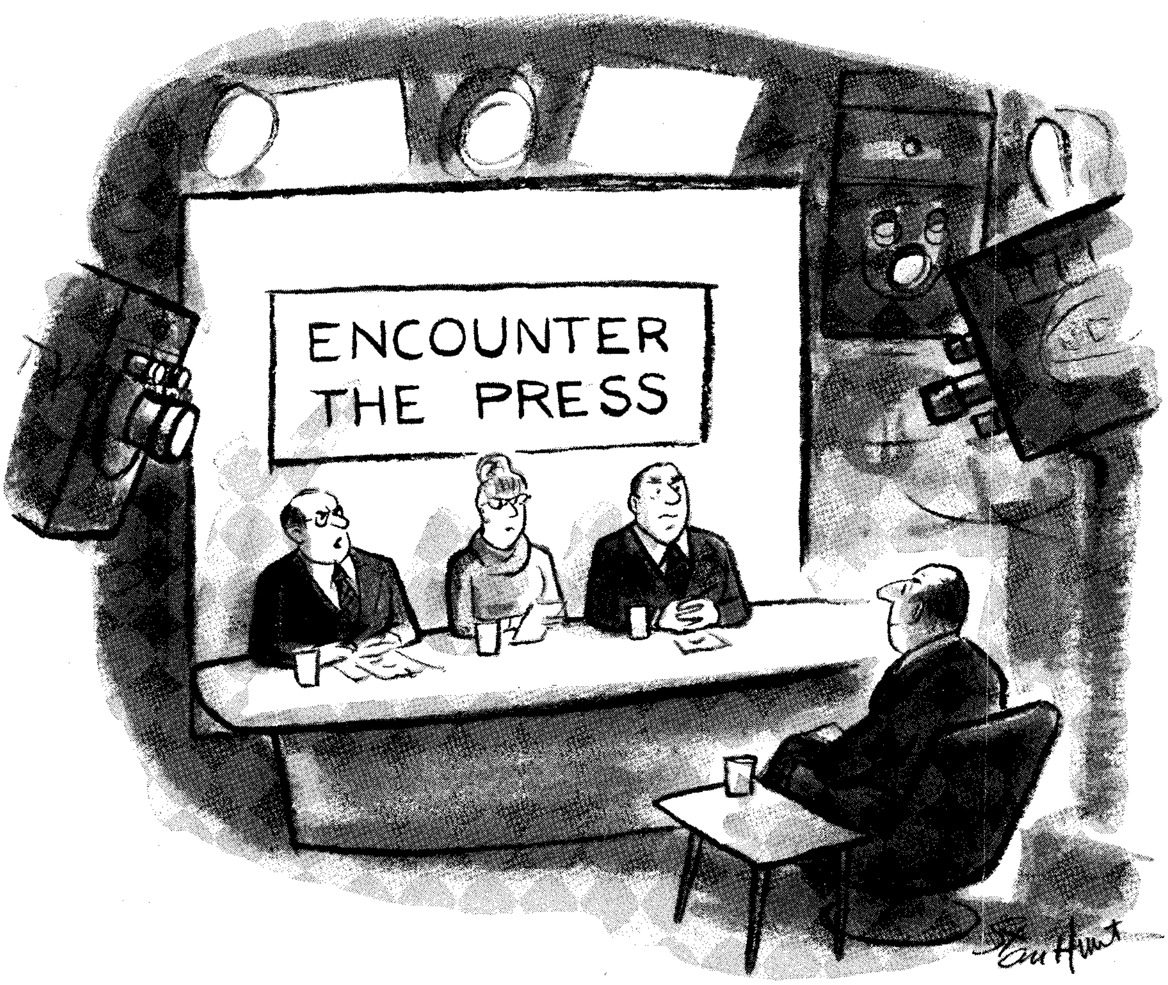
Eaton, who expects to live to be at least a hundred (the elder Rockefeller departed several weeks short of ninety-nine), has said that his father, who died at eighty-four, missed some of the most satisfying and stimulating years of man's span. Eaton, who has chaired enough boards in his career to build a corporate raft, was seventy when he started in as chairman of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway in 1954, replacing his friend and ally Robert R. Young on Young's departure to engage in a bloody and successful battle for control of the New York Central. On the eve of Eaton's ninetieth birthday, instead of being ceremonially invested with some kind of honorary C. & O. degree on his retirement, he was summarily booted upstairs to chairman emeritus by his own board of directors at a rump meeting. When his son Cyrus, Jr., who was also a C. & O. director, bridled at the indelicate treatment his father had received, he was booted off the board altogether. Eaton *père* was stripped of all but one of his twelve assistants but was allowed to keep his office, on the thirty-sixth floor of the Terminal Tower in Cleveland, from which for twenty years he had almost literally loomed over that town. The office, to which Eaton has repaired with diminishing frequency since he turned ninety-two, is a large, emphatically capitalistic sanctum, with the exception that *The New Republic* and *Soviet Union* are just as prominently on display as *Forbes* and *Fortune*. The chair Eaton sits in is unabashedly red—though of a high-quality leather. When he is not scrutinizing the latest Dow-Jones figures on the companies in which he owns stock, or gazing out of a window at the iron-ore freighters inching their way up the Cuyahoga River from Lake Erie toward one of a number of steel mills in which he has at one time or another had a proprietary interest ("There's the strength of America," he tells visitors), he can glance at one of six paintings that grace his oak-panelled walls. (The panelling was imported from Sherwood Forest by the notorious Van Sweringen brothers, who jointly occupied the chamber when they were presiding over *their* railroad empire.) All the paintings are gifts from Communist dignitaries. Over Eaton's fireplace hangs a landscape that was presented to him by Nikita Khrushchev. There are canvases from Czechoslovakia, Hungary (a reader of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* complained because the paper chanced to run a photograph of Eaton receiving this one on George Washington's birthday), Rumania, Poland, and Bulgaria. The Bulgarian work shows two young boys transporting a water barrel in a wagon. Spotting it while lunching in Sofia with the head of the local Communist Party, Eaton said that it reminded him of his boyhood in Canada. He was at once offered it as a keepsake. "I still have wall space for China and Cuba," he likes to say.

From the Terminal Tower it is a short walk to the Union Club, Cleveland's upper-crust and conservative social oasis. (One president of the club was reportedly dropped from its rolls in the early nineteen-hundreds when it became known that he had voted for a Democrat.) Eaton has been a member since 1913, and over the last twenty years he has invited so many Communist leaders to the club that some of its flock have groused that it might better be called the Soviet Union Club. One of his more memorable gatherings there was a lunch he gave in January, 1959, for Anastas I. Mikoyan, First Deputy Premier of the Soviet Union, who was visiting the United States to feel out public reaction in anticipation of the tour contemplated later that year by Premier Khrushchev. Most of Eaton's other guests were Midwestern industrialists, in steel or railroads or utilities or the like. Outside the club, a few anti-Communist pickets were arrayed, armed with rocks, eggs, and spittle, but inside Mikoyan got a standing ovation when Eaton introduced him. The Russian said, "The problem of peace now is more important than ever before in the history of mankind. And that is why we highly value the contributions being made by Mr. Cyrus Eaton in trying to bring together on a platform of peace and coöperation the scientists and also the businessmen of our countries." Eaton, Mikoyan went on, "has become more popular in our country than any capitalist has ever been before." He said that the speeches Eaton made following visits to Russia were regularly "published in full in our papers, and they said, 'This is not a normal capitalist.' " Mikoyan also told the assemblage that while in America he hoped to purchase, on behalf of his country, huge amounts of steel to be used in constructing pipelines for natural gas and oil. "I remember well the Deputy Premier's saying that he wanted to place the biggest order for steel in the history of the world," Eaton recalled recently. "He said that none of it would be used for military purposes, and that he wasn't going to ask for credit, either. 'There will be cash in a New York bank before a single shipment leaves,' Mikoyan promised. The businessmen were naturally enchanted with the prospect, and after lunch they clustered around the Deputy Premier to discuss quantities and specifications. Mikoyan himself, when he and I adjourned to my home afterward, said it had been the happiest day of his life. Then he went to Washington to obtain the necessary export permits, and he was brushed off by Lewis Strauss at Commerce and by Douglas Dillon at State. So Mikoyan shrugged and went to Europe and placed his orders with French and Dutch and British and Belgian and German firms, and the orders were so big they kept the mills there running full tilt for three years. Strauss had not yet been confirmed as Secretary of Commerce by the Senate, and I was pleased to be able to help block him when he did come up. He told Mikoyan, 'We won't do business with you, because you don't believe in God,' and gave him a copy of George Washington's farewell address to his officers—the one in which, you will recall, Washington said, 'Reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.' Hardly tactful, to say the least. Mikoyan gave Strauss some vodka and caviar, unaccompanied by any kind of homily."

ALTHOUGH Eaton has twice been dropped from the *Social Register* for various alleged sins of commission or omission, there has never been any formal attempt to revoke his membership in the Union Club, a fate from which he may have helped save himself by also entertaining there such acceptable types as the Duke of Windsor, who was more of a novelty in Cleveland that he would have been in, say, Palm Beach or Newport. "The Duke had a beautiful voice and charming manners, and he got along famously with the business people I invited to meet him," Eaton says. "I had some fine letters from him afterward, and once I showed some of them to his niece Princess Margaret, and she said that she and her sister considered that their uncle had had an unhappy time of it, and that they were very grateful to anyone, like me, who had befriended him. I never knew the Duke's great-grandmother personally, but I well recall Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, in the spring of 1897, at Halifax. In Her Majesty's honor, there were some splendid reënactments of the Crimean War—I particularly enjoyed the charge of the Light Brigade—and rowing races among the crews of ships



"I shudder to think that I was yours just for the asking."



"You have been characterized, Mr. Stronson, as an ignoramus, a fathead, and a turkey. Would you care to respond to that?"

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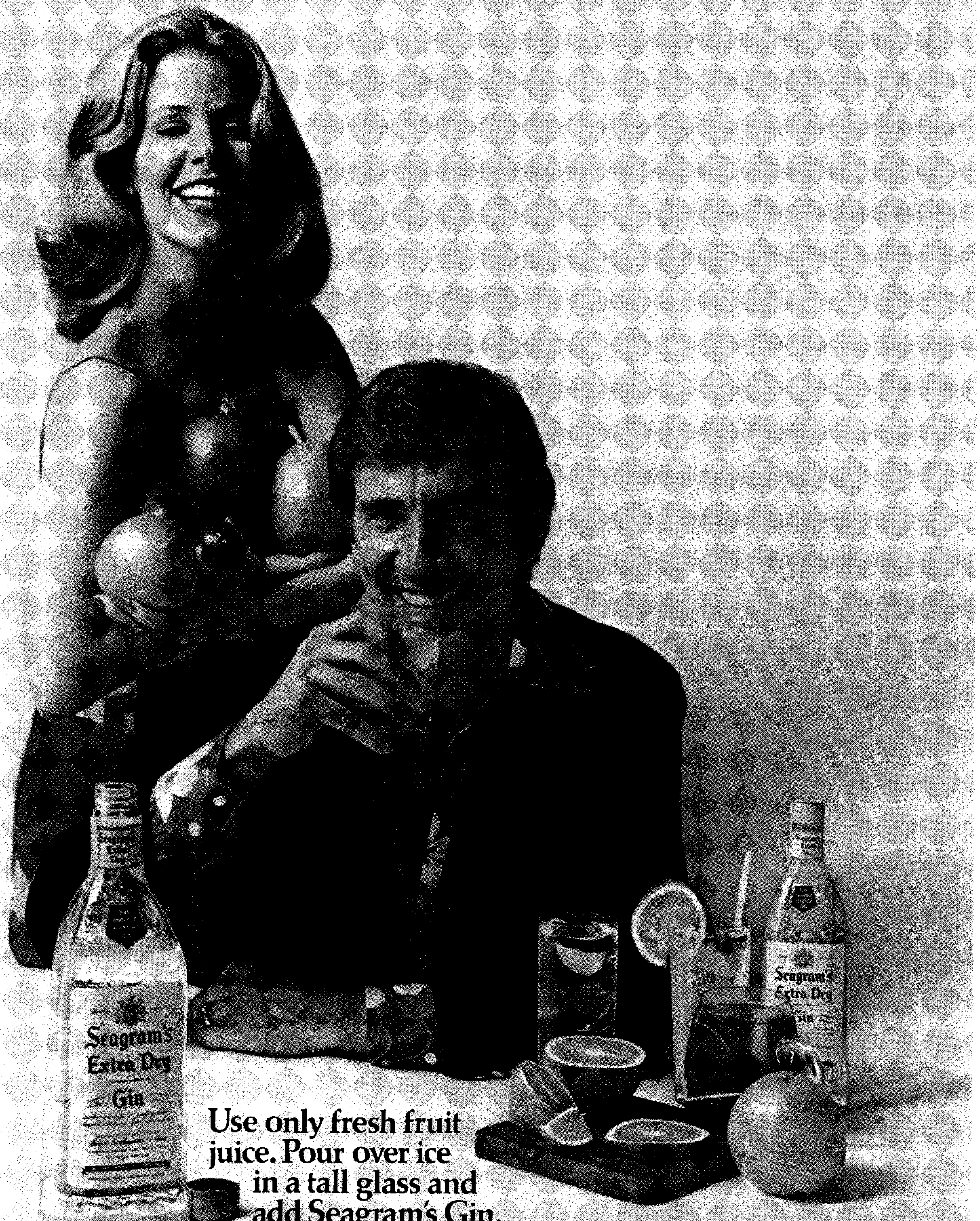
in port from Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Holland, and a baseball game between a local team and some visiting railroad men. I was only thirteen in 1897, unfortunately, and thus too young to play. Not long after that, of course, came the Boer War, and had I been a little bit older I'd have enlisted, like some of my relatives. Lord Strathcona, then the Canadian High Commissioner in London, organized and equipped his own cavalry, and when the Strathcona Horse came through from the west en route to embarkation from Halifax, our school went down to the railroad station to salute them, and I wore a shoulder sash with the unit's colors on it. I have always felt that if the United States had studied the lessons of the Boer War more closely it might have avoided its mistakes in Vietnam."

Cleveland has long had, and to a degree still has, mixed feelings about Eaton. He set up shop there to show the big-money boys in big-city New York that there could be other seats of power. Wall Street managed to cope with him fairly well, but along Cleveland's Euclid Avenue during the Cold War he was viewed with consternation and, more often than not, disapprobation. When, in 1962, the magazine *Pageant* ranked him eighth in a list of the ten most controversial Americans, the *Plain Dealer* deplored this as a grave miscarriage of justice, arguing that Eaton, rather than Jimmy Hoffa, should have been placed first. Because of Eaton's practically non-stop controversiality, so much garbage kept being dumped on the lawns of his suburban estate, Acadia Farms—an eight-hundred-acre retreat in Northfield, twenty miles southeast of Cleveland—that sanitation trucks had to make extra runs to haul the stuff away, and his grandchildren were taunted by their schoolmates as "Reds" and "Commies."

Eaton's second wife, Anne, whom he married in 1957, when he was seventy-three and she thirty-five, was—like his first wife, three of his daughters, a daughter-in-law, and his principal office assistant—an alumna of Hathaway Brown, *the* Cleveland school for young ladies of fashion. The more outspokenly Eaton carried on about Communists and the desirability—nay, necessity—of getting along with them, the less other H.B. alumnae would speak to his wife. Mrs. Eaton was unfazed at no longer being asked to certain teas; anyway, she was usually too busy being a political hostess to accept invitations of a purely social nature. "I suppose I've had more Communists to dinner than any other woman in the Western Hemisphere," she said not long ago, and, indeed, she once did feed the entire Bolshoi Ballet. By 1970, though, she was sufficiently back in the good graces of Hathaway Brown to be asked to give the commencement address. Her husband thereupon favored that academy with an Eaton Seminar Room, where healthy debate has presumably since flourished.

The *Plain Dealer* used to run anti-Eaton editorials about as regularly as it denounced organized crime and inveighed against drought. The editorials could be quickly skimmed, because their titles conveyed their gist: "Apostle of Appeasement," or "Now See Here, Mr. Eaton." Musing editorially in 1960 upon whether or not it should applaud Eaton's receiving the Lenin Peace Prize—the only other American recipients of which were Paul Robeson, Howard Fast, William E. B. Du Bois, and Andrew W. Moulton, the left-wing Protestant Episcopal bishop of Utah—the *Plain Dealer* concluded, "We hope he will understand why we find it necessary to wait and see," and one Eaton-Khrushchev tête-à-tête inspired the tart observation "Eaton's fellow-Clevelanders can only wonder, with shame, why their fellow-townsman should be so intimate with his country's most dangerous enemy." Over the years, furthermore, the paper has carried dozens of letters suggesting that if Eaton likes Russia so much, why doesn't he move there? Eaton says that he once had a business associate interview the writers of a dozen such

THE SEAGRAM'S GIN AND JUICE SECRET?



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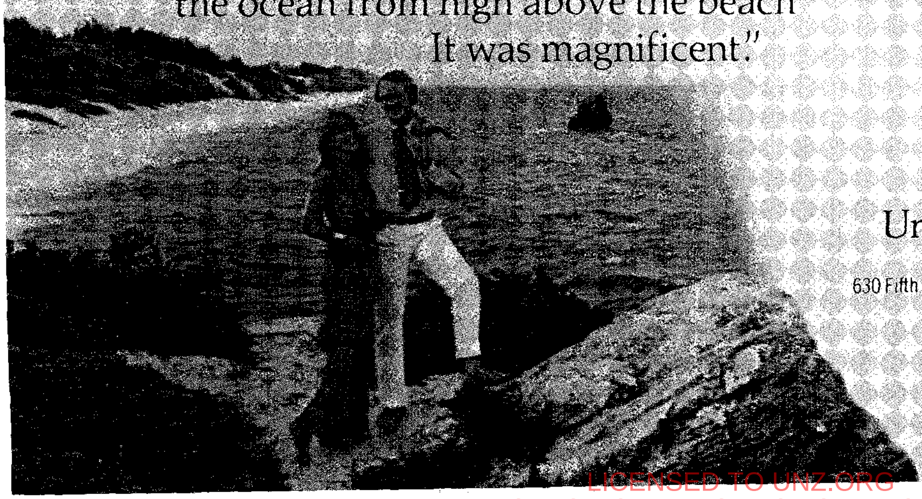

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letters, and that the investigation revealed that "without exception" the missives had been composed not by their alleged senders but by the Federal Bureau of Investigation. (The F.B.I. has not acknowledged authorship.) Lately, though, Cleveland has begun to mellow toward the person who could be called its *enfant terrible* were he not so terribly old. However the *Plain Dealer* may have viewed him in the past, the Cleveland Press Club named him its Man of the Year in 1967, asserting as it did so (alas! poor Bob Feller) that "history may judge Cyrus Eaton the most noted figure of all time in Cleveland." When the man who had by then been judged far and wide to be the father of détente celebrated his ninetieth birthday, on December 27, 1973, the mayor threw a reception for him at City Hall. The Rumanian Ambassador to the United States flew in from Washington, and a cablegram was read from Leonid Brezhnev, Alexei Kosygin, and Nikolai V. Podgorny, stating, without qualification, "Everyone in the Soviet Union loves you." Cleveland's mayor, for his part, presented Eaton with a key to the city, which the proud recipient has exhibited ever since in his library, along with similar municipal gate-openers from San Francisco, Moscow, and Bridgewater, Nova Scotia. The Russian key is the fanciest: it has a built-in clock.

In still another editorial, the *Plain Dealer* said, "It would be very pleasant to live in the world of Cyrus Eaton, with caviar in every pot and two troikas in every garage, but we fear this world exists only in Cyrus Eaton's imagination." Not exactly. Eaton has long been able to afford all the caviar he desires, though it does not fit in with the bland diet he has adopted, and since 1959 he has had in his garage—his stable, more precisely—at Acadia Farms the only authentic Russian troika in the United States. His troika—three stallions, a carriage, and a sleigh—was also a gift from Premier Khrushchev, who shipped it to Ohio, accompanied by a trainer and a veterinarian, in 1958. The troika was formally conveyed to Eaton by First Deputy Premier Mikoyan during his 1959 winter visit. Eaton and his wife climbed into their new two-seater sleigh, with the Russian trainer at the reins. Mikoyan hopped onto a narrow running board, clung gamely to one side of the vehicle as the big horses—stalwart Orloffsky-Rissaky stallions—careered along at their customary twenty-mile-an-hour speed, and managed not to fall off. "Mr. Mikoyan is the bravest man I ever heard of," Mrs. Eaton said afterward. In the ensuing years, as the original three horses have aged and died, successive Soviet governments have sent over replacements. Lately, Eaton has been breeding his Russian stallions, noted for endurance as well as speed, to American quarterhorse mares, and he hopes to end up with a fine new breed of his own invention. The troika has also been put through its paces at agricultural shows and stock shows and other gatherings around the country. At Acadia Farms, the Eaton troika has jounced and jostled such eminent guests as the Nobel laureates Lord John Boyd Orr and Sir Norman Angell and the photographer Karsh, who stopped by one day in 1963 to snap some visiting luminaries and presently was snapped himself in spirited transit.

Physically, Eaton is the epitome of a capitalist—almost a caricature of one. He is tall, robust, silver-haired, blue-eyed, ruddy-cheeked, and always impeccably dressed. His day-in-and-day-out costume, even when down on the farm, consists of a well-cut (Wetzel) double-breasted dark-blue serge suit, with a white shirt, a gray silk four-in-hand, and highly polished black shoes. On weekends, until he gave it up, at ninety-two, he was fond of riding, and he was partial to the full regalia worn when riding to hounds. (He quit skiing

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at eighty-seven and ice hockey at seventy.) However he may be dressed, this prince of paradox does not see himself as a freak, or even as an anomaly. Bertrand Russell once said that Eaton was living proof that business and philosophy could mix, and this characterization struck its beneficiary as quite apposite. Asked once in a courtroom—there has been much litigation in his career—what he did for a living, Eaton replied, "Generally speaking, rubber, steel, electricity, and finance." On other occasions, he has described himself as a simple farmer. Such modesty is unusual for him. When he is travelling, he sometimes has an assistant phone the local papers to reveal that he is in town and available for interviews. "No comment" is a phrase he hardly ever uses. Eaton's remarks to the press since he has become somebody quotable have been voluminous, and that doesn't include the thousand or so letters to the editor that he has dashed off, on topics ranging from the condition of Washington, D.C., in 1942 ("a megalosaurian city, its body all out of proportion to its brain") to the fiscal plight of New York City in 1975 ("I have been personally involved in every American panic since 1893"). More often than not, his letters have revealed him as the foremost living champion of coexistence, a role his wife likes to complement: her favorite winter costume is an American mink coat topped by a sable hat from Russia. Whenever Eaton is accused, as he has been in so many letters to editors, of being partial to Communism, he retorts, in no uncertain terms, that he is not and never has been anything but an outright capitalist. "With my record, I find the notion that I might be a Communist rather astonishing," he declared in 1961. The only American Communist he is aware of ever having met is Gus Hall, the general secretary of the indigenous Party, to whom he was introduced at an official Czechoslovakian reception in New York some years back. But then Eaton does not believe he *could* have met many others. "There are no Communists in America to speak of except in the minds of those on the payroll of the F.B.I.," he said in the spring of 1958. It delights him to be able to bring persons he unquestioningly identifies as Communists into his familiar capitalistic orbit. The parent company of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway owns the elegant Greenbrier Hotel, in White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia. "The Greenbrier makes a favorable impression on Communists, because it's probably the most capitalistic

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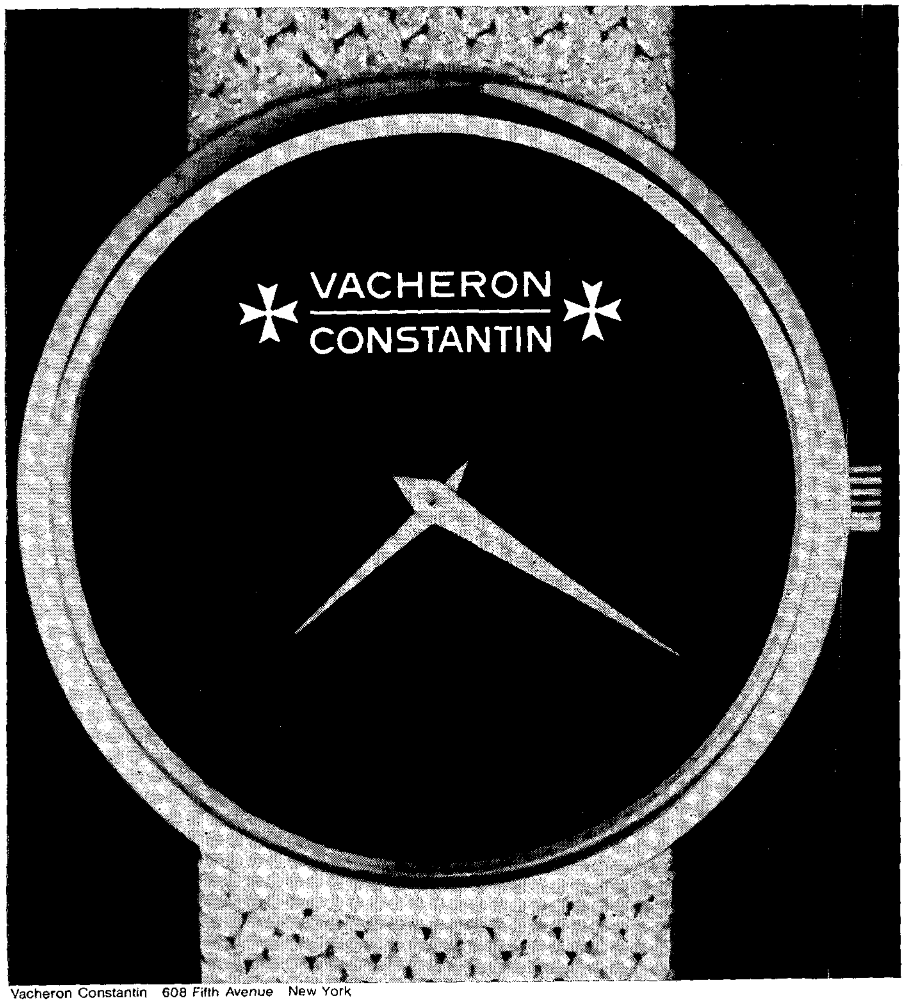

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spot in America," Eaton says. He and his wife once took Soviet Ambassador Mikhail Menshikov and his wife to the hotel for a posh weekend. At dinner, hearty coexistential toasts were exchanged, first to capitalism and then to Communism. Mrs. Eaton thereupon impishly proposed a further toast—to all the people on earth who believed in neither. After a moment's hesitation, everybody present joined in that one, too.

WHEN Eaton was sixteen and attending Amherst Academy, in Nova Scotia, he was awarded for scholastic achievement sets of the complete works of Charles Darwin and Thomas Huxley. Darwin, Huxley, and other rationalists have been his heroes ever since, and he tends to identify his own triumphs and travails with theirs. Eaton, though never ordained, was briefly, in his youth, the pastor of a Baptist church; like other lapsed preachers, he has been attracted to philosophers—Karl Marx among them—who had little use for organized religion. Along with Wall Street financiers, the popularizers of myths and superstitions have long been his foes. A contemporary whom he greatly admired was the late A. Eustace Haydon, himself a lapsed Baptist and for many years a professor of comparative religion at Chicago, whose 1941 book, "Biography of the Gods," was dedicated to Eaton. The dedicatee likes to avow his concurrence with the author's conclusion:

> More important than faith in God is devotion to the human ideals of which he has become the symbol. Too long the strong gods have been made to bear the burden. Wistfully man has watched for the day of divine action to dawn and ever healed the hurt of disappointment with more passionate faith. Hopes hung in the heavens are of no avail. What the gods have been expected to do, and have failed to do through the ages, man must find the courage and intelligence to do for himself. More needful than faith in God is faith that man can give love, justice, peace, and all his beloved moral values embodiment in human relations. Denial of this faith is the only real atheism. Without it, belief in all the galaxies of gods is mere futility. With it, and the practice that flows from it, man need not mourn the passing of the gods.

In sharp contrast to many of his associates in the financial world, Eaton has habitually elected to spend his leisure time far removed from his business cronies. "On my vacations, for my companions I used to invite the presidents of universities and other scholars to visit me in Nova Scotia," he says. (He has a three-thousand-acre summer es-

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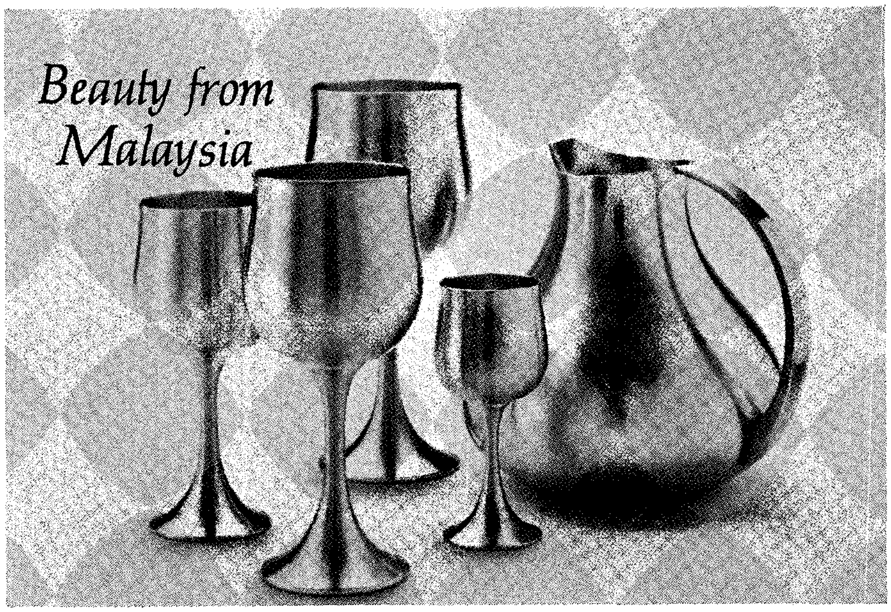

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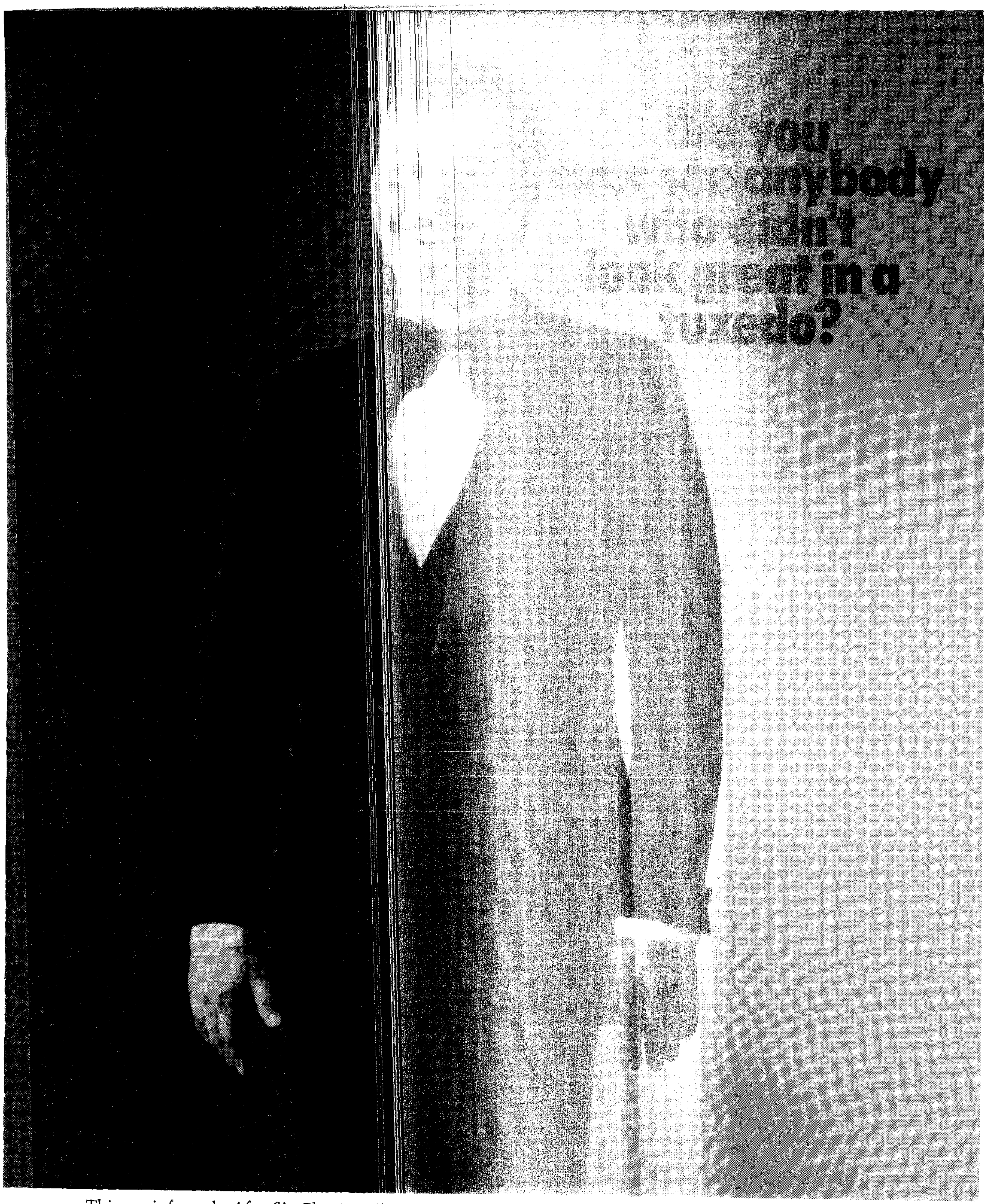
tate there, near Halifax.) "I found pleasure in talking to thinkers, for a change. I would sometimes take them on salmon-fishing expeditions, maybe half a dozen college presidents at a clip, casting in the daytime and in the evening discussing the best way of getting people interested in great books. Most of them were pretty good fishermen; it's not too strenuous a sport. Many of my industrialist friends believed I was doing a wise thing in seeking to find recreation in contemplating intellectual matters. But I also encouraged reading of great books—in some instances successfully, I like to think—by people in the business world. I kept urging my friends there not to accept as the truth something that was merely popular but, rather, to question the finality and truth of all our dogmas, whether in religion or politics or economics."

In the nineteen-fifties, Eaton began to formalize his penchant by inviting—in collaboration with the Association of American Colleges—academics to a series of what were called Intellectual Life conferences, during which they would alternately play tennis or golf and explore Plato's "Crito" or "Gulliver's Travels." At the end of 1954, on the occasion of his seventy-first birthday, Eaton announced that he was turning his family's hundred-and-fifty-year-old home in Pugwash into a permanent site for meetings of thinkers. The following year, Bertrand Russell and Albert Einstein, increasingly perturbed about the proliferation of nuclear weapons, resolved to call a conference of scientists who, acting as individuals rather than representing nations or governments, could attempt to save the world from nuclear holocaust. One idea at the start was to hold a meeting at Monte Carlo, with Aristotle Onassis footing the bill. When that didn't work out, Eaton stepped in as patron and, because he sensed that the State Department was not of a mind to admit some Soviet and Chinese scholars who were on the guest list, proposed holding it on the more tolerant soil of Canada, and specifically in Pugwash.

The Pugwash conferences with which Eaton's name has been linked worldwide are the science conferences, and the first of these took place in July, 1957. Einstein was dead by then; one of his last memorable statements had been "We must never relax our efforts to arouse in the peoples of the world, and especially in their governments, an awareness of the unprecedented disaster which they are absolutely certain to bring on themselves unless there is a fundamental change in their attitudes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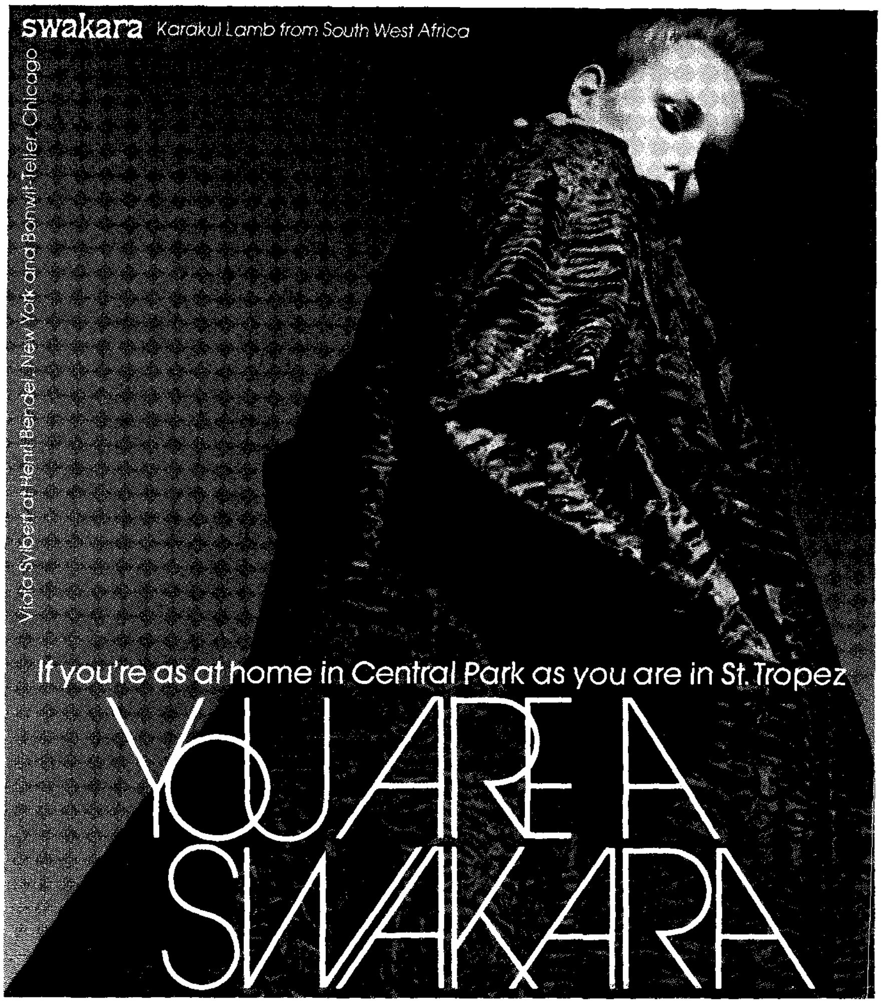
toward one another as well as in their concept of the future. The unleashed power of the atom has changed everything except our way of thinking." Lord Russell was ailing and couldn't make the meeting, but he sent a recorded message with the British physicist C. F. Powell, one of three Nobel laureates (the others were Hideki Yukawa, of Japan, and H. J. Muller, of the United States) who did attend. In all, there were twenty-two distinguished scientists, from ten nations—among them, significantly, A. V. Topchiev, the general secretary of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, and Chou Pei-yuan, vice-rector of Peking University. Greeting his guests, Eaton declared, "A man's first moral obligation is to earn his living and his second is to be intelligent." After three days of non-income-producing but highly intellectual colloquy, interspersed with croquet and other undemanding diversions, the participants agreed, with one or two reservations, that man's misuse of nuclear energy could well result in his annihilation; furthermore, they resolved to hold more get-togethers to foster more joint thinking.

Over the ensuing years, in England and Ethiopia, in Italy and Quebec, in Sweden and Yugoslavia, there have been a couple of dozen assemblies of Pugwash scientists. In his autobiography, Lord Russell, who served for a while as chairman of the Continuing Committee of the Pugwash Movement, wrote, "Perhaps the unique characteristic of [the 1957] and subsequent Pugwash Conferences was the fact that the members consorted with each other in their spare time as well as during the scheduled meetings, and grew to know each other as human beings rather than merely as scientists of this or that potentially inimical belief or nation. This most important characteristic was in large part made possible by the astute understanding by Cyrus Eaton of the situation and what we wished to accomplish and by his tactful hospitality." Without the prior deliberations of the Pugwash scientists, the nuclear-test-ban treaty of 1963—unsatisfactory as many deemed it to be, because it permitted underground explosions to be continued—might not have come into being. The Pugwashites' lengthy palavers have also produced the phrase "hogwash from Pugwash." However history may ultimately assess these gatherings, the fact that they occurred at all was in large measure attributable—as Gerard Piel, the publisher of *Scientific American*, put it in 1972—to the circumstance that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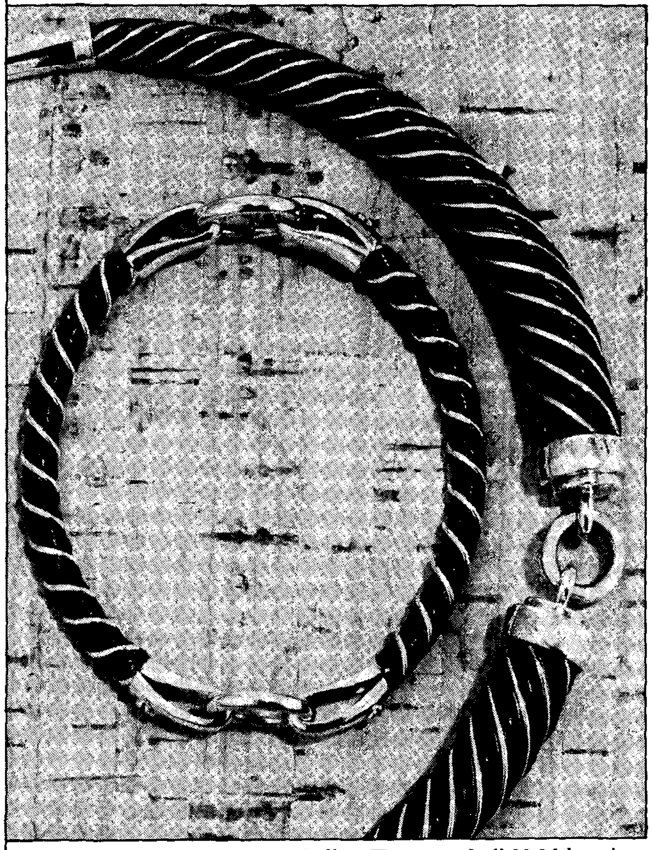

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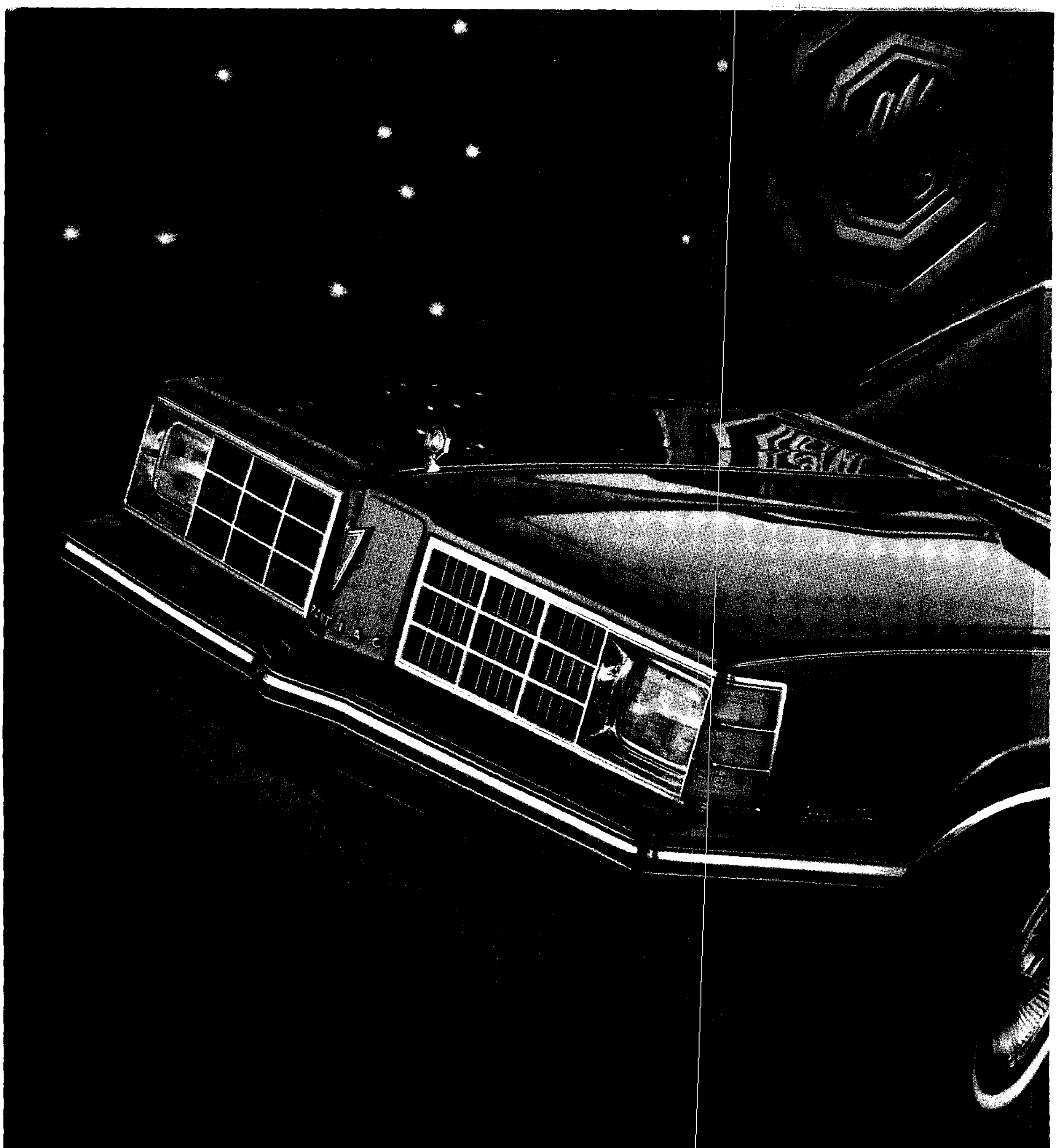

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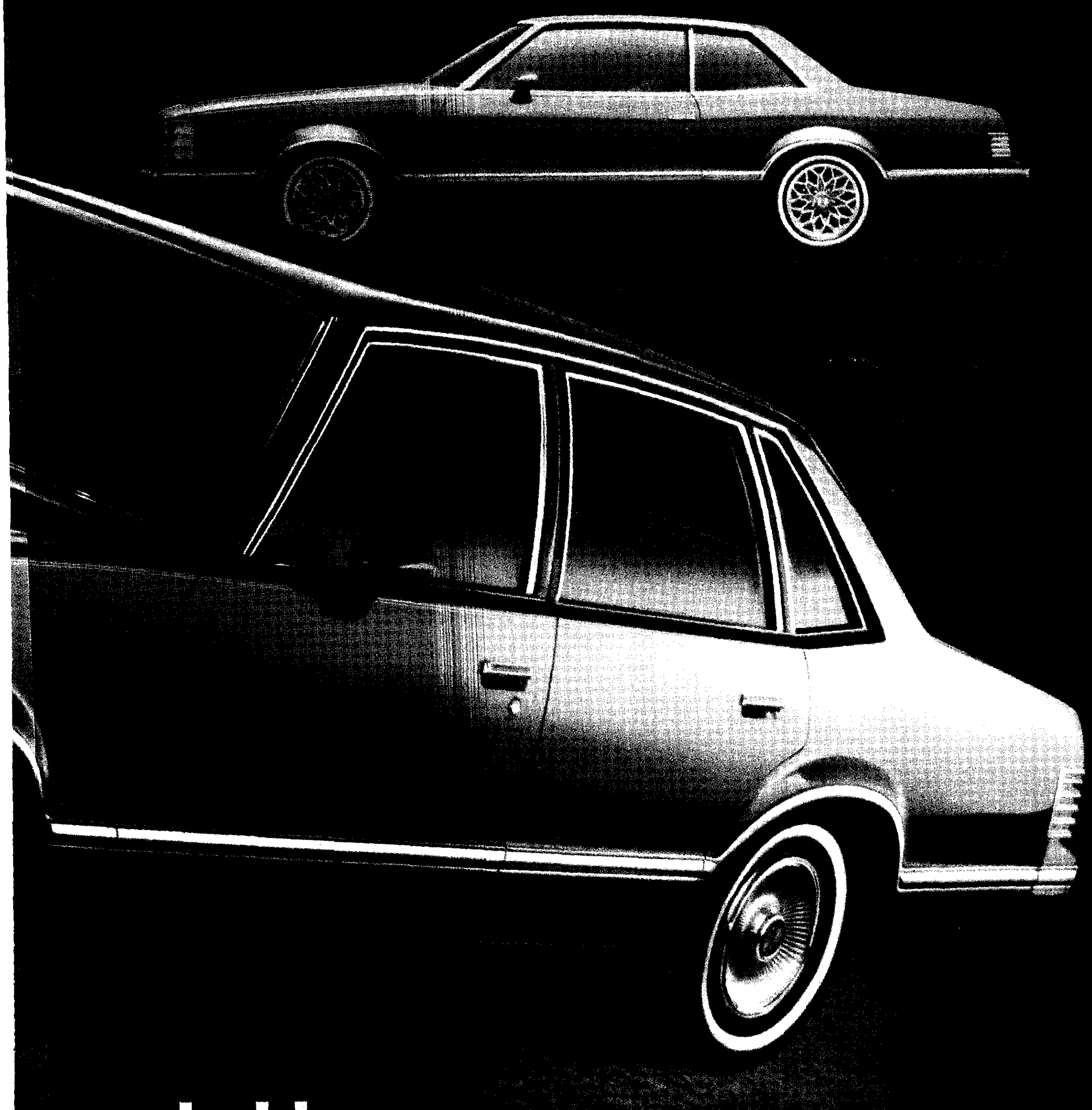

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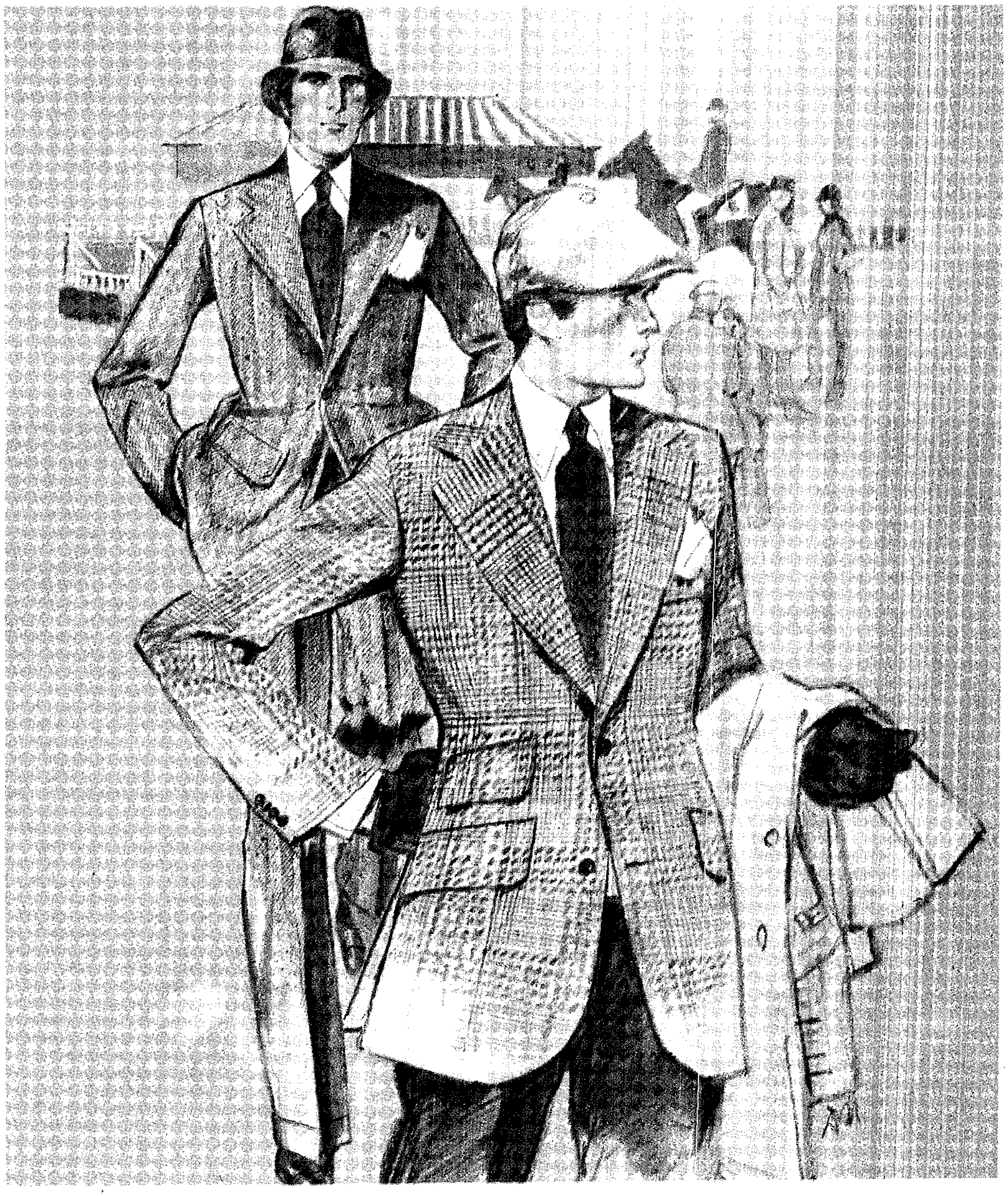

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Eaton "recognized years ago that the fate and hope of mankind hangs upon the international community of science, the international community of rational human understanding." (Piel's statement was made at the kind of party that Eaton likes to give: He invited a bunch of scientists to Pugwash to watch a solar eclipse, and proclaimed the occasion a tribute to Simon Newcomb, the Nova Scotian astronomer who is the only Canadian in the Hall of Fame.) Eaton is no less fond of an encomium uttered at the 1957 conclave by Professor A. M. B. Lacassagne, of L'Institut du Radium, in Paris, who, Eaton recalls, "eloquently predicted that Pugwash, though only a village, would live in history with Austerlitz and Waterloo, two other villages that marked a drastic change in the course of human events."

CLEVELAND's steel mills and other industries have attracted to the city many ethnic groups of Eastern European origin. Many of the Czechoslovakians, Poles, Lithuanians, and others who have settled in Cleveland have been vociferously opposed to peaceful coexistence with the Communist rulers of their forebears' soil. What has especially provoked groups like the United Hungarian Societies of Cleveland and the Coordinating Committee of Nations Under the Communist Yoke is that while Eaton has seemed ever ready and willing to say derogatory things about the United States (i.e., in 1958, "Hitler, in his prime, through the Gestapo, never had any such extensive spy organizations as we have in this country today"), he has rarely had anything comparable to say about the Soviet Union. The most critical comment he had on the Russian takeover of Czechoslovakia in 1968 was "I haven't found any nation where reason is paramount."

Eaton's interest in the Soviet Union—to which he has made eight red-carpet journeys since 1958—was indirectly whetted by John D. Rockefeller, Sr. The first Russian whom Eaton ever met was Baron Oxgall, a Moscow Baptist, who came to Cleveland at the turn of the century to solicit support from Rockefeller for the Moscow branch of the Y.M.C.A. More important, Rockefeller's choice for the first president of the University of Chicago was his old friend and golfing companion William Rainey Harper, a celebrated prodigy of his time—college graduate at fourteen, Ph.D. at eighteen, teen-age professor of Hebrew. Though not fluent in Russian, Harper was much taken with Russia; his son Samuel—who used to play golf with Eaton on the Rockefeller course when the two older men had finished their daily round—eventually became head of the Russian-language department at his father's university, and between 1904 and his death, at thirty-nine, in 1941, spent half of every year in Russia. Just before Samuel Harper died, he defended the Nazi-Soviet pact so strenuously that he suffered a nervous breakdown. A book of his that was posthumously published in 1945, "The Russia I Believe In," was not widely acclaimed, but Eaton believed in it so strongly that in 1969—long after the original edition had been remaindered—he had it reissued, at his expense. "Sam's enthusiasm for Russian culture and Russian children had a great impact on my life," Eaton says.

Eaton had brushed against some Russians during the First World War, when he helped a purchasing mission from Moscow buy artillery shells and field tents from Cleveland manufacturers, but it was not until 1955 that he had solid contact with any. That year, the State Department was showing a group of Soviet journalists (among them Alexei Adzhubei, Khrushchev's son-in-law and the editor of *Izvestia*) around the United States. Cleveland was on the itinerary, and the principal scheduled event for the visitors' delectation there was a professional-football game. The Russians said they didn't much care about the Browns, and wouldn't it be possible for them to spend a few hours instead with a typical American businessman? Their escort from State phoned Eaton, who had not long before entertained some Russian farmers, and conveyed the request. Eaton retorted—and no one who knew him would have disagreed—that if there was anything he was not, it was a typical American businessman. The

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escort hung up, but he called back soon afterward to repeat his plea; it seemed that there wasn't any other businessman of any sort in Cleveland who wanted anything to do with the Russians. Eaton said that in that case he'd be delighted to play host, and he drove into the city to fetch the foreigners. To his consternation, he found them being hectored by a crowd that had gathered—at, he was and still is convinced, the instigation of the F.B.I.—outside their hotel.

Eaton got on splendidly with his guests the rest of that day, and then came interchanges with other Russians at Pugwash meetings. His new friends kept urging him to visit their country. So in the late summer of 1958, on the eve of a Pugwash scientists' meeting in Austria, he decided to go to Moscow. Some people are under the impression that Eaton has spent much of his adult life commuting to Moscow, and are surprised to learn that at the time of his initial visit to the Soviet Union he was nearly seventy-five. (He had never yet set foot in any other Communist territory, either.) He travelled to Moscow by way of New York and Copenhagen, where, with a characteristic bow to both the idealistic and the pragmatic side of his personality, he had arranged to spend a few hours with two influential natives: the nuclear physicist Niels Bohr and the shipping magnate A. P. Møller. On the flight from New York to Copenhagen, Eaton and his wife found Andrei Gromyko sitting just behind them. The capitalist and the Soviet Foreign Minister got to chatting, and Gromyko, who also knew about Pugwash, asked the American to point out the spot as they flew over it. By the time the Eatons reached Moscow, the Foreign Minister had sent word ahead for them to be elaborately received, and he had also asked Eaton if he would like to have a private audience with Premier Khrushchev, who was vacationing at the Black Sea. Eaton said he'd be happy to fly down there. No, said Gromyko; the Premier would be pleased to meet Eaton more than halfway—in fact, would come back to Moscow and see him at the Kremlin. A couple of days later, Eaton and Khrushchev spent ninety minutes together in the Troitskaia Tower. "We had an absolutely hilarious time," Eaton says. "I was feeling relaxed and full of fun and jokes. While we were talking, a bottle of mineral water exploded, its cork hitting the ceiling. Khrushchev said 'What was that?,' and I said 'That was John Foster Dulles firing at us

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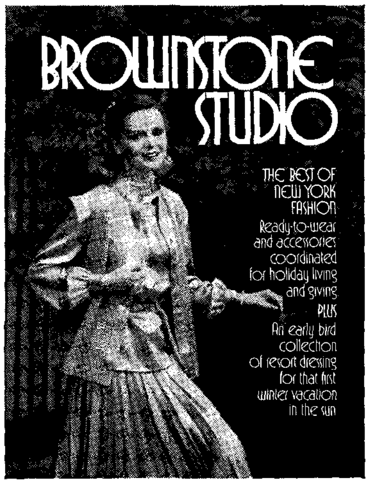
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from under the table,' and Khrushchev roared with laughter. He was also amused by my remarking that our State Department reminded me of the little man in the Artemus Ward story who said that he had outmaneuvered a big guy he was fighting until he got his eye right on the other guy's fist." Khrushchev, for his part, asked Eaton to let President Eisenhower know that he thought his passion for golf was very sensible. "From that first meeting on, Khrushchev was always completely frank with me," Eaton says, "and his successors have treated me in the same way." *Pravda* carried a photograph of Khrushchev and Eaton on its first page the next day, and the Moscow radio hailed the American's professed interest in "the establishment and development of friendship between the peoples" and "the preservation and strengthening of peace throughout the world." *Pravda* also ran an article by Eaton, in which he wrote that he hoped Khrushchev would soon visit the United States. "The people of the U.S.A. would respond to his directness, his sense of humor, and his sincere desire for world peace," Eaton said.

On Eaton's return from his quasi-summit conference with Khrushchev, he was invited to make a number of speeches. Before the City Club in Cleveland, he took occasion to refer to "inflammatory editorials, reeking of bravado with their dire threats of slaughter to the Soviets." He also told that audience that in his view Secretary of State Dulles was "an insane fanatic." At the National Press Club, in Washington, he went a step further, proposing that Dulles be supplanted in the Cabinet by John L. Lewis. He treated the Economic Club of Detroit to an address ("Is the World Big Enough for Both Capitalism and Communism?") in which he said, "I would not know where to look for the American who would want to trade our system for the Russian way," and "When I commented on Mr. Khrushchev's ability to speak decisively for his country, he replied, 'Any policy I announce must first be discussed with the Cabinet and backed by it. We make no decision unless we are sure it will have the support of the people.'" Eaton and Khrushchev kept in touch thereafter, on terms that were about as intimate as possible between the head of a great state and a private citizen of another state, far removed. On Eaton's seventy-sixth birthday, the Russian sent him a cablegram blending felicitations with a plea for total disarmament—"the most urgent task of our time." On

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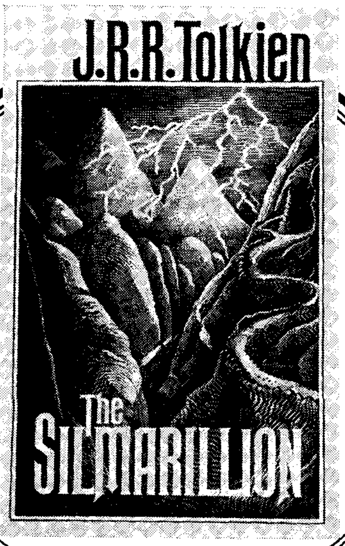


When a new book by JRR Tolkien is published, that calls for a celebration.

And Waldenbooks, the nation's largest bookseller, is having just that.

Recently, the book Tolkien worked on for 50 years and was revising at the time of his death was published.

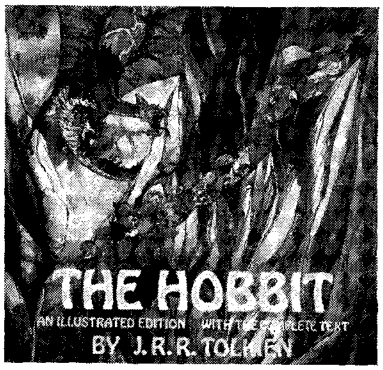
And to mark the event, Waldenbooks is holding a special Tolkien Festival, offering the most comprehensive collection of Tolkien books ever assembled. Including special editions of his works, biographies, critical studies — even Tolkien calendars and posters.

The reason for the party.

When JRR Tolkien died, he left behind millions of devoted fans. He also left behind a final work, The Silmarillion, which was edited by his son, Christopher, and has now been published by Houghton Mifflin ($10.95).

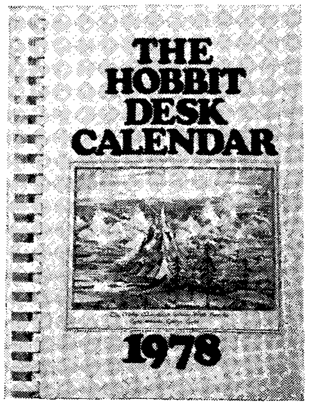
The Silmarillion is the work on which Lord of the Rings and all the Hobbit adventures are based. It is the account of the chaotic First Age, and it tells of epic struggles and betrayals which were to haunt later Ages, such as the theft of the Silmaril jewels and the war to get them back.

It also contains several shorter works, including "Of the Rings of Power," the connecting link to Lord of the Rings. The Silmarillion is both the cornerstone of Tolkien lore and the completion of the mythology which has captured our age. Finally, the chance to read new Tolkien!



When you come to Waldenbooks for your copy of The Silmarillion, you'll see a special Tolkien section with all sorts of new books and memorabilia you'll want to check out.

If you'd like to soak up some Tolkien every day of the year, you'll want the 1978 Hobbit Desk Calendar (Ballantine $6.95). With 12 of JRR Tolkien's own color illustrations, plenty of room for notes and a double page spread for every week. Or the best-selling calendar of all time, the Tolkien Wall Calendar. It's all-new for 1978, with color paintings by the Brothers Hildebrandt and the dates important to Middle Earth marked clearly. You'll also find an enchanting new gift edition of The Hobbit. Based on this year's NBC TV 90 minute animated Thanksgiving special, it has 300 illustrations, 230 of them in color. This is an 11″x11″ art book containing Tolkien's complete text, specially priced at $29.95 (Abrams). Bilbo Baggins never looked better!



For collectors, there will be leather-bound editions of Lord of the Rings and The Hobbit. And for those who want to introduce Tolkien to a friend, deluxe boxed paperback sets of Lord of the Rings. Plus editions of his children's books and songs.

And since the world of JRR Tolkien wouldn't be complete without some of the books his works have inspired, you'll also find Humphrey Carpenter's fine new study, JRR Tolkien, a biography. And The Tolkien Companion by JEA Tyler (Avon $4.95), an exhaustive thesaurus of Tolkien names, terms and places, arranged and explained in alphabetical order. Great for heavy Tolkien addicts.

We could go on. But by now you've probably gathered it's going to be a heck of a party. In fact, you might say that since Lord of the Rings, the best thing to happen to Tolkien fans is now at Waldenbooks.

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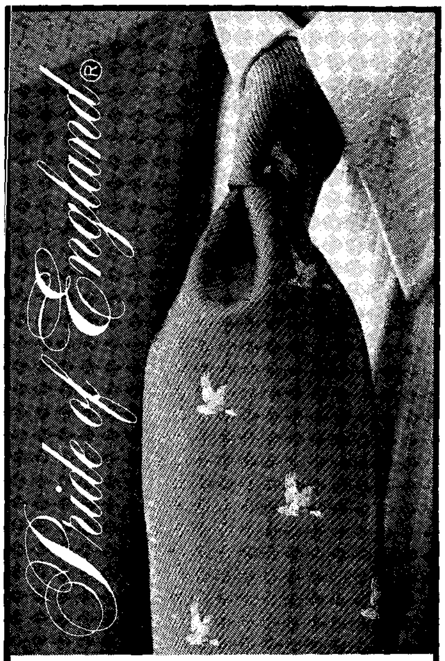
Eaton's eightieth birthday, Khrushchev referred to him affectionately as a "coexisting capitalist." The two men periodically exchanged gifts. A Scotch Shorthorn bull that Eaton shipped to Khrushchev afforded the Premier an opportunity to demonstrate that Russians were every bit as capable as Americans of inventing one special kind of witticism. "After the animal arrived in Russia, I suddenly remembered that its name was Napoleon, and I apologized to Mr. Khrushchev for this apparent tactlessness," Eaton says. "He replied, 'If he's a good bull and produces good offspring, I wouldn't care if his name were John Foster Dulles.' "

KHRUSHCHEV did visit the United States, in the fall of 1959, and Eaton saw him at various receptions. During one of these, at the Soviet Embassy in Washington, with Vice-President Nixon also in attendance, the coexisting capitalist proposed a toast to eternal friendship between nations, from which the Russian held aloof until somebody fetched him some vodka to fortify the soda water that had been set before him. The following spring, on May 16th, the Soviet Premier and President Eisenhower met in Paris for a summit conference. It was a time of drama. On May 1st, Francis Gary Powers had been shot down in his U-2 spy plane over Russian soil. Two days later, the U.S.S.R. had revealed that Eaton would be getting the Lenin Peace Prize. The honoree, as it happened, was about to take off on a trip to Eastern Europe, and Khrushchev, in Paris, asked him to stop over en route and say hello. Eaton said that he'd be glad to. When the summit conference broke up over the U-2 incident, Khrushchev sent a radio message to the plane Eaton was on, saying he wondered whether, in view of what had just occurred (the Chairman had, among other things, told the President of the United States to go dip his head in milk), Eaton still wanted to be seen with him. Eaton could think of no reason not to be. His plane landed at Orly Airport a few minutes before Khrushchev, his arms full of red roses from some French admirers, was to take off for Berlin. With a considerable segment of the world's press looking on, Khrushchev gave the flowers to Mrs. Eaton. Khrushchev, sensing that Eaton would be criticized for fraternizing with him at this juncture in history, told the American jocularly, "When Communism has triumphed in the whole world, I shall put in a good word for you." (Eaton, for his part,



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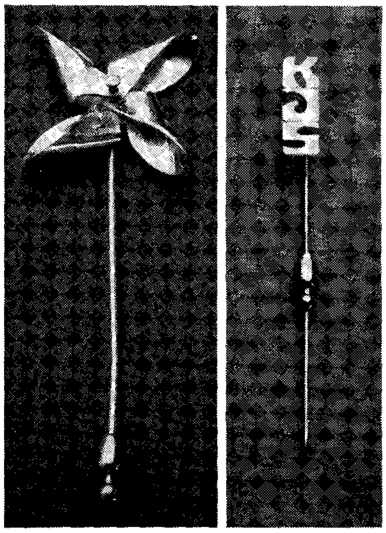

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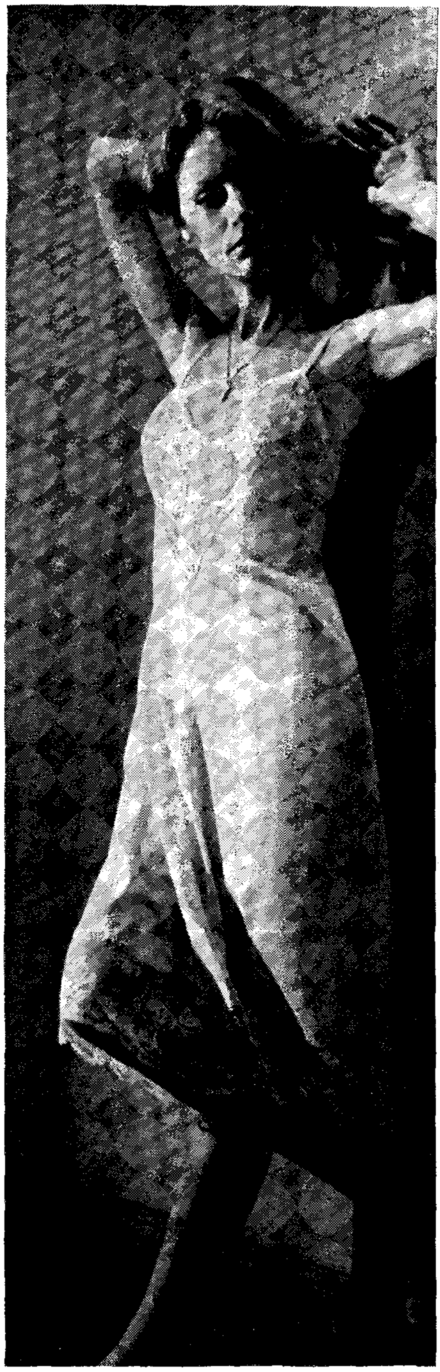

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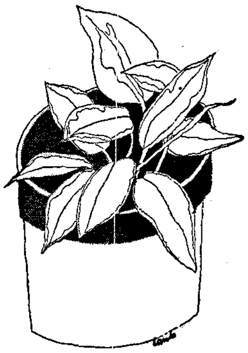
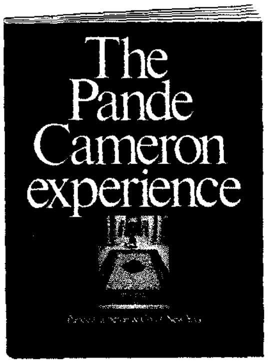
told the Soviet leader the story about George Washington and the cherry tree, as a prelude to the suggestion that the United States had dissembled to Russia about the U-2 plane.) Khrushchev had guessed right: one letter in the *Plain Dealer* called Eaton's airport rendezvous "brazenly unpatriotic."

Eaton moved on to Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland, and East Germany, reëmerging from behind the Iron Curtain in London. There, before a lunch at Claridge's with his old non-Communist friend Lord Beaverbrook, he told reporters, who were always glad to quote his provocative pronouncements, that the United States was more of a police state than any of the nations he'd just inspected. Then, on his return to Cleveland, he favored the *Plain Dealer* with the remark "We are the warlike nation of the world, and every nation outside the United States recognizes that." It was all too much for some Eaton-watchers to take. A convention of Ohio veterans passed a resolution condemning him, and Senator Thomas J. Dodd, a Connecticut Democrat, proposed that he be prosecuted under the so-called Logan Act—a 1799 statute, never before invoked, under the terms of which persons can be fined five thousand dollars and imprisoned for three years for attempting "to influence the measures or conduct of any foreign government or any officer or agent thereof" unless authorized to do so by the American government. (Following a break in diplomatic relations between France and the United States, Dr. George Logan, a Quaker, had gone to Paris on his own to talk to Talleyrand.) Senator Dodd said that Eaton was a "materialistic, meddlesome, evil old man." That was too much even for the *Plain Dealer*, which rallied to Eaton's support, after a fashion: it stated editorially that while he was unarguably materialistic and meddlesome, he wasn't evil but, rather, both foolish and brave.



THE twenty-seventh meeting of the Pugwash scientists was held in Munich this past August. Eaton did not attend it. In fact, he has had very little to do with any of these gatherings since 1960, although he continued to organize nonscientific conferences under the Pugwash banner. (One, at McGill University in 1969, to which he invited a half-dozen Sinologists, almost certainly expedited Canada's resumption of diplomatic relations with the People's Republic of China.) But since 1960 he has not been officially connected with what became known as the Pugwash Conferences on Science and World Affairs. That year, he became too controversial for the movement he had helped to spawn. On July 1, 1960, he was formally invested with the Lenin Peace Prize. Twenty-five hundred people turned out at Eaton Park, in Pugwash, for the ceremony. In his acceptance speech, Eaton said the occasion was "a proud and happy moment in my life." He went on, "For the U.S.S.R., leader of the Socialist nations, to pay such respect to an acknowledged apostle of capitalism from the U.S.A., leader of the capitalist countries, offers a hopeful omen for brighter days ahead. I have said before, and I repeat, that I sincerely believe Premier Khrushchev's United Nations address of September, 1959, with its clearly outlined disarmament program, will go down as one of the historic utterances of modern years. . . . It is a matter for regret that the Soviet proposals for general and complete disarmament have not met with the sympathetic response to which they are entitled." Such remarks by Eaton were beginning to dismay some of the Pugwash scientists, who were getting ready for another symposium in late November, this one to take place in Moscow, and who feared that his close identification with their cause, combined with his outspokenness, might impair whatever effectiveness they could have. Chief among the disenchanted was Professor Eugene Rabinowitch, of the University of Illinois, who was a co-founder and the editor of the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, the highly respected journal whose board of sponsors, over the years, had included many of the scientists Eaton most revered—Einstein, Leo Szilard, J. Robert Oppenheimer, I. I. Rabi, and their like. In the *Bulletin* of October, 1960, Eaton was dismayed to see—appended to a reprint of a September newspaper headline about the forthcoming Pugwash scientists' gathering which read, "EATON TO SPONSOR MOSCOW SESSION"—a demurrer, signed by Rabinowitch and two other scholars, to the effect that while they were grateful to Eaton for prodigious past beneficences, "as Mr. Eaton has come to play an increasingly active



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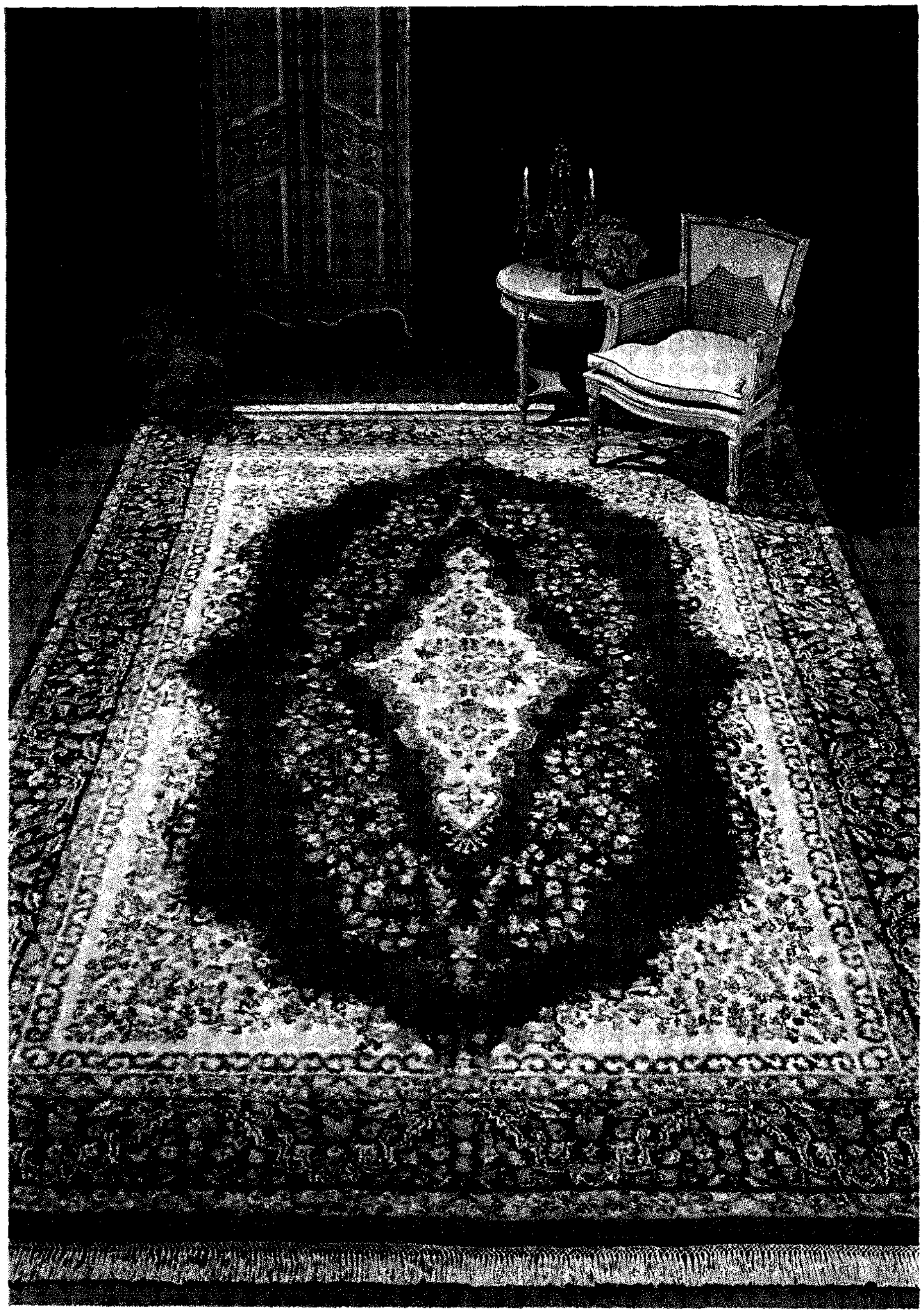

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and controversial role in political affairs, the scientists felt that his exclusive support of their conferences may place them in the wrong light." Further collaboration with him would be impossible, they went on, because of his "reluctance to keep his support of the scientists' conferences clearly separated from his increasing involvement." Accordingly, the statement said, though he would be welcome at the Moscow gathering as a guest, it would be solely as that, and neither as a participant nor as a sponsor. The patron of Pugwash had been summarily depatronized.

That *Bulletin* appeared concurrently with the annual meeting of the United Nations General Assembly, in New York. Chairman Khrushchev had put himself on the agenda again. The Soviet Premier had been in low American repute ever since the collapse of the Paris talks, and when he arrived, by ship, the United States government contrived for it to dock at an obscure pier, with marginal facilities to shelter welcoming dignitaries from the rain. Khrushchev was greeted—in, as it happened, rain—by a handful of acolytes who had also come for the Assembly meeting: Wladyslaw Gomulka, of Poland; Antonín Novotný, of Czechoslovakia; János Kádár, of Hungary. Just about the only Americans on hand, aside from a few offshore who were shouting obscenities from small boats, were the Eatons. The State Department had refused to let the Soviet Premier travel to Ohio to visit the Eatons' farm, and, indeed, had restricted his movements so stringently that he couldn't even go from Manhattan to the Bronx, where the New York Yankees were about to play in the World Series. Eaton took bridling notice of this during a lunch he gave for Khrushchev at the Hotel Biltmore, where the Ohioan often occupied a suite, his myriad directorships having once included a seat on the board of the Biltmore-Bowman Hotels Corporation. (There was another lunch for Kádár, and dinners for Gomulka and Novotný.) At the Khrushchev lunch, Eaton pressed the Chairman "to urge the athletes of the Soviet Union to take up baseball, so that someday there could be a true World Series." Khrushchev, referring to Eaton as "my good old friend," said in a toast to his host, "Just as I have no intention of converting Mr. Eaton to the Communist faith, so, I hope, Mr. Eaton would not waste his time trying to turn me into a supporter of the capitalistic point of view." Outside the hotel, pickets marched back

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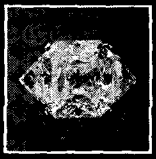
and forth carrying placards inscribed "Cyrus Eaton Is a Traitor." Eaton was, as usual, unfazed. "These hostile demonstrations were organized and paid for by our own government," he said later. "It's humiliating that this great country has to stoop to that kind of conduct." That lunch also resulted in one of his deposals from the *Social Register*, though he was not thrown off anybody's fund-raising list, and there were no discernible objections when, soon afterward, he contributed the prizes for a Junior League fashion show back in Cleveland.

Late that October, Eaton travelled to Ottawa to give a speech on the occasion of the granting of the Bowater Awards—high honors in Canadian journalism. He had often been courted by reporters seeking insight into Soviet acts and aspirations, and he courted reporters, too; when Gay Talese passed through Cleveland a few years afterward on a promotional tour for "The Power and the Glory," his book about the New York *Times*, Eaton tendered him the kind of lunch he would normally put on for a Deputy Minister of Trade from Bulgaria. It always made Eaton feel good to read headlines like "FINANCIER PUTS U.S. ON PAN FOR KEEPING COLD WAR HOT" (Chicago *Daily News*) and "EATON PRAISES RED CHINA; URGES IT GET SEAT IN U.N." (Cleveland *Press*), and he was no less pleased by the journalistic attention he attracted abroad. He did sometimes complain that most American journalists had a built-in anti-Soviet bias, and he buttressed that argument by citing an experience he had in Moscow immediately after his get-together with Chairman Khrushchev in the fall of 1958. "Khrushchev suggested that he and I issue a joint statement about our meeting, and I said, 'Fine, you prepare it,' " Eaton says. "It was sent over the next morning, and I approved it. Then the Moscow correspondents of two American newspapers came around to interview me, and after a bit they came back and said, 'We want you to know what kind of country you're in. Here's what we filed and here's what the censors cut out.' I read the uncensored version with astonishment. I had been drastically misquoted. It had been reported that I had attacked my hosts. I said to them, 'If what you wrote had been published, it would have made the Russians think I'm unreliable. Why in the world would I have said what you wrote I said?' 'But you're an American capitalist, and we assumed you'd denounce Communism,' they said. 'I'd



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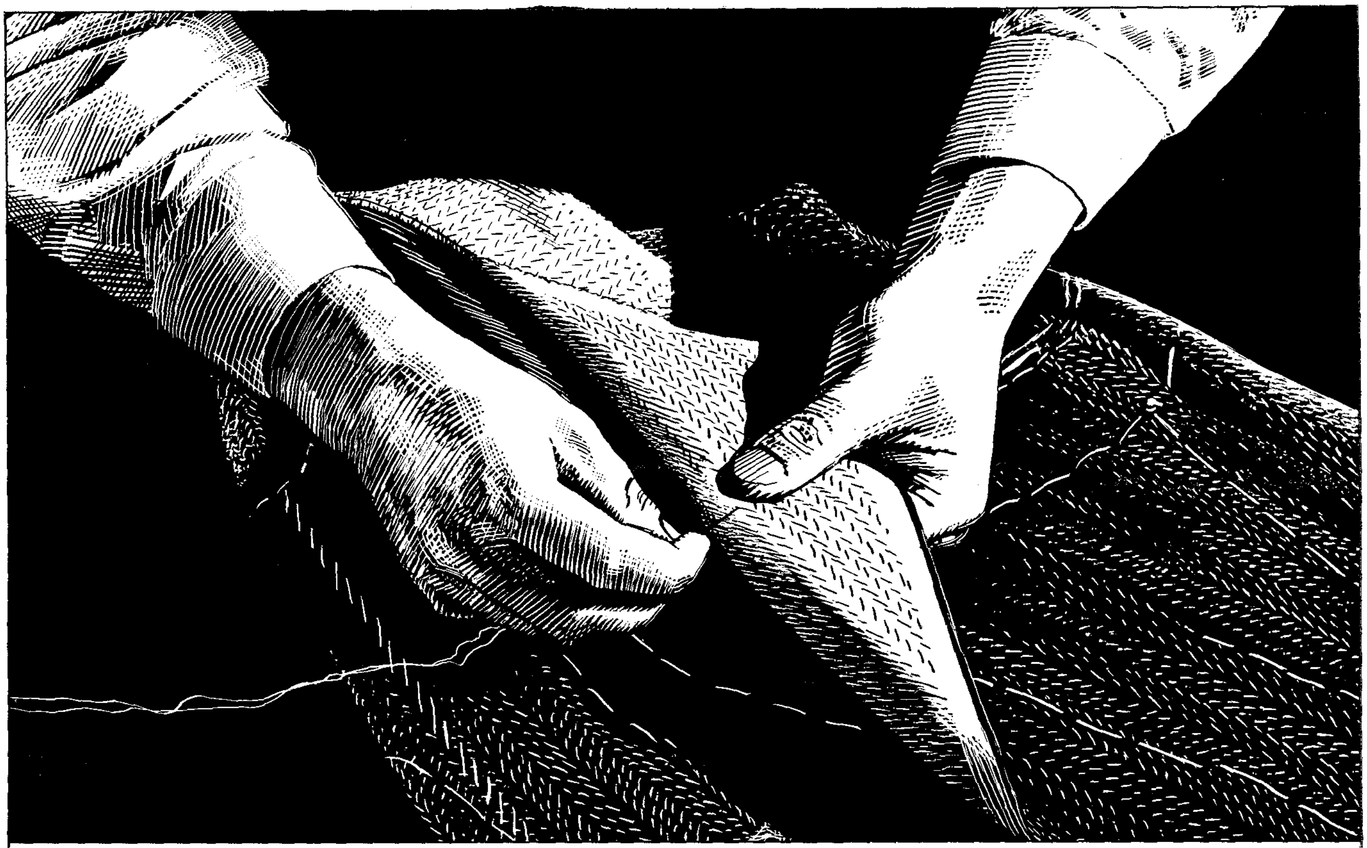

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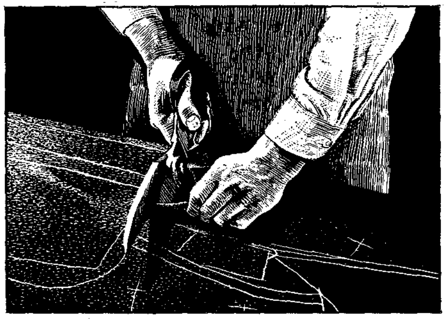

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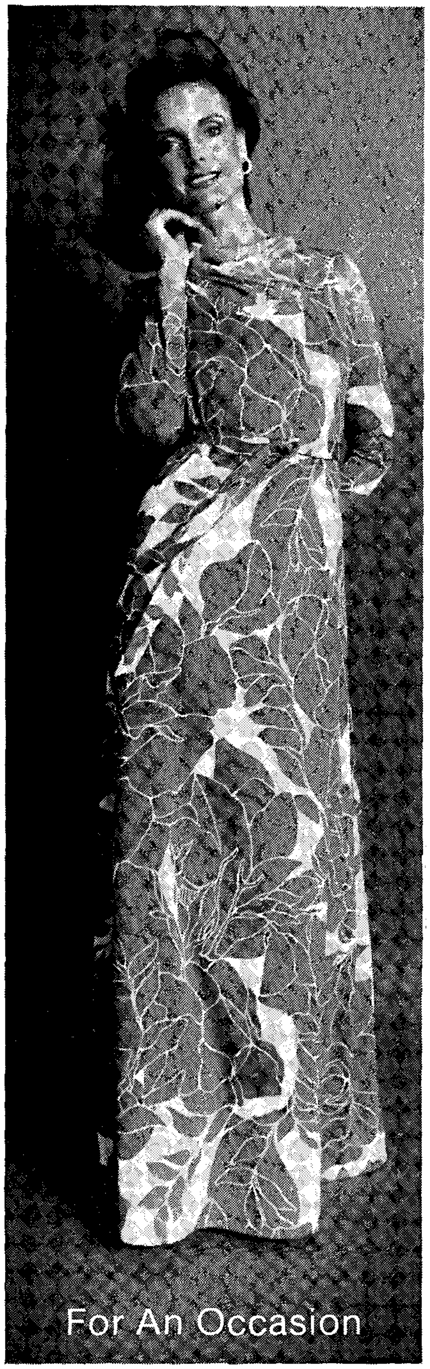

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never have the bad taste to say anything like that about the head of a country while in his country,' I said." Now, in Ottawa, surrounded by the élite of the Canadian press, Eaton seized the opportunity to further chide their colleagues across the border. "Journalism in the United States, I fear, has fallen to a comparatively low estate in its foreign coverage," he said in his speech. "Blind and unreasoning fear and hatred of Communism, on the part of press, public, and politician alike, have led to inadequate reporting of conditions and events in the Socialist countries, and to slanted editorial comment as well." As an example, he cited recent press coverage in New York. On October 2nd, Eaton said, there had been two Polish-oriented events in that city—a Pulaski Day parade, in which the participants were mainly anti-Communist Poles, and an address by Premier Gomulka. "The Gomulka speech was completely ignored by the American press, although the Polish-American parade and other festivities were featured in articles and pictures," he said. "An idea I am inclined to favor is the formation of volunteer local committees to serve as firm but friendly critics of the press." Had a firm but friendly committee been formed on the spot, it could have pointed out to Eaton that Gomulka's speech was made not on Pulaski Day but the day afterward, and that the *Times* had covered it, though perhaps not at the length Eaton might have deemed appropriate.

Chairman Khrushchev was toppled on October 15, 1964. "Although his successors were perhaps a bit rough with him, I was not surprised," Eaton said later. "He had once told me, 'Your people call me a dictator. Why, my Cabinet could turn me out of office tomorrow.' And that's of course what happened. I kept in touch with him after his retirement, though I was a little careful while in Russia not to make a point of trying to visit him, because I wanted to keep my position with the men in power. But he was not at all unhappy at the end. He had merely made the mistake of trying to raise corn too far north in the U.S.S.R., which was his undoing. After his death, his widow told me that one of the great satisfactions of his life was that I remained friendly with him even when he was only a private citizen."

NOT long after Bertrand Russell's death, in 1970, at ninety-seven, the then eighty-six-year-old Eaton told an acquaintance, "Russell was a very

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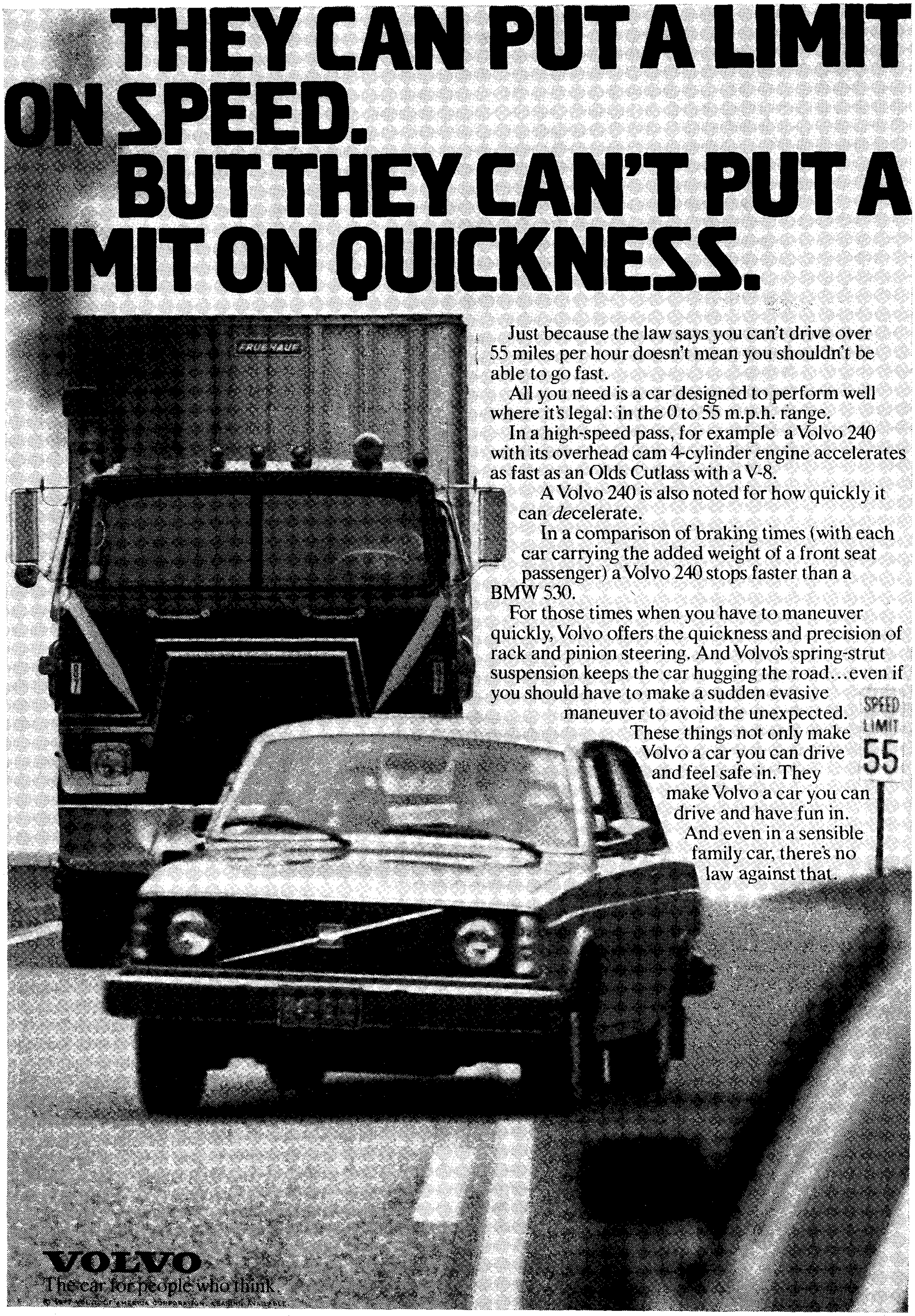

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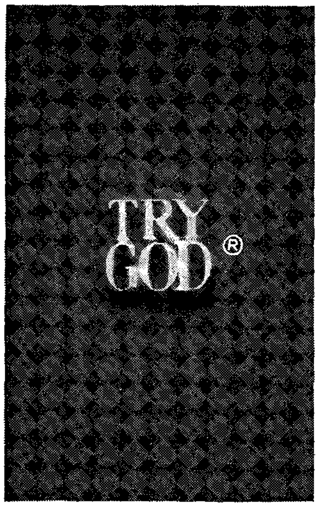

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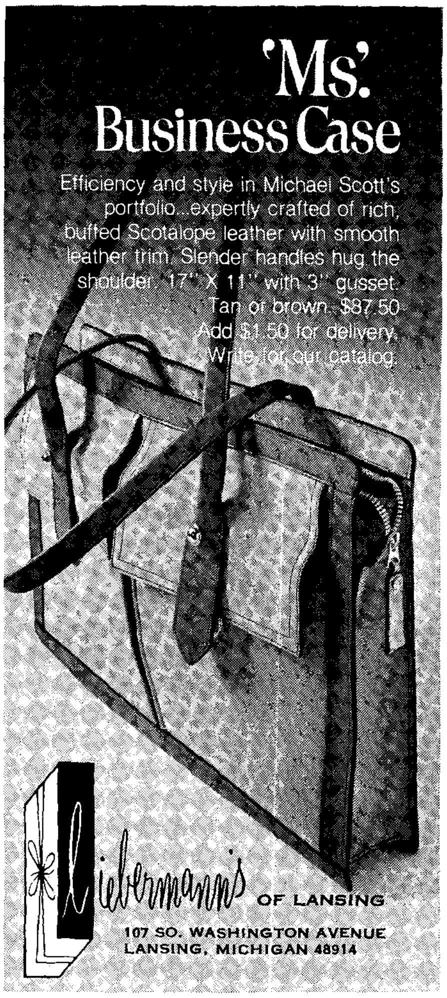
capable man, but he had a capacity for arousing the criticism of a lot of people." The remark could have been autobiographical. Even before he attained comradeship with Khrushchev, Eaton's capacity for unpopular assertions had aroused criticism right and left, though mostly right. The September, 1958, issue of the conservative *American Mercury*, for instance, carried a near-apoplectic reaction to a Tass release of the previous June to the effect that Khrushchev had thanked Eaton for his "efforts to end the menace of a nuclear war." Eaton had earlier poured fuel on the fire when he appeared on a Mike Wallace television show on May 4, 1958, and delivered a no-holds-barred attack on both the F.B.I. and the C.I.A., agencies then thought to be more or less above reproach. "I always worry when I see a nation feel that it is coming to greatness through the activities of its policemen," Eaton said then. "And the F.B.I. is just *one* of the scores of agencies in the United States engaged in investigating, in snooping, in informing, in creeping up on people. This has gone to an extent that is very alarming. . . . I am just as sure as I am alive that one of these days there will be an enormous reaction against this in the United States. . . . We can't destroy Communism. It's there to stay. . . . And to imagine that they could convert us to Communism is just silly. . . . No one in the world would be more unhappy under Communism than I, because I am dedicated *to the other principle*. . . . The Russians have never had freedom, and it would take them some time to know what to do with it." Despite this last remark, the then much-feared House Un-American Activities Committee considered Eaton's views to be within its province, demanded and got equal time, and a staff operative announced that the committee was going to subpoena Eaton. The New York *Daily News*, which had long ascribed to Eaton a degree of villainy ordinarily achieved only by Dick Tracy's worst enemies, thought that the idea of a subpoena was first-rate, and expressed the editorial hope that the committee would ask him which side he'd be on in the event of a war between the Soviet Union and the United States. No subpoena was ever served, though ample opportunities arose; one came up soon in Washington, when Eaton—in town to dine at the Soviet Embassy—had a heated confrontation with the chairman of the committee in the office of one of its other members.

Shortly after Eaton's lambasting of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the F.B.I. on television, former Attorney General Herbert E. Brownell spoke before the Cleveland Bar Association and called the home-town man's allegations—the home-town papers naturally had their pencils poised—"wild and reckless." The *Press* observed that proof that the United States was *not*, as Eaton had seemed to suggest, a police state lay in the fact that the suggester was still at liberty. The Cleveland chapter of the anti-Communist Lithuanian American Council mailed Eaton a copy of J. Edgar Hoover's "Masters of Deceit," presumably hoping he would read it and get straightened out. Hoover himself would say for the record merely that Eaton was running true to character. The Director of the F.B.I., though not normally closemouthed himself, rarely took overt cognizance of Eaton's existence; one of the few times he appeared to do so was when he told a subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee that the Students for a Democratic Society and other campus troublemakers were getting money from "a Cleveland industrialist who has long been a Soviet apologist." If Hoover meant Eaton, his investigators had served him poorly. Eaton had very little use for American student radicals. "I haven't given any of them anything," he told a friend. "When they come around, I tell them, 'You've got to change your outlandish garb, cut your hair and whiskers, and stop looking like baboons. Otherwise, people are just going to make fun of you and think you're not very profound.' In Nova Scotia once, a young lady brought her fiancé around to meet me so I could advise him on his future, and I said the first thing he ought to do was shave off his beard. He was awfully embarrassed, and I learned why later, when the girl came by again and said she had made him grow it to prove he was a radical. The whole thing was ridiculous."

Eaton met Hoover only once—at the Laurel, Maryland, race track one Saturday, when the Eaton troika was part of the between-races entertainment. The two men chatted briefly—and, in both instances, knowledgeably—about horses. Eaton knew Herbert Hoover much better than he did his namesake. When President Hoover was in the White House, the Clevelander was several times an overnight guest, and he would join the Chief Executive and some members of his Cabinet in the pre-breakfast medicine-ball tossing that was, trout fishing excepted, the athletic hallmark of that Administration. Eaton likes to credit

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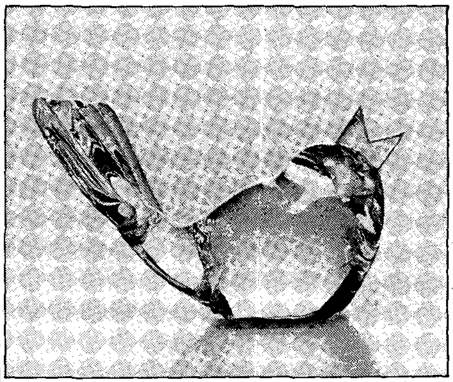

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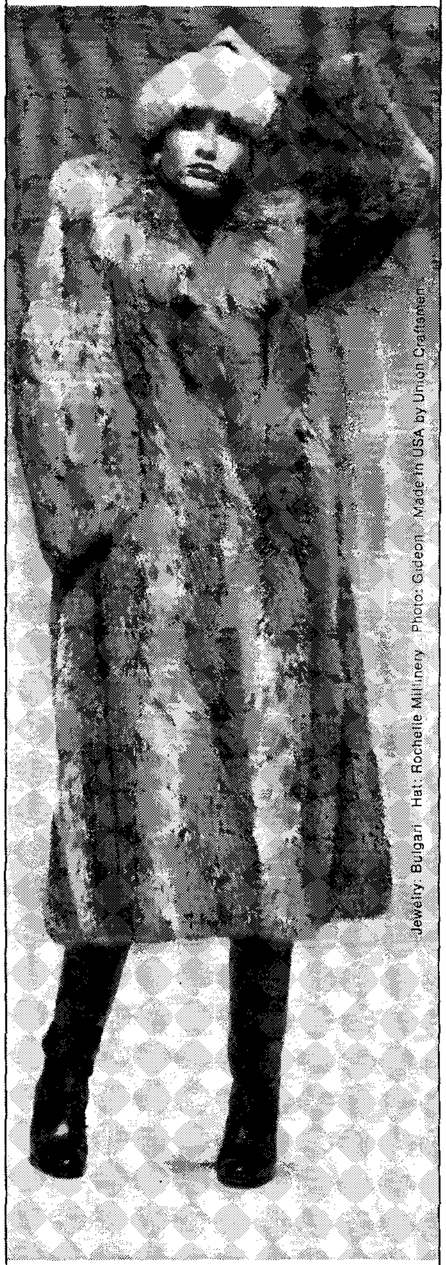
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President Hoover with having taught him to read newspapers fast. (Eaton has nearly a dozen of them delivered to him daily—from Cleveland, Akron, Chicago, New York, Washington, London, and Toronto.) After the medicine-ball sessions, Hoover and his guest would ride upstairs in a White House elevator to shower and change. The President would be handed half a dozen morning papers as he stepped into the elevator, and, in Eaton's recollection, would deftly skim the front pages of all of them before reaching his destination two flights up. It surprises no one who has followed Eaton's iconoclastic career that he rates Herbert Hoover, along with the senior Rockefeller and Khrushchev, as one of the finest people he has ever known. "Hoover was an extremely able and honorable man," Eaton says, "and if he hadn't been hit by a panic—through no particular fault of his own—he'd be remembered as one of the greatest Presidents the United States ever had."

—E. J. Kahn, Jr.

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)

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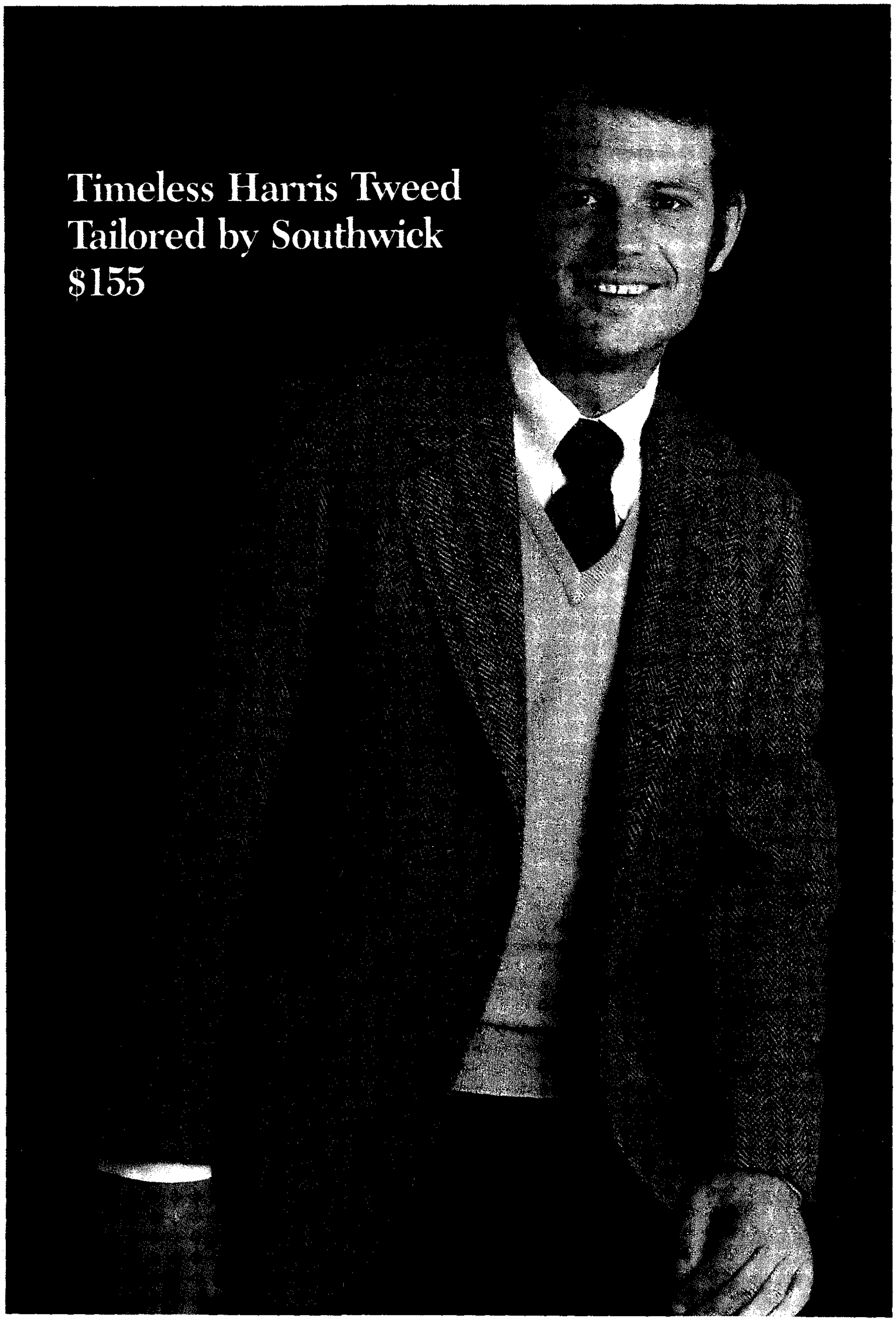
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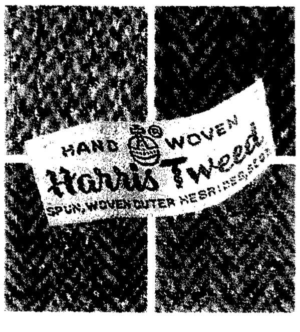
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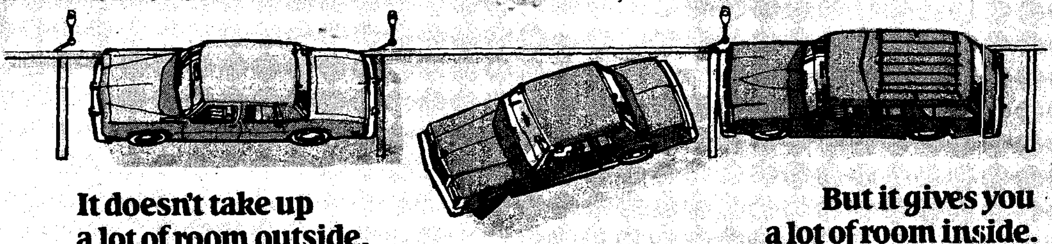

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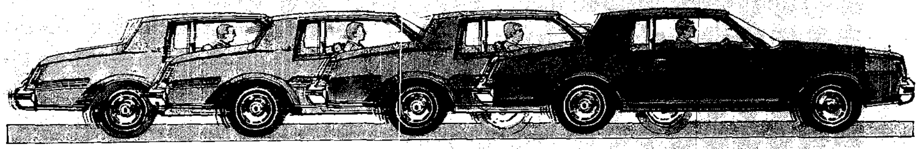

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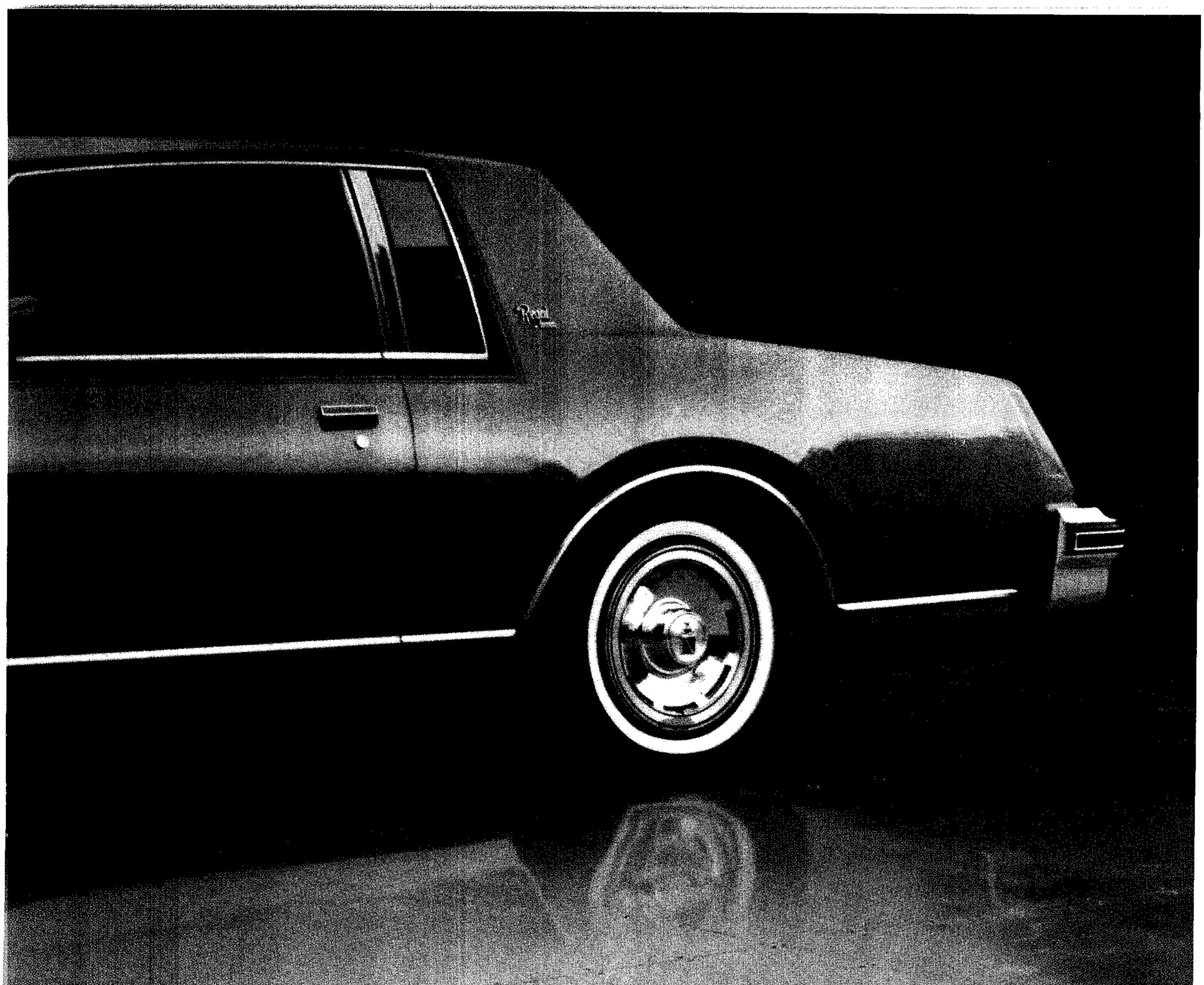

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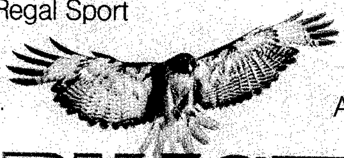

BUICK

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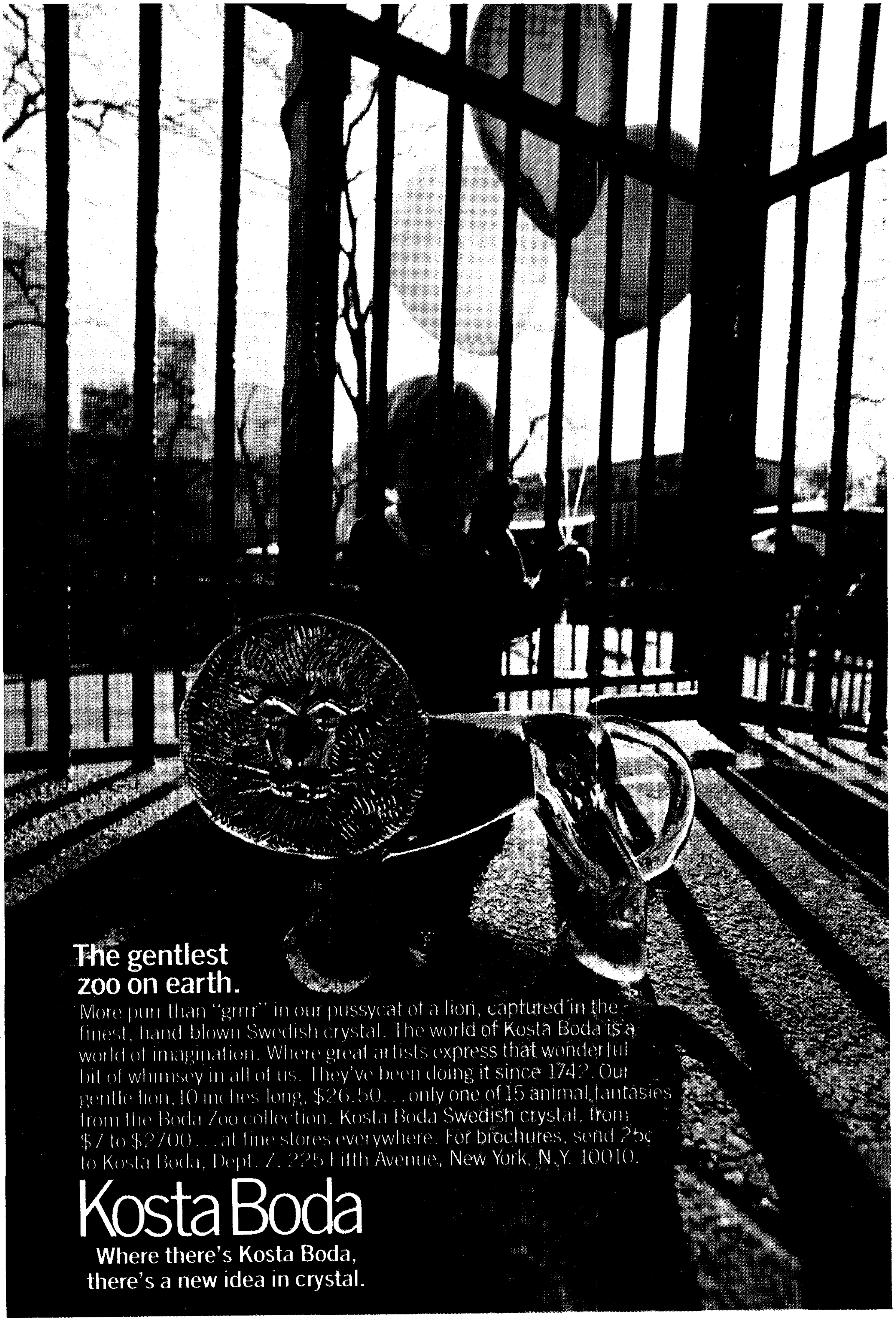

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THE THEATRE

THE DIVIDED SELF

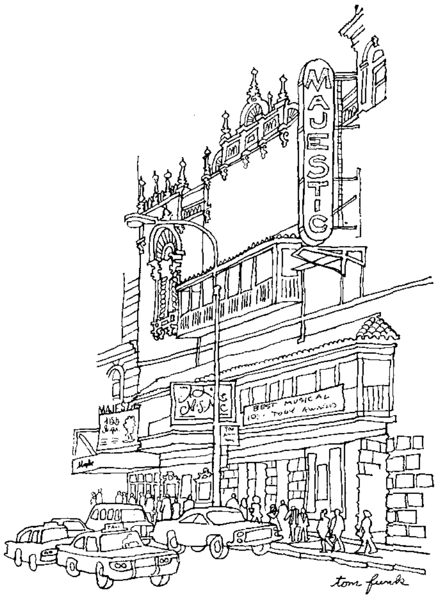
THAT entrepreneurial nonpareil Joe Papp has brought to Broadway a play—"Miss Margarida's Way"—that opened a few weeks ago down at his Public Theatre and, having gained favorable notices and admiring audiences, was unjustly threatened with having to close, because another play had already been booked into the same space. "Miss Margarida's Way" is the handiwork of a twenty-seven-year-old Brazilian playwright-director-novelist named Roberto Athayde, who is currently a resident of this country and who writes with evident ease English of a notably earthy nature. The cast of the play consists almost entirely of Estelle Parsons as Miss Margarida, an eighth-grade teacher in a public school the likes of which could presumably be found anywhere in the United States and perhaps anywhere in the world. The only other role is that of a young student, who bounds up onto the stage from time to time to stare in dumb wonder upon Miss Parsons and is roundly abused for doing so. Since there's a scarcity of theatre space on booming Broadway, Mr. Papp was obliged to book "Miss Margarida's Way" into the Ambassador, a theatre less intimate than the play deserves. Luckily, Miss Parsons is an indomitable creature and has a voice that, with a little effort, can carry to Perth Amboy; she has no difficulty seizing the audience of that big house by its lapels and holding its attention from first word to last.

Santo Loquasto's characteristically authentic-looking set purports to be the concrete-block rear wall of a classroom, with a blackboard, a scuffed metal teacher's desk, and a floor of gray asphalt tile. The three other walls of the classroom are, in fact, the theatre, and we in the audience are made to understand at once that we are all Miss Margarida's eighth-grade pupils, with the action of the play amounting to an increasingly unequal contest between her and us; in the course of the evening, the braver souls in the audience talk back to Teacher and are given a brusque and often scatological comeuppance. If on the level of the play the contest is always won by Miss Margarida, on the level of the performance the contest is always won by Miss Parsons. What an unholy terror Miss Margarida is, and what a superb actress Miss Parsons is! I hope that in future I will be able to tell them apart.

At the beginning, the play promises to be amusingly simple and straightforward; as it proceeds, it becomes ever darker and more mysterious. Eventually, it dawns upon us that Miss Margarida is not merely a brute, tyrannizing over her hapless charges; she is a madwoman, ranging back and forth within a single drawn breath between honeyed cajolings and foulmouthed vituperation—in short, an almost perfect specimen of the schizoid personality described by R. D. Laing in an early work, "The Divided Self." According to Laing's formulation, the schizoid personality dreads the loss of autonomy and identity through relationships:

> To be understood correctly is to be engulfed, to be enclosed, swallowed up, drowned . . . It is lonely and painful to be always misunderstood, but there is at least from this point of view a measure of safety in isolation.
>
> The other's love is therefore feared more than his hatred, or rather all love is sensed as a version of hatred.

Miss Margarida employs every means of simultaneously winning over her students and alienating them. She taunts them with the horrible similarity between school life and family life, neither of which, she points out, they have *chosen* to take part in; with relish, she adds that, having been doomed to be born, they are doomed to die and their bodies will soon rot away into anonymous skeletons. A moment later, all raunchy sensuality, she accuses them of wishing her to give them instruction in sex; young as they are, they are obviously waiting for her to bare her voluptuous breasts to them.



Now, madness may be fascinating onstage for a while, but a drama implies some measure of predictable progress toward a goal, and this is precisely what a mad person is unlikely to provide. After the first hour, "Miss Margarida's Way" has nothing to gain from length and yet has discovered no necessity to come to an end; it is terminated only by dint of Miss Margarida's having a heart attack, as in another play an offstage shot might be fired, or a bridge collapse. An unsatisfactory climax, but Mr. Athayde is so talented and intelligent a playwright that one is quick to forgive him for failing to resolve problems of stagecraft that an Aeschylus might well have blanched at. And forgiveness is all the easier to bestow at performances like the one I happened to attend, for after the play was over Miss Parsons and Mr. Athayde came to the apron of the stage and volunteered to answer questions from the audience. Mr. Athayde, slender, dark-haired, trembling, and yet very sure of himself, said in answer to one question that he believed his play to be a study of ego in pursuit of power. Did that mean that the play could be read as a paradigm of the political situation in his native country of Brazil? "I think it is something bigger than Brazil," he said. "Something more important than geography."

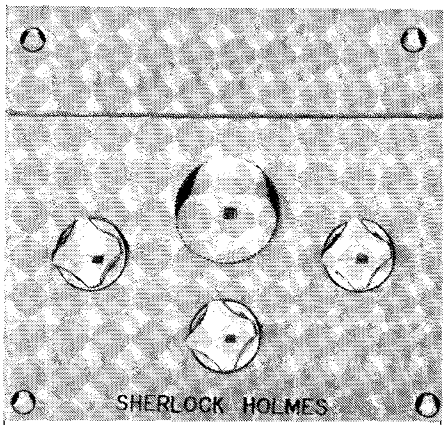
And so it is, or so all young playwrights are entitled to believe.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Transylvanian D.P.

"THE PASSION OF DRACULA," which opened the Off Broadway season at the Cherry Lane, is an adaptation by Bob Hall and David Richmond of Bram Stoker's novel. (Mr. Stoker, by the way, receives no program credit; his book, published in 1897, may be in the public domain, but not *that* public.) Since the show is billed as "a gothic entertainment," I went expecting another campy romp of the sort that has been infesting the territory over the past few years. Not at all: Mr.



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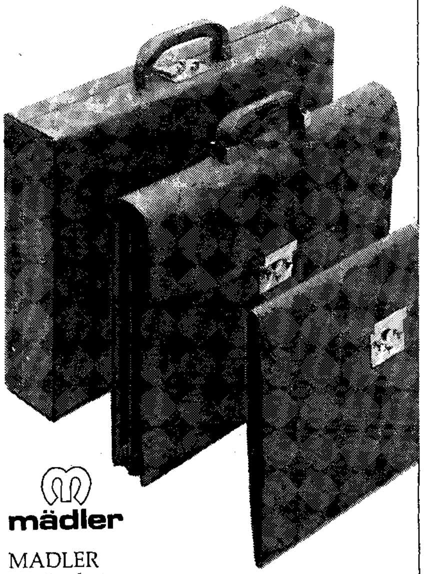

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Hall and Mr. Richmond, tongue in cheek, have transformed the spooky original into a quite stylish and unpretentious pastiche of prewar English upper-class drama—the year of the action is 1911—and, under the exceptional direction of Peter Bennett, the performance maintains that style throughout. It is all of a piece, never lapsing into outright ridicule or broad farce, even at its most preposterous, and for that the actors deserve a lot of credit, too. It is also pretty funny much of the time. The dramatists have written some clever lines (literary allusions abound—to Shaw, to Oscar Wilde, to Lytton Strachey—and at one point a certain Professor van Helsing frantically reads the opening of "A Tale of Two Cities" to ward off evil), and they have invented some comical, foolish stage business. But for all the shenanigans in the study of Dr. Seward's home and private sanitarium, where the action is set, there is enough of the indestructible Stoker left to create tension—what with there being a vampire in residence nearby who has already murdered three village maidens, who murders a woman psychiatrist before the end of Act I, who has made an apprentice of a lunatic patient, and who is literally out for the blood (and the hand in marriage) of the heroine.

The play is very well cast. In the capable person of Christopher Bernau, the Transylvanian Count is indeed a commanding and magnetic fellow, and as frightening as need be, making every one of his scenes plausible. Giulia Pagano is exactly right as the beautiful heroine who is Dracula's intended, and so is Samuel Maupin as the young newspaperman determined to save her for himself. Elliott Vileen is the lunatic patient, and Michael Burg is Professor van Helsing, who gives great pleasure as he festoons the place with loops of garlic and presses crosses on the dramatis personae. Allen Cornell designed the effective, ingenious lighting.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[*From U.S. News Washington Letter, July 1, 1977*]

About talk of massive power losses this summer: Discount scare stories that have shown up in the sensational tabloids—the fear is being hyped.

Major brownouts are not expected as of now, not in the Eastern U.S. or anywhere else, for that matter—nothing like the June 1967 blackout. The power companies have plenty of juice, will move it around as necessary to prevent anything but mild, sporadic brownouts on the hottest summer days.

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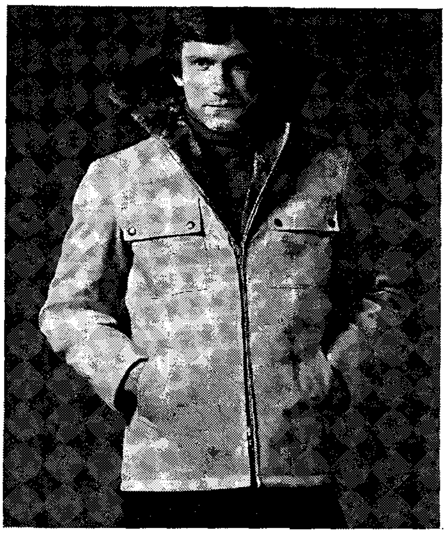

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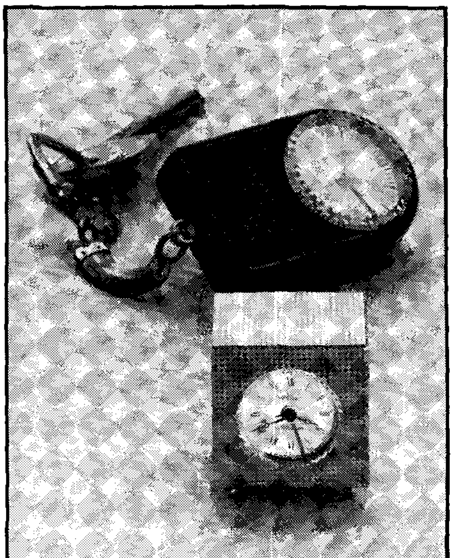

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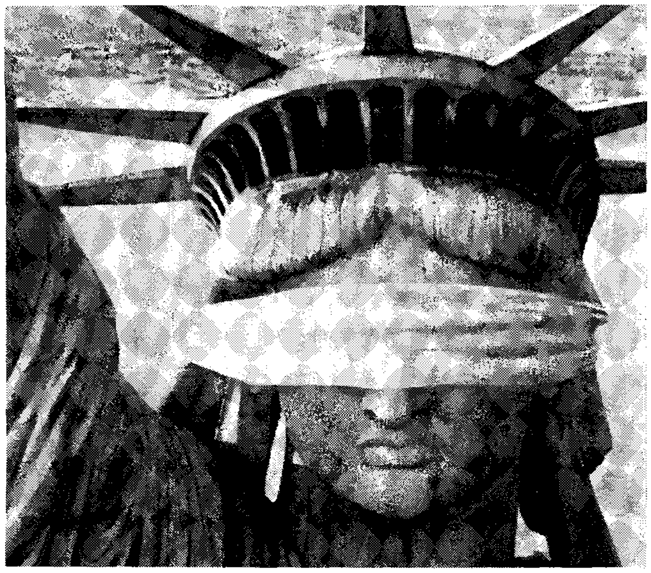

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When we appeal for understanding, let's do so not in the language of the boardroom but in terms of better jobs and productive, useful lives.

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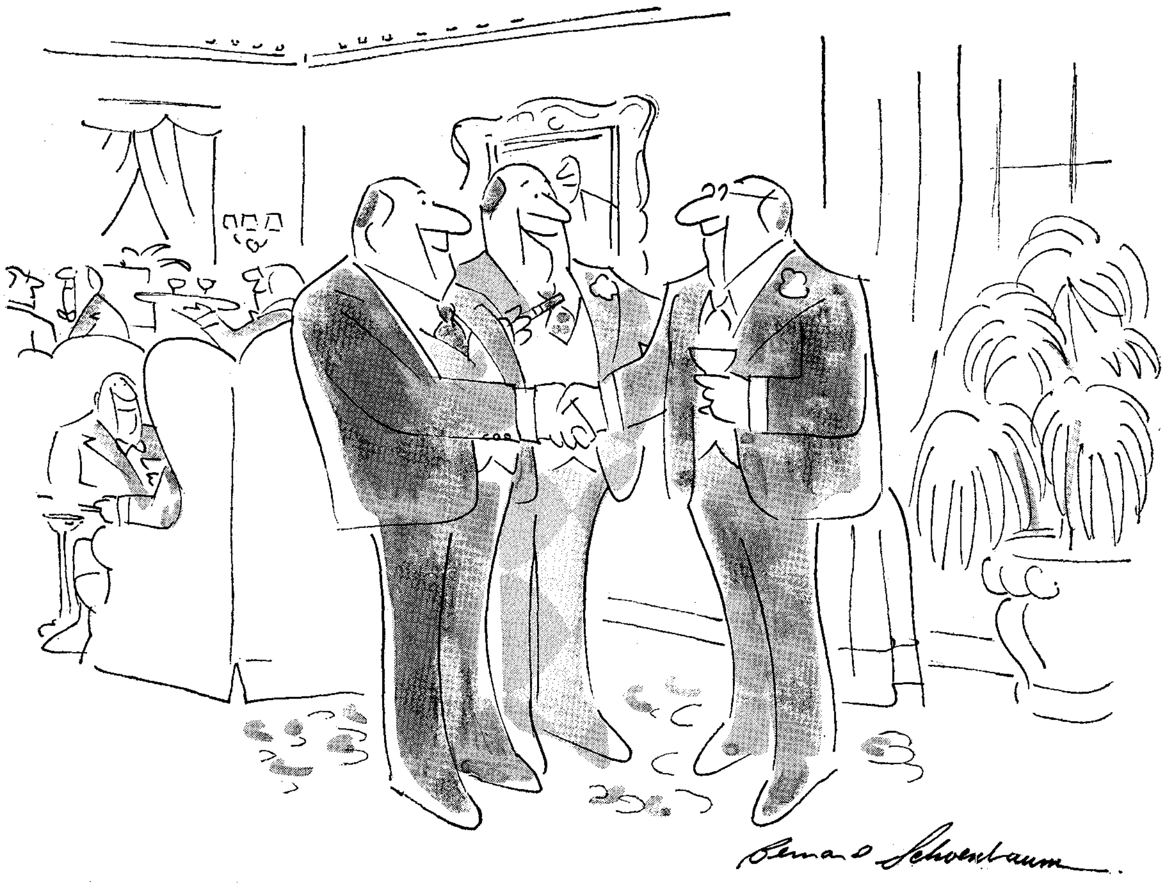
THE CURRENT CINEMA

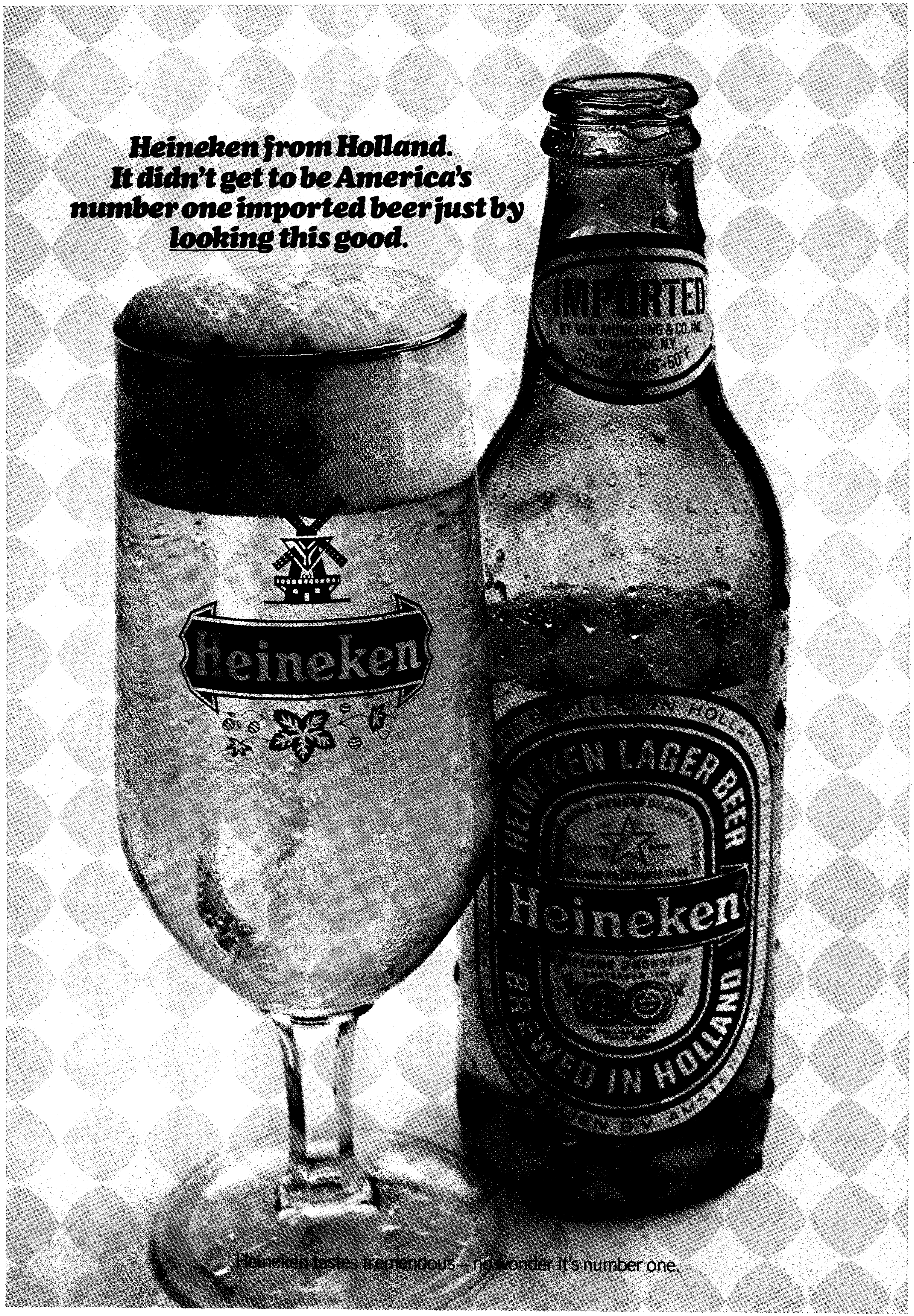
A Woman for All Seasons?

TO say that "Julia" is well lighted doesn't do Douglas Slocombe's cinematography exact justice. It's *perfectly* lighted, which is to say, the color is lustrous, the images so completely composed they're almost static—picture postcards of its heroine Lillian Hellman (Jane Fonda) as a national monument. This is conservative—classical humanist—moviemaking, where every detail of meaning is worked out, right down to each flicker of light in the bit players' eyes. The director, Fred Zinnemann, does all the work for you, the way George Stevens did in "A Place in the Sun." He does it beautifully—and there are very few directors left who know how to do it at all; the younger directors who aspire to this style, such as Alan Pakula or Dick Richards, don't achieve anything like the smoothness of Zinnemann's control, the glide of one sequence to the next. The man who made "From Here to Eternity" and "The Nun's Story" and "The Sundowners" hasn't forgotten his trade. Yet there's a cautiousness and reserve in his control now. Though Zinnemann takes a very romantic view of his two heroines—Lillian and Julia (Vanessa Redgrave)—the film is impersonal, its manner objective. Zinnemann's imagery isn't as inflated as David Lean's; he doesn't hold the frames too long; "Julia" is never ponderous. But this is important-motion-picture land, where every shot is the most beautiful still of the month. "Julia" is romantic in such a studied way that it turns romanticism into a moral lesson.

"Julia," one of the stories in "Pentimento, A Book of Portraits" (1973), Lillian Hellman's second volume of memoirs, is an account of how her childhood friend Julia involved her in smuggling fifty thousand dollars into Nazi Germany ("to bribe out many in prison and many who soon will be"). Of the stories in the book, it comes closest to Hellman's plays and scenarios; it's the one most like a movie—specifically, the anti-Nazi adventure movies made in Hollywood in the forties. The author uses the smuggling operation as a suspense mechanism, and as a framework for her recollections about Julia. Zinnemann lets this suspense element slip between his fingers, indifferently, as if it would be vulgar to grip the audience's emotions. The Georges Delerue score is lovely, in Delerue's special, under-orchestrated way, and gives the imagery a reminiscent edge, but *it* doesn't provide suspense, either. Trying to be faithful to Lillian Hellman's recollections, Zinnemann and Alvin Sargent, the screenwriter, construct an ornate superstructure of narration, dissolves, flashbacks spanning decades, and telepathic visions. Yet without suspense this superstructure has no engine inside. The film is all mildly anticipatory; it never reaches a point where you feel "This is it." Sargent has demonstrated his craftsmanship in the past (the most gifted writers sometimes regress to the poetic follies of adolescence, and that probably explains his other Lillian, in "Bobby Deerfield"), and he's really trying this time. There's some shrewd, taut writing, but you can see that he's harnessed. The script fails to draw you in, and the invented scenes of the heroines as young girls are flaccid—a literary form of calendar art, and photographed like "September Morn." The constraint and inertness must go back to the decision to treat the story as literary history, as a drama of conscience, a parallel to Zinnemann's "A Man for All Seasons," with Lillian Hellman herself as a legendary figure, and the relationships she has written about—with Dashiell Hammett (Jason Robards), Dorothy Parker (Rosemary Murphy), Alan Campbell (Hal Holbrook), and others—assumed to be common knowledge. Pity the screenwriter impaled on the life of a living person. And Sargent is bound by that person's short account, to which a high degree of art has already been applied. He might have been liberated if he could have changed the names and fictionalized the story; that way, he could have plugged the holes in the material and supplied what's missing in the characters, and some skepticism. But then the film would have lost its air of importance, history, lesson. And, of course, its selling point. What other movie has had its trailer built into an Academy Awards presentation, the way "Julia" did last March, when Jane Fonda made a speech introducing Lillian Hell-



"Tom Willoughby, meet Howard Sylvester—one of us."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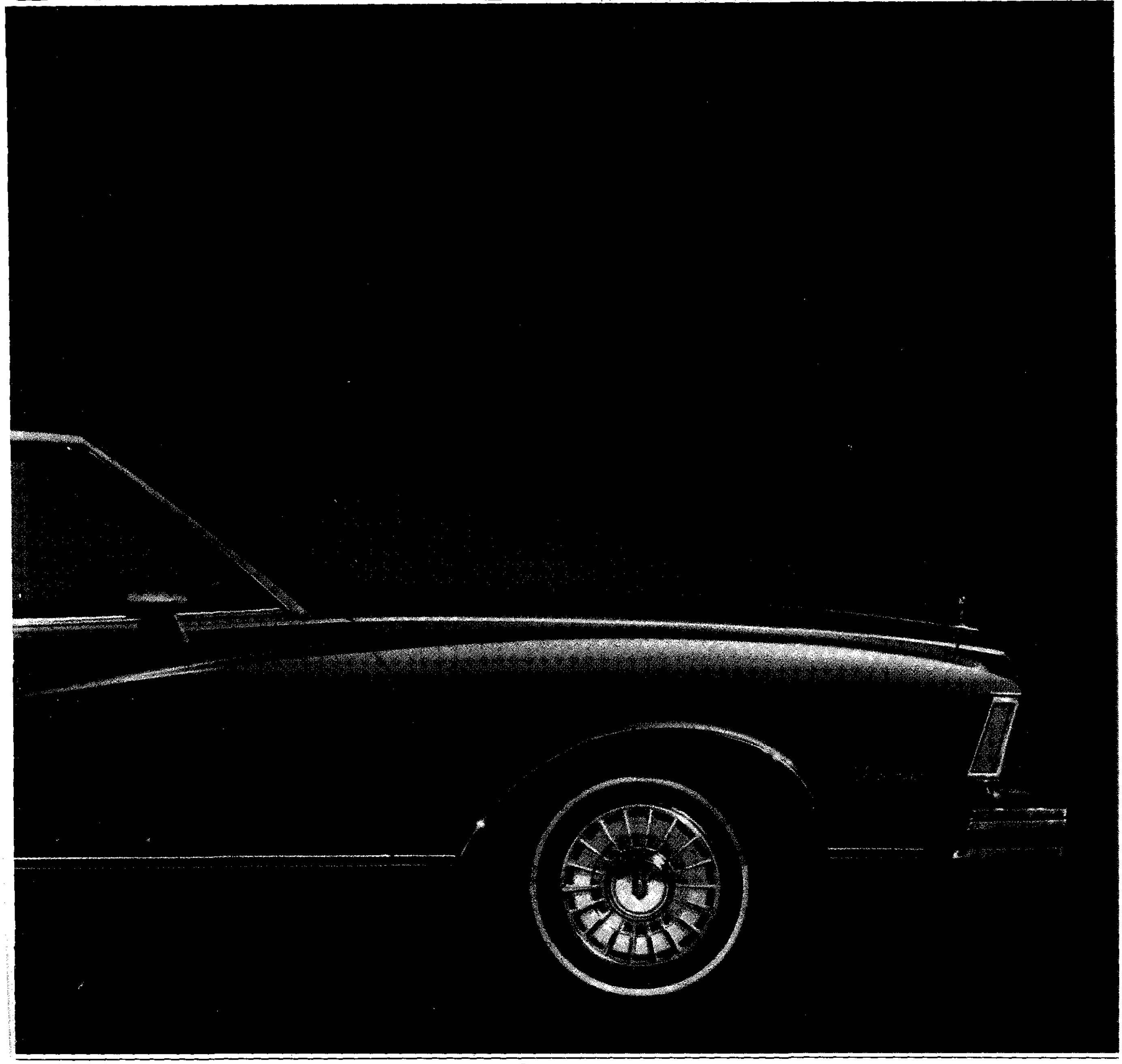

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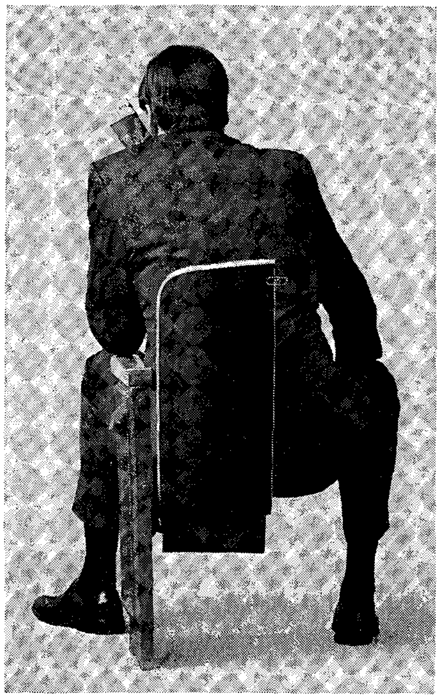
man, who, head erect, acknowledged a standing ovation?

The film opens with Jane Fonda's recitation of the epigraph to "Pentimento," a passage about old paint on canvas aging and revealing what was underneath, what was obscured "because the painter 'repented,' changed his mind." Speaking as the elderly Lillian Hellman, she says, "I wanted to see what was there for me once, what is there for me now." The flashback structure, too, suggests that there will be shifting perspectives, and throughout the movie we wait for the revelation of something lost from sight, displaced, hidden. Yet the narrator also tells us, "I think I have always known about my memory: I know when it is to be trusted . . . I trust absolutely what I remember about Julia." And actually there are no shadings that change, nothing brought up that was painted over, no hint of "repentance." Except for some needed exposition and some filler scenes, the movie limits itself to what the author provides, and her terse style locks her view of the past in place; there's no space for us to enter into it—not even any junk rattling around for us to free-associate with. What, then, is the point of the first quotation? This sort of fidelity—presumably for the sake of a polished, literate tone—fuzzes up whatever chances the film has for clarity in its first, complicated half hour. Lillian's memories of the years shared with Hammett and her efforts to write are interspersed with her memories of Julia, the opening night of "The Children's Hour," the play that made her famous, and scenes on the train when she's carrying the bribe money across Germany to Berlin. You need to stare at the wigs to locate yourself in time. After a while, it becomes apparent that the filmmakers are trafficking in quotations and too many flashbacks because they can't find the core of the material.

They trust the author's memory, but can *we*? Who can believe in the Julia she describes—the ideal friend of her early youth, the beautiful, unimaginably rich Julia who never fails to represent the highest moonstruck ideals? If ever there was a character preserved in the amber of a girlhood crush, she's it. The gallant, adventurous Julia opens the worlds of art and conscience to the worshipful Lillian. She recites poetry and is incensed at the ugliness of the social injustices perpetrated by her own family; she goes off to study at Oxford, then to medical school in Vienna, intending to work with Freud; she plunges into the dangerous opposition to Hitler, writes letters to Lillian explaining the holocaust to come, and in the middle of it all has a baby. This saintly Freudian Marxist queen, on easy terms with Darwin, Engels, Hegel, and Einstein, might have been a joke with almost anyone but Vanessa Redgrave in the role. Redgrave's height and full figure have an ethereal, storybook wonder, and she uses some of the physical spaciousness that she had on the stage in "The Lady from the Sea;" she can be majestic more fluidly than anyone else (and there's more of her to uncoil). She has a scene all bandaged up in a hospital bed; unable to speak, she points with maybe the most expressive huge hand the screen has ever known. She handles the American accent unnoticeably—it's not that awful flat twang she used for Isadora. In closeups, Vanessa Redgrave has the look of glory, like the young Garbo in Arnold Genthe's portraits; her vibrancy justifies Lillian's saying that she had "the most beautiful face I'd ever seen." Redgrave is so well endowed by nature to play queens that she can act simply in the role (which doesn't occupy much screen time) and casually, yet lyrically, embody Lillian Hellman's dream friend. Zinnemann has very astutely cast as the teen-age Julia a young girl (Lisa Pelikan) who's like a distorted Vanessa Redgrave—a fascinating, dislikable, rather creepy look-alike, who suggests that the intellectual goddess didn't appear out of a white cloud.

It's the dark cloud—Jane Fonda's stubborn strength, in glimpses of her sitting at the typewriter, belting down straight whiskey and puffing out smoke while whacking away at the keys, hard-faced, dissatisfied—that saves the film from being completely pictorial. It's a cloud-of-smoke performance; Bette Davis in all her movies put together couldn't have smoked this much—and Fonda gets away with it. It's in character. She creates a driven, embattled woman—a woman overprepared to fight back. This woman doesn't have much flexibility. You can see that in the stiff-necked carriage, the unyielding waist, even in the tense, muscular wrists, and in her nervous starts when anything unexpected happens. Her clothes are part of her characterization: Anthea Sylbert, who designed them, must have taken her cue from photographs of the author. These are the clothes of a woman who didn't choose them to be



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flattering—she chose them with a sense of her position in the world. They're expensive, selected with an eye to drama and to fashion—also not to get in her way. Outfitted in a style that combines elegance and impatience, Jane Fonda catches the essence of the Irving Penn portrait of Lillian Hellman reproduced in her first book of memoirs, "An Unfinished Woman" (1969). When she's alone on the screen, Fonda gives the movie an atmosphere of dissension, and she sustains this discordant aloneness in her scenes with everyone except Julia, with whom she's soft, eager, pliant. Her deliberately humorless Lillian is a formidable, uningratiating woman—her hair sculpted out of the same stone as her face. If you like her, you have to like her on her own implacable terms. How does a viewer separate Jane Fonda's Lillian Hellman from the actual Lillian Hellman? It's impossible to make clear distinctions between the live woman that Jane Fonda draws from (the performance could be called an inspired impersonation), the self-portrait in the story, and the semi-fictionalized activities on the screen. Almost anything one thinks or feels about this character seems an intrusion on a life, yet an intrusion that has been contracted for by Lillian Hellman herself—perhaps somewhat unwittingly.

The story itself has a *submerged* core: all of Hellman's attitudes, everything that goes into her woman's variant of Hemingway-Hammett stripped-down, hardboiled writing. Her prose is strong and clear, and also guarded, reluctant, pried out of a clenched hand. In the kind of situation-centered play Hellman writes, she doesn't give much of herself away. Her memoirs are dramatized, too, yet they're more exciting as drama than her plays are, since you can feel the tension between what she's giving you and what she's withholding. One expects a writer to trust his unconscious, to let go sometimes—not always to be so selective. Lillian Hellman carries thrift and plain American speech to a form of self-denial. The clue to some of the tension in the story "Julia" comes elsewhere in "Pentimento"—in "Turtle," the most compact Hemingway-Hammett story in the book, yet the one that reveals the cost of being hardboiled. In "Turtle," there are only two important characters—Hellman and Hammett, with whom she lived off and on for almost thirty years—and it's evident that for him strong and clear and definite meant masculine, while doubts and unresolved feelings were weak nonsense: feminine. Lillian Hell-

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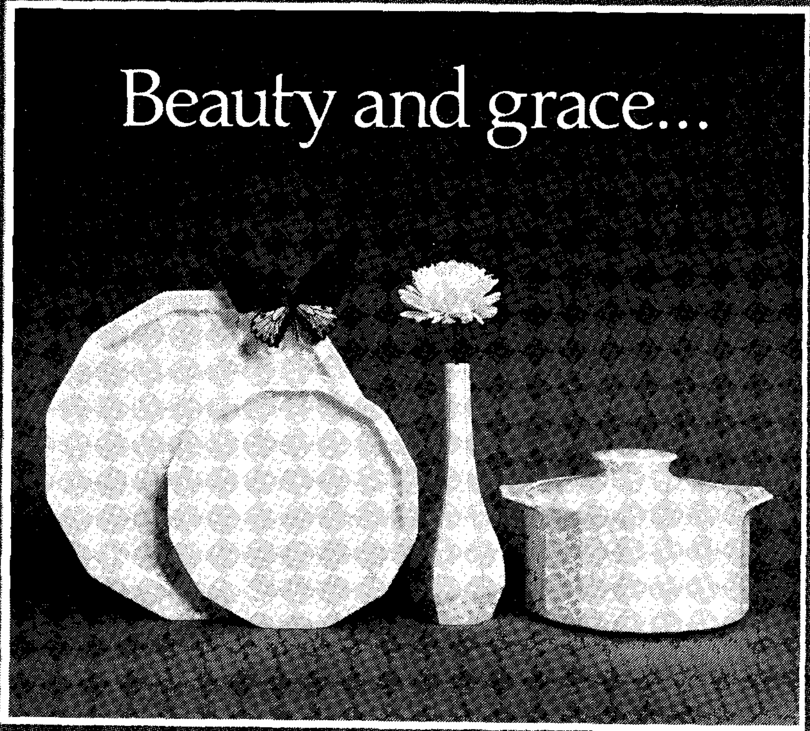
man tried to write (and to live) in a way that Hammett would approve of; he rejected much of what she actually felt, and she accepted his standards. (The question of why a woman of such strength and, in many ways, of such ruthless honesty should have deferred to the judgment of a man of lesser gifts than her own—that's the sexual mystery that would make a drama.)

The movie is about Hellman's career and doesn't really exist independently of one's knowledge of that career. The friendship between Julia and Lillian is obviously the emotional basis—the original material—for "The Children's Hour." In that play, scandalmongers spread a sexual rumor about the relationship of two young women teachers, destroying their friendship and their hopes. Here, in "Julia," Lillian is out drinking in a restaurant with Sammy (John Glover, who shows a nasty vitality, like an American Edward Fox), the brother of a former schoolmate. He says that "the whole world knows about you and Julia," and she slugs him, knocking him back in his chair and then slamming the table over on top of him as she leaves. (People in the theatre applauded.) In the melodramatic Victorian code that is integral to hardboiled writing, the suggestion of homosexuality is a slur—it sullies the purity of the two women's relationship. Only contemptible people—curs like Sammy—think like that. They don't know how to behave; they lack standards. (This was the theme that came out all too nakedly in Hellman's third book of memoirs, the 1976 "Scoundrel Time.") The failure to look beyond "right" and "wrong" has limited Hellman as a dramatist, and in "Julia" (though not in other stories in "Pentimento") she thinks in the same terms—judgmentally. "Julia" is an expression of outraged idealism—sexual, political, and in all areas of personal conduct. It is in this story that she shows the beginnings of her own political conscience, started and nurtured, according to her account, by Julia. And it is Julia's dedication to fighting Fascism and her subsequent mutilation and murder that serve as the concrete justification—the personal experience—behind Lillian Hellman's embittered attitude toward those she regards as cowardly or dishonorable. The motive force of the story is that those who have not lived up to her conception of honor stand morally condemned for eternity.

In the film, at the last meeting of Lillian and Julia, in a café near the railroad station in Berlin, Lillian turns over the money she has smuggled in,



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and Julia says to her, "Are you still as angry as you used to be? I like your anger. . . . Don't you let anyone talk you out of it." There's no way for viewers to understand what Julia is referring to: in their scenes together, Lillian has never demonstrated any anger. Julia has been the daring leader, railing at injustice, going off and doing something about it. Lillian has been the docile follower, the naïf. In the movie version of "A Man for All Seasons," a respectable job of monument-making, Zinnemann enshrined the martyred Sir Thomas More as a man of conscience; audiences weren't forcibly reminded that what More got himself beheaded for was the belief that the Pope represented divine law. What people could take away from the film was that More stood by his principles and died for them. In "Julia," it isn't nearly as clear why Lillian is a monumental figure. In the episode of carrying the money to Berlin, she's more of a hazard than anything else; the operation is so efficiently organized and she is supported by such resourceful anti-Nazi underground aides that she hardly seems to be needed at all.

And so it has to be from Lillian's mentors that we get her measure. As Hammett, Robards, who is gruff and funny at the beginning, has nothing to do once the film gets under way—he's just the all-wise, all-knowing Dash standing by, with love. But Dash is there for a reason: he's a judge of writing of such supreme authority—a Sainte-Beuve at the very least—that when he tells Lillian that "The Children's Hour," which she has just finished, is "the best play anyone's written in a long time," there can be no question about it. Julia is the saintly political activist who certifies Lillian's anger as instinctive morality, and Dash is the stamp of approval that certifies her greatness.

The most difficult thing for an actor to suggest is what goes into making a person an artist—the tensions, the richness. And this is particularly difficult in the case of Lillian Hellman, who doesn't have that richness, and who in her own account makes herself so innocent of intellectual drives that anger seems to be her creative fount. If Julia's last advice to Lillian actually was to hang on to her anger, it was bad advice. Anger blinds Lillian Hellman as a writer. But anger is what holds the story "Julia" together, and the movie doesn't have it. At moments, Jane Fonda supplies something better, because she understands how to embody the explosive Hellman resentment. She gets at what anger does to you. It won't let you relax. It boxes you in: you're on your own. When—as Lillian—she walks into Sardi's on the opening night of her hit, twitching slightly from drunken nervousness, revelling in the attention she's getting while stiffly living up to her own image of herself as the distinguished playwright, you want more of her. You feel that Fonda has the power and invention to go on in this character—that she could crack this smooth, contemplative surface and take us places we've never been to. The film's constraint—its not seizing the moments when she's ready to *go*—is frustrating. Perfectionism has become its own, self-defeating end.

—PAULINE KAEL

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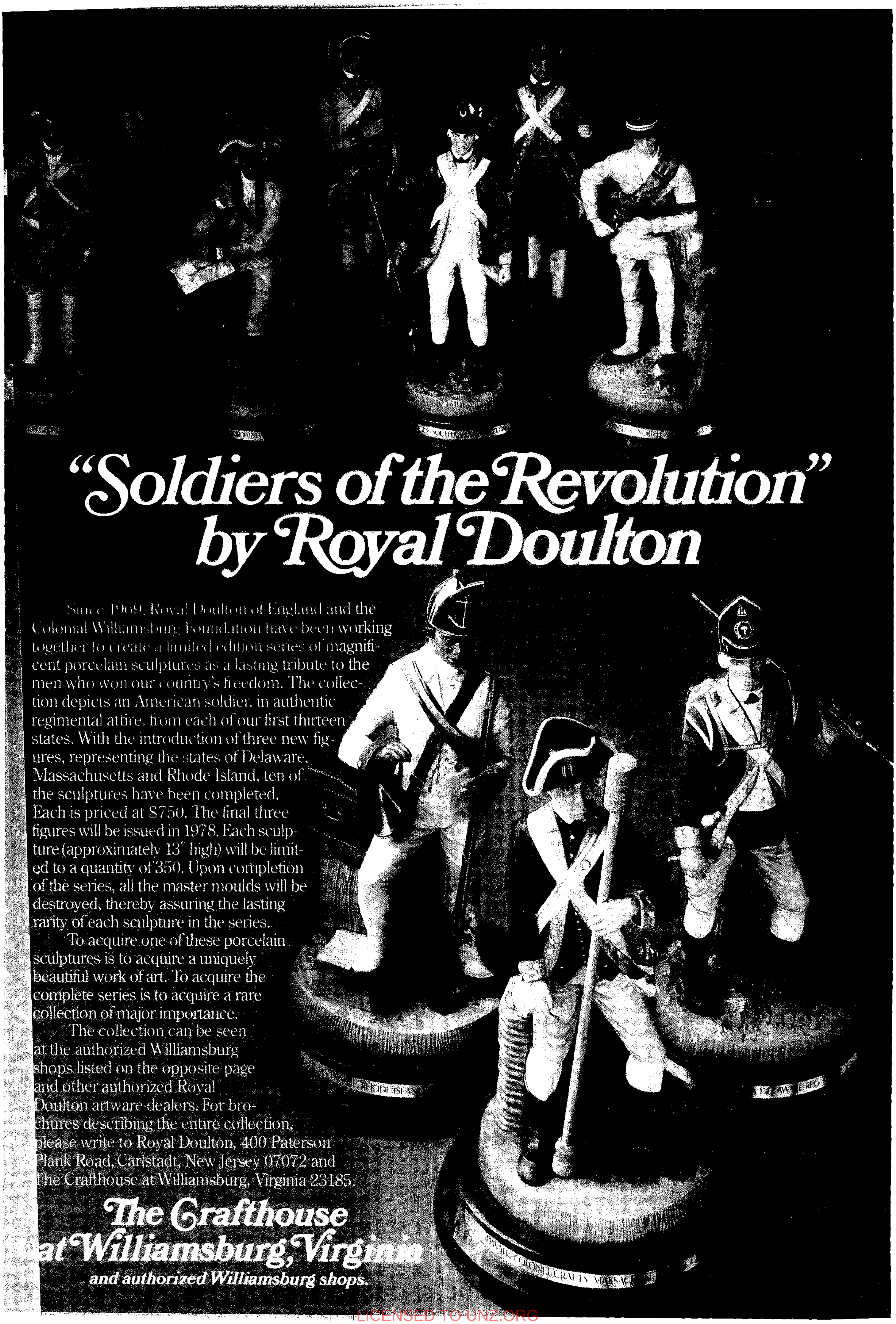

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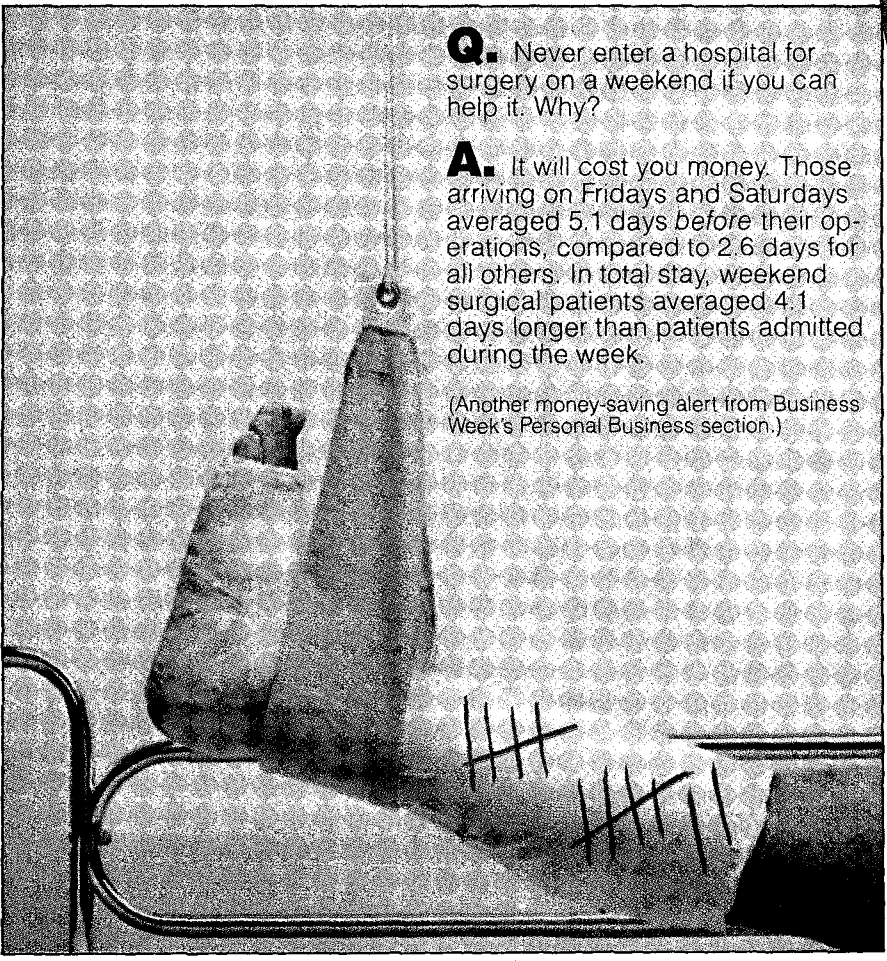

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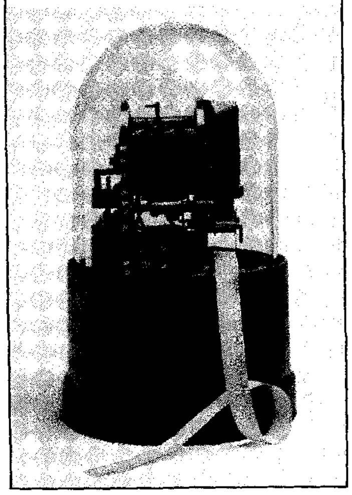

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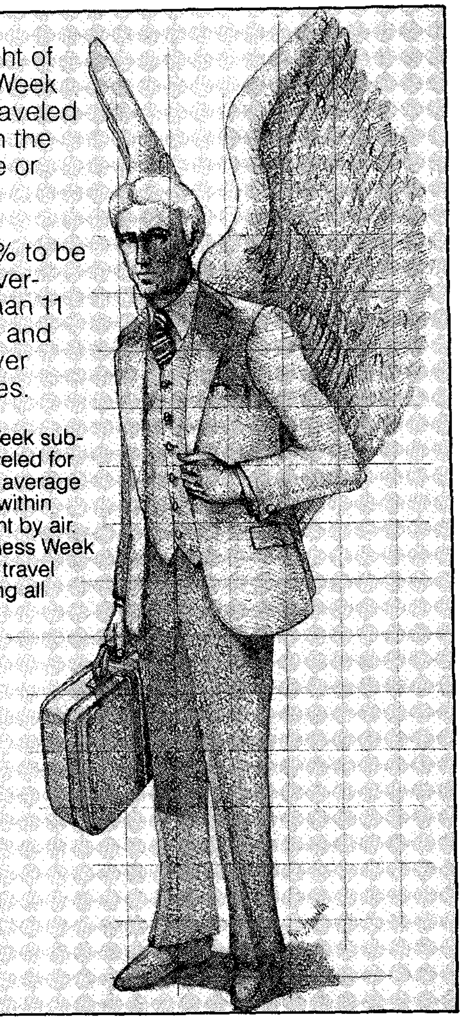

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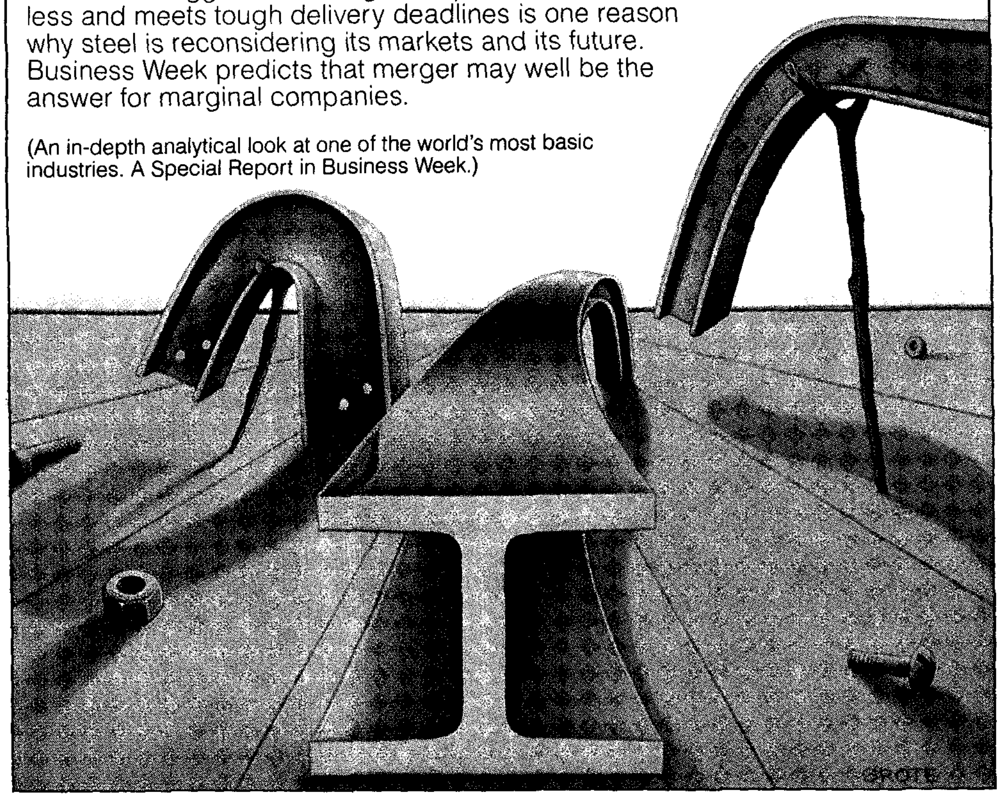

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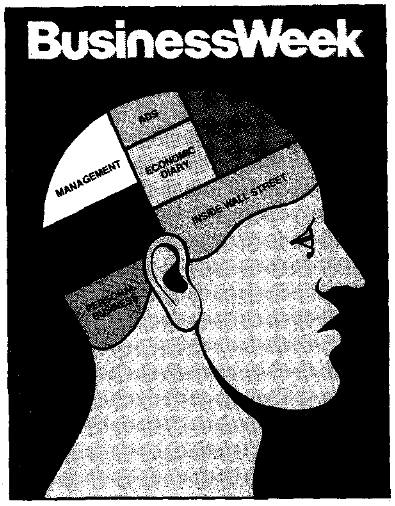

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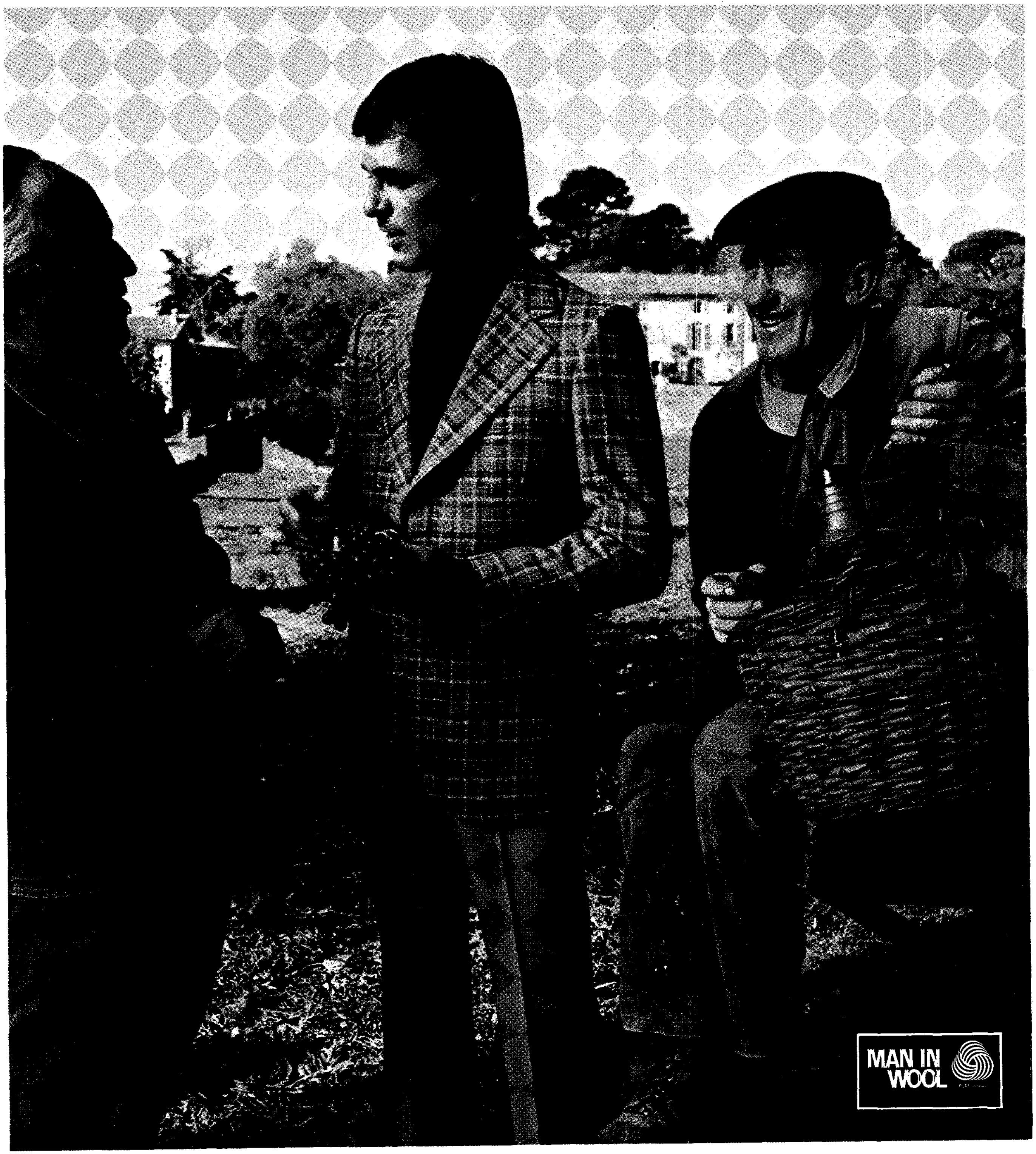

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PHOTOGRAPHY

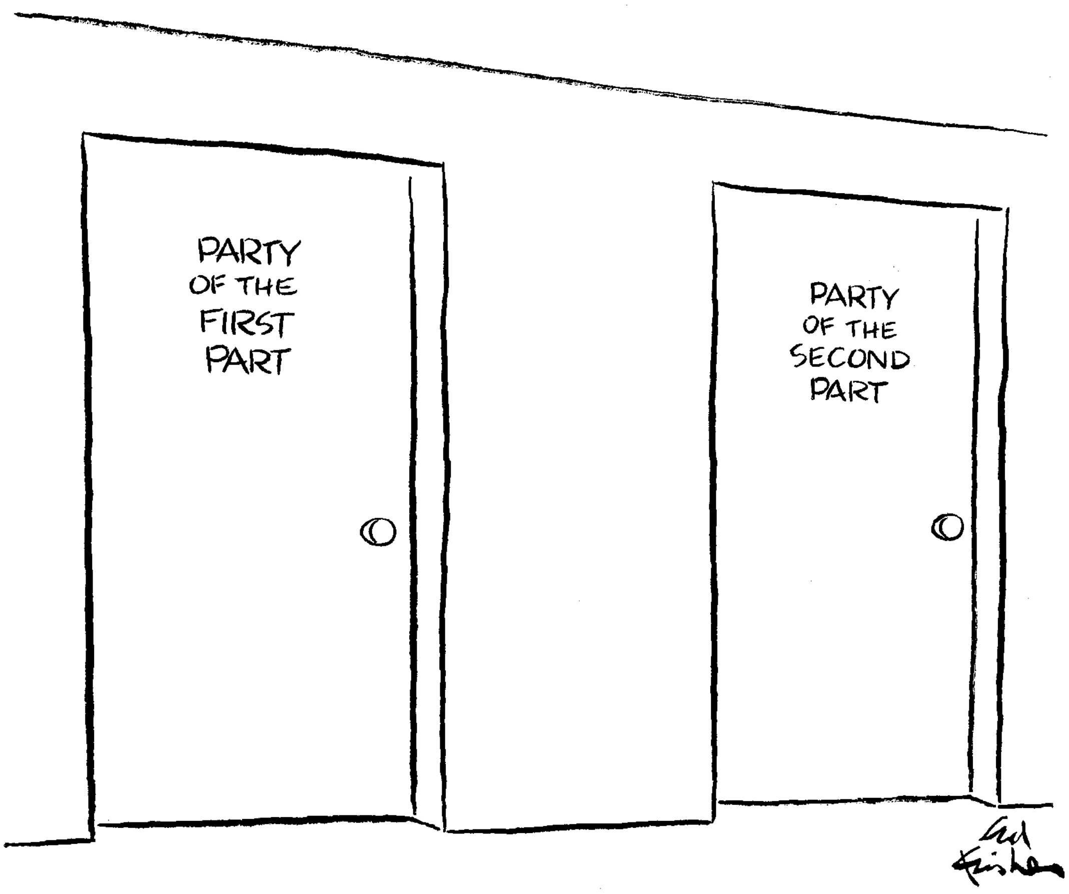
Color

PERHAPS no stronger—or more ludicrous—demonstration of photography's mimetic relationship to painting exists than its recent appropriation of Photo-Realist art. The color snapshots of campers and frozen-custard stands and tract houses that the Photo-Realist painters took, blew up, and painstakingly rendered in oil or acrylic are now being retaken by avant-garde photographers and—without further ado, sometimes still dripping with the Polaroid fluid—rushed to the avant-garde galleries. Official sanction for this new school of photography came from the Museum of Modern Art in the spring of 1976, when John Szarkowski mounted a large show of color photographs by a young photographer from Memphis named William Eggleston, and simultaneously published in hard cover a long critical essay, illustrated with forty-eight color plates, entitled "William Eggleston's Guide." Stephen Shore, another young photo-Photo-Realist, received a show at the museum a few months later, and scores of other photographers of this school have subsequently appeared at Light, Sonnabend, Castelli Uptown, and elsewhere. Color photography, which up to now had been associated with photography's most retrograde applications—advertising, fashion, *National Geographic*-type travel pictures, nature pictures, old-fashioned arty abstractions of peeling walls and European traffic signs—suddenly became the medium's most advanced form of all.

However, because one of the unwritten laws of contemporary photography is that no photographer shall ever publicly admit to any painterly influence (Cartier-Bresson once laughingly confided that he coined the term "photo-journalism" as a kind of diversionary tactic—a screen behind which he could do his painting-derived work and have no one bother him), there has been no acknowledgment anywhere of Photo-Realism as the progenitor of the new color photography. In his "Guide" essay, Szarkowski himself omits any embarrassing mention of Photo-Realism, merely grudgingly citing "modern painting" as one among many possible influences on the new color photographers. The chief difference between them and their predecessors, according to Szarkowski, is that they have "a more confident, more natural, and yet more ambitious spirit, working not as though color were a separate issue, a problem to be solved in isolation (not thinking of color as photographers seventy years ago thought of composition), but rather as though the world itself existed in color, as though the blue and the sky *were* one thing."

Szarkowski's conceit takes one back to the pre-color days, when the chief difference between the untrained snapshooter and the professional or good amateur photographer was precisely that the former took pictures "as though the world existed in color," while the latter knew better. Indeed, the whole art of black-and-white photography is the art of previsualizing black-and-white pictures, plucking them like rare flowers from an unphotographable landscape. One rejects most of what one sees through the lens, because one has learned to resist the blandishments of one's color vision. (It is surely no accident that stone and marble façades, Caucasian faces and bodies, snow, sand, and other black-and-white "naturals" figure very heavily among the masterpieces of black-and-white photography.) One anticipates that the most interesting and beautiful of *seen* images will be dull, flat, chaotic, messy, and undifferentiated when subjected to the levelling process of monochrome printing. Color film provided the snapshooter with what he lacked and had been limping along without, since color photography is always interesting to look at, whereas black-and-white is interesting only under special conditions. Thus, paradoxically, it is black-and-white photography that demands of the photographer close attention to the world in color, while color photography permits him to forget it. The traditional separation by color of the serious photographer from the frivolous snapshooter represents the recognition on both sides that one medium is hard and the other easy—that one requires art and the other doesn't.

If color photography can do without art, this has not prevented cinematographers and photographers from attempting art in color, and, like their black-and-white predecessors, they have naturally gone to painting for their models. Films of obvious painterliness, such as "Elvira Madigan," "Bonnie and Clyde," "Last Tango in Paris," and "Providence," come to mind; their various derivations from Impressionism, Expressionism, Surrealism, and Abstract Expressionism are plainly visible. Color photographs by Steichen, Penn, Hiro, and Brassaï, among others, reflect similar painterly influences. But when Szarkowski epigrammatically observes of such color pictures, "It is their



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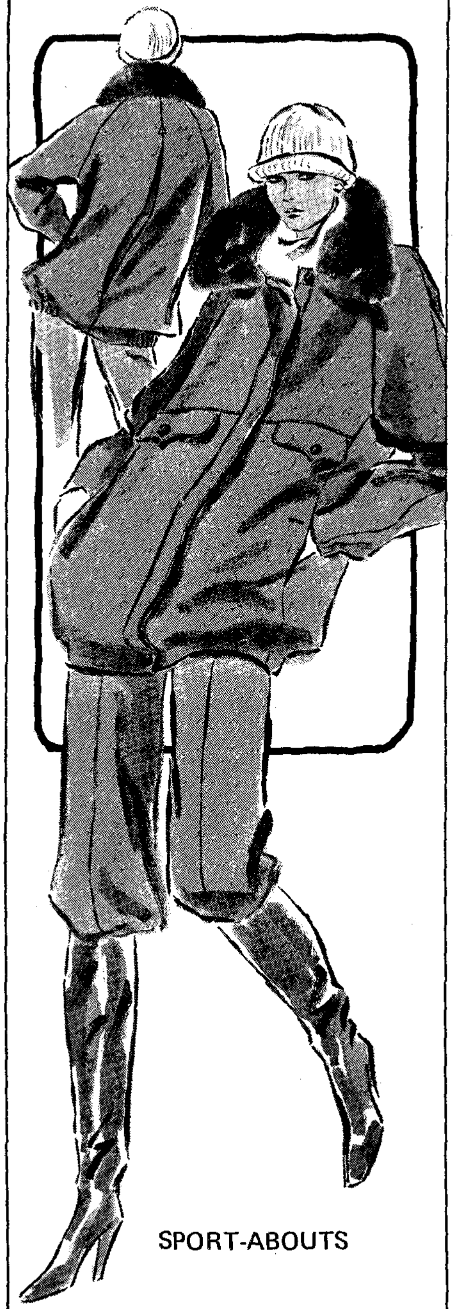
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unhappy fate to remind us of something similar but better," he again has things by the wrong handle, since *all* art photography—black-and-white as ineluctably as color—shares this fate. It is one of the medium's occupational hazards; if a photographer wants to create rather than imitate, he should get himself a brush.

If, then, photography is the (uppity) housemaid of painting (as journalism and criticism are the poor relations of poetry and fiction), where does that leave Photo-Realist photography—photographs based on paintings based on photographs? Aren't *they*, at least, exempt from invidious comparison with their painting sources? No, not even they. Even here, painting maddeningly upstages photography—and does it by sheer size. The World Trade Center dimensions of Photo-Realist paintings (with a few medium-sized exceptions), like those of their Abstract Expressionist and Pop predecessors, are integral to their structure and signature. The experience of walking into a gallery and suddenly confronting one of these colossal blowups on the wall—one's shock, confusion, and indecision about whether to laugh, sneer, or marvel at this idiotic rendering of Kodacolor banality—is part of the style of Photo-Realism. (One could characterize Photo-Realism as a kind of reverse Action painting: it lies inert and dormant, waiting to be "acted on" by the spectator.) The Photo-Realist photographer, with his puny eight-by-ten or eleven-by-fourteen prints, commands no such response. His pictures look insignificant, dull, even tacky, on the wall. The Eggleston photographs made a particularly poor showing in exhibition. They looked inartistic, unmodern, out of place in an art museum; an atmosphere of slouching dejection and tentativeness hung over them, which the reviews of the show cruelly confirmed. The Eggleston book is something else. The cover picture, which one scarcely noticed in the show, comes into its own. At first, careless glance, one might take it to be of a motorcycle sleekly poised for action, about to roar and soar away from the background of a stolid ranch house in whose carport a car is securely nestled; a second look reveals the puissant machine to be a mere kid's tricycle. Eggleston has approached his subject from below and invested it with preternatural size, weight, and defiance of gravity; the picture is an ironic salute to the power of photographic untruth as well as an almost tenderly lyrical portrait of a tricycle. The glossy color picture is pasted on the reticulated dull-

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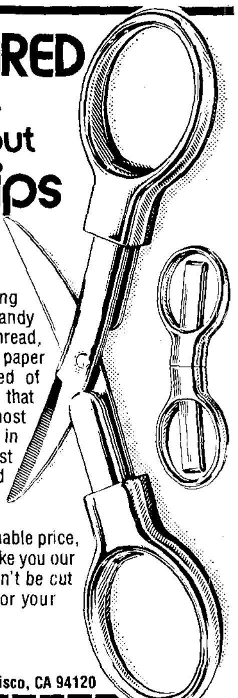
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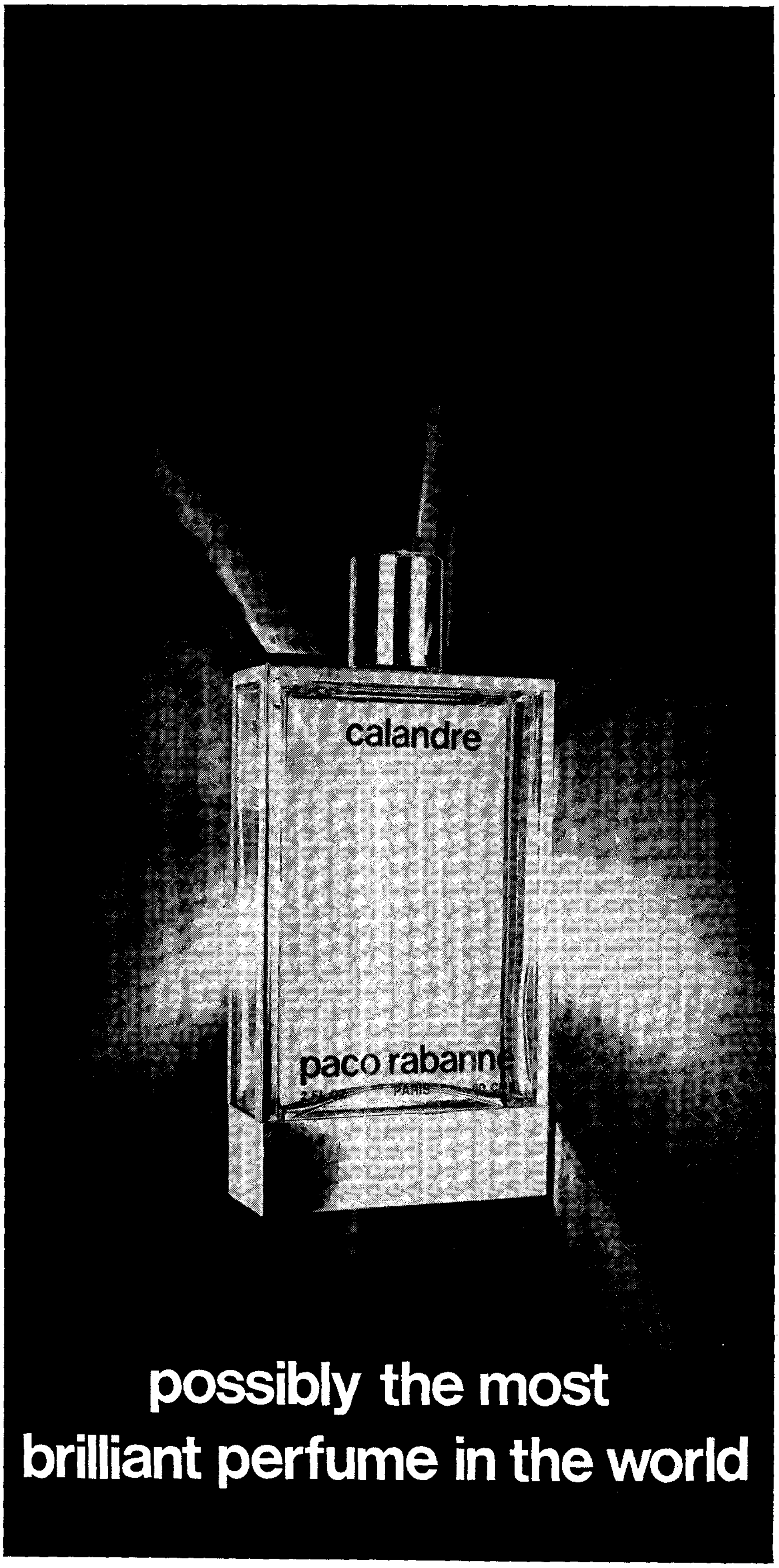
black imitation leather of the book cover above a line of stamped-gold lettering, and, thus framed—with an abstract interplay between cover and picture—it acquires a quality of modern art that entirely eluded it in the museum. (A number of subsequent avant-garde color photographers, alive to the problem of their works' inartistic, even kitschy, appearance on the wall, have tried various remedial expedients; Jan Groover, for example, does serial pictures, putting three slightly different closeup views of the same suburban house or stretch of highway side by side within one frame, and thereby achieves a pleasing abstract artfulness that the single view would not have yielded.)

The intimation of Eggleston's cover picture that his "Guide" will take us deep into Photo-Realist country is confirmed by the first photograph inside. (Photo-Realist country—as well marked as Impressionist country or Dutch-genre land—is defined by the presence of recently made structures, machines, and objects; by people dressed in clothes of the cheap, synthetic, democratic sort; by the signs and the leavings of fast food, fast gas, fast obsolescence; by the inclusion of the very parts of the landscape that photographers used to try to eliminate, edging the bridal couple away from the parked cars, angling the lens to exclude the Laundromat sign encroaching on the quiet tree-lined street. Such props have become the Cézanne apples, the Monet poppies, the Cassatt white dresses of Photo-Realism.) This initial picture, which is like an invocation to the muse of the genre, shows a neatly painted front door on which a small, neat wicker basket, filled with blue plastic flowers, is hanging—a picture simple almost to the point of simple-mindedness, and as rich and subtle as a haiku. One knows perfectly well what lies behind that door: the "traditional" furniture of wood-grained plastic, the little ornate bonbon dishes with scalloped edges, the candleholders trimmed with more, probably "autumnal," plastic flowers, the pinch-pleated draperies of shimmering acrylic, the utter absence of any mess or sign of life, or even of any trace of the puzzled people who live there, caught between the church-picnic past and the post-Dachau present. A few pages later, we find the interior itself—a living room of mortuary immaculateness, containing a bridge table laid out for the completion of a wild-bird round jigsaw puzzle. Farther on, we move into the dining room and partake of a genteelly wholesome meal from gold-edged china



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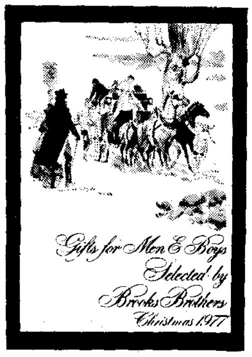
set on pale-green patterned placemats: a slice of ham and a helping of overcooked green beans; various side dishes of rolls, butter, baked potato; salad drenched with "French" dressing; and a glass of iced tea. The rooms are in different houses, but the household gods are the same; similarly, the "Guide" tours the country around Memphis but evokes anywhere in America in the nineteen-seventies.

In his best work, Eggleston seamlessly yokes Photo-Realist irony to photographic immediacy—to the now-or-never *onceness* of a gesture, a posture, a quality of the light, the presence of a shadow. One such work is a picture of a stretch of dirt road near Glendora, Mississippi, taken on a clear, windy summer day: one of those heart-catchingly lucid days of blue sky and fast-moving clouds, of juicy, fragrant greenness, of shivering tree leaves showing their white undersides—a day that looks, one says to oneself, like a Kodacolor snapshot, but that, conversely, a Kodacolor snapshot never evokes. The evocativeness of *this* Kodacolor picture is elicited by the alien presence of a dozen white plastic bottles scattered along the road by the breeze, which has also pushed around a couple of corrugated-paper cartons. If one puts one's hand over the lower part of the photograph, thus eliminating the bottles and boxes, one is left with one of those landscapes of utter dullness and pointlessness that one is always being sucked into photographing while travelling through pretty country; with the foreground debris, the photograph acquires a Proustian reverberation—as if the adventitious were needed to "set" the familiar and universal, were the broth in which the germ of memory can breed. We feel that we have been there, on that day, along that piece of road, with those clouds and those plastic bottles.

Another remarkable picture—remarkable in a different way—is of a lean older woman sitting in the center of a dilapidated outdoor chaise on a day at the end of summer. It is a color picture about color photography. The woman is sitting on and against cushions printed with a riotous pattern of yellow and orange and green flowers; her dress is another bold floral print, in magenta, blue, and red; above her head is a pattern of sun-dappled green leaves seen through the grid of a white lattice; and, finally, at her feet is yet another pattern, of dead leaves on flagstone. In black-and-white, these patterns—and, so to speak, the woman, the chaise, the leaves, the flagstone—



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would cease to exist. In other memorable pictures, an atmosphere of romantic melancholy wafts out of their commonplace subject matter: a crepuscular view of a street in Memphis, in which telegraph wires and dark trees hover mournfully over a littered embankment and gutter; a sad view, also photographed at dusk, of a deserted swimming pool seen through the mesh of a fence. A picture of a man sitting on the edge of his bed in a motel in Huntsville, Alabama, speaks of every motel one has ever been in; one can almost smell the cloying disinfectant, see the paper band over the toilet seat, feel the man's nervous loneliness. Among pictures of a more abstract and yet still firmly realist character, there is one of a child's half-inside-out snow jacket hanging on the wall over a crib (cropped to show just the edge of the crib), a peering view of an oven interior, and one of a green-tiled shower stall.

Last year, Eggleston travelled up here from Memphis to appear in a symposium on color photography at the International Center of Photography. He was wearing a beautiful dark suit (in contrast to the casual dress of the other panel members), and when it came his turn to speak he was so overcome by shyness that he was unable to get out more than a few almost inaudible, red-faced monosyllables. The audience and the panel were sympathetic to his plight at first, but as the evening wore on, and Eggleston steadfastly failed to answer questions, the gathering turned against him, and people began to needle him. It was as if his suffering muteness was intentional—was a judgment on the glib vacuity of the symposium. (Question: What are you trying to say with your photographs? Answer: Well, let's put it that I'm a formalist. Let's put it that I'm looking for forms. Etc., etc.) Eggleston's alien presence transformed a boring and banal occasion into a painful and strange one—one that sticks in the mind, and, like Eggleston's photography (like all true photography?), does so because it doesn't quite add up.

—JANET MALCOLM

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Palo Alto (Calif.) Times*]

SACRAMENTO (AP)—Gov. Edmund Brown Jr. has approved a $75,000 California share of the Tahoe Regional Planning Commission budget for 1977-78—with a string attached.

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MARSHALL AND THE FOLK

YOU might say that my friend Marshall J. Dodge III went into the regional-culture game before it got hot, but that did not seem to be his intention at the time. I may as well admit, though, that I have never had much luck figuring out precisely what Marshall's intention is. When he and a friend named Robert Bryan recorded their first album of Down East Maine stories, "Bert and I"—some twenty years ago, about the time Marshall was leaving Yale—Marshall told me that his intention was to go back to college for another year of science requirements so he could go to medical school.

"I didn't know you wanted to be a doctor," I remember saying to him.

"It's an *ex*cellent profession," Marshall said, accenting the first syllable very strongly—a pronunciation he still prefers. Marshall's way of saying "excellent" carried an air of such serene approval that it made medicine sound like an appropriate calling even if the proposed doctor happened to be someone who fainted at the sight of blood and had a strong philosophical objection to monetary rewards. Marshall has always had a distinguished way of talking, and in college he was already considered distinguished-looking. Although I didn't know Marshall before college, I suspect he may have been the only known example of a distinguished-looking fourteen-year-old.

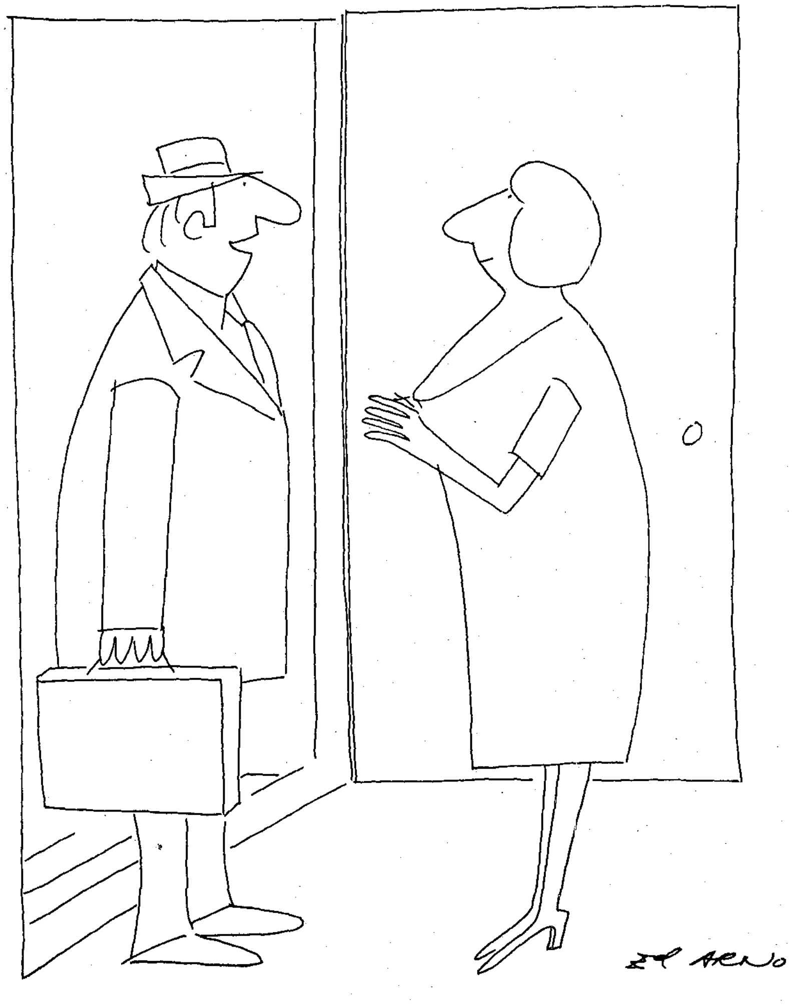
"But is practicing medicine really what you want to do?" I persisted.

"It's a mag*ni*ficent profession," Marshall said. He has always been very strong on the second syllable of "magnificent."

Marshall did take the year of science, but he did not go to medical school. I'm still not certain if that was ever his intention. In college, Marshall had once signed up for the one course taught in English by Henri Peyre, the chairman of the French department, an eloquent scholar who always filled a large auditorium for his English-language lectures, and I assumed Marshall's intention was to learn something about French literature. Halfway through the semester, though, I began to suspect that French literature was not Marshall's principal interest in the course when I asked him how Peyre's lectures were going and he replied, "Eeze ecksaynt eeze mahg*nee*feesahnt." A few years after college, Marshall moved to Tenth Street and First Avenue, then a Ukrainian and Polish and Jewish neighborhood that the real-estate sharks had not yet learned to call the East Village, and installed himself in a storefront that said "Toad Records" on the window. I told friends in other cities who inquired about him that he seemed to be producing records featuring such phenomena as the last calliope on the Ohio River, while occupying himself on the side by inventing a bicycle that allowed the rider to lie flat, in order to cut wind resistance, and was called a fornicycle. Marshall himself answered such inquiries by saying that he was doing graduate work in philosophy at Fordham, specializing in the concept of The Moment in Time.

The official version of what Marshall has been up to since graduating from college can be found on the back of "Bert and I Stem Inflation," the fourth "Bert and I" album that Marshall and Bob Bryan have put out. The notes on the performers begin by describing the activities of Bryan, an Episcopal clergyman who has occupied himself with, among other activities, serving as a flying minister in northern Canada, establishing the Quebec Labrador Foundation, and helping to set up day camps and community work projects in remote villages in a number of areas of Canada and Maine. The second paragraph begins, "The brisk sale of 'Bert and I' records enabled Marshall Dodge, upon graduation, to enter a modest retirement."

BRYAN had spent summers in Maine as a boy, but when the first "Bert and I" record was cut Marshall had hardly set foot in the state; he had picked up some New Hampshire dialect stories while he was in prep school, at St. Paul's, and he just nudged the vowels a bit over the state line. "Bert and I" expanded from the standard stories told about the Down East farmer or lobsterman who finds modern life a bit too complicated but somehow manages to sound wiser than those who do not. He is the farmer whose response to the Texas rancher's boast about requiring two days to drive from one boundary of his ranch to another is "Yep, I had a car like that once myself;" he is the native by the side of the road who, having been called stupid by the summer person exasperated at his inability to provide directions to Portland, says, "Mebbee, but at least I ain't lost." After the first album, Marshall got curious enough



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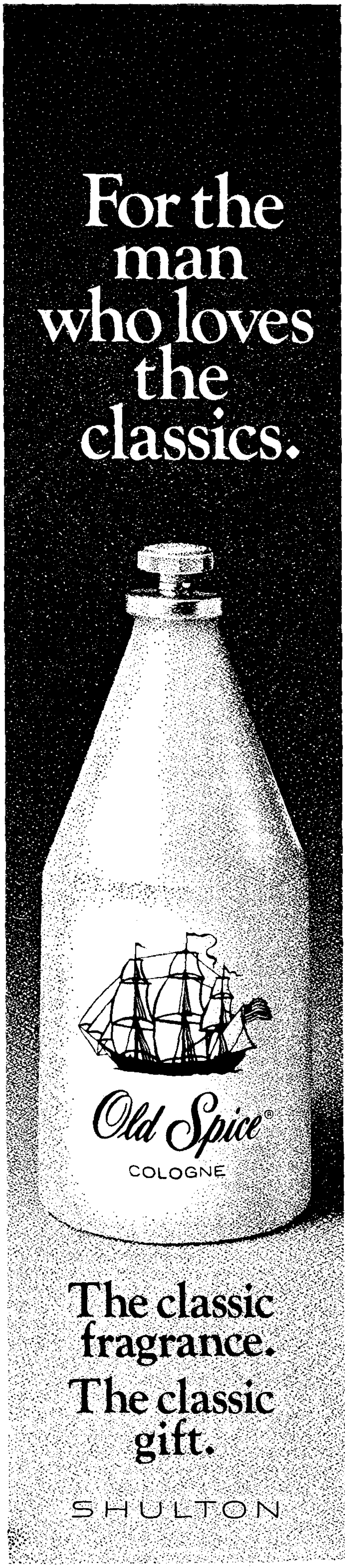
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about the type to go to Maine and try to collect more stories. The people he interviewed, though, were neither farmers nor lobstermen but sophisticated summer people from Boston. "Bert and I," it turned out, was in an established tradition of what Marshall now calls "gentlemen storytellers"—Bostonians, usually well-off and Harvard-educated Bostonians, who acquired accents and incidents from locals they met while summering at Mt. Desert or Deer Isle, and then spent the winter polishing up Down East stories for the entertainment of companions at the Tavern Club.

If Marshall's intention had been to go into the regional-culture game, I suspect, the discovery that he was two or three steps away from the real article might have caused him to be struck by one of those authenticity crises that often overtake folklorists. I once knew a folksinger from the Midwest who, without the benefit of any formal musical training, had the sort of clear tenor that could have passed as the product of half a lifetime in the conservatory. I always assumed that the quality of his voice was what led him to folksinging in the first place, but the more he learned about authentic folk traditions the more he treated his voice as an embarrassing affliction—apologizing for it all the time, the way a trucker might apologize for a working knowledge of "Swan Lake." He started spending more and more of his time producing records rather than singing himself—specializing in recording the songs of people like retired coal miners, and quietly coveting the toneless, gravelly quality of their authentic voices. The last time I saw him, he had given up singing altogether. He had authenticized himself right out of business.

I don't think Marshall ever seriously considered abandoning the gentlemen's-club versions for the rambling, unpolished stories of the lobstermen themselves. He simply announced that a gentleman storyteller was what he was. He happens to have the sort of background, if not the sort of income, that one associates with men's clubs, and he has never been embarrassed by his lack of humble roots. Even before he became a gentleman storyteller, he could have been considered a rare American example of that fairly common English type—the gentleman eccentric. Marshall has always gone about his business in whatever way seems practical, without worrying about whether, say, checking one's dismantled bicycle aboard an airliner in a sort of oversized Harvard book bag for use in

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the next city is normally done—a pure practicality that sometimes makes him appear eccentric—and he has always been gentlemanly. While he was living in New York, he may have slept in the back of a storefront on East Tenth Street, but when he arrived at an upper East Side dinner party—by bicycle—he arrived in appropriately splendid clothing, with a gift for the hostess in his knapsack. His only venture into politics—aside from a demonstration against restrictions on cyclists, which may have attracted him partly for the opportunity it presented to say "Bicyclists of the World, Unite! You Have Nothing to Lose But Your Chains"—was running for the state assembly on the lower East Side as a Conservative. He received, he claims, several dozen votes.

The "Bert and I" albums have always been in demand—seventy thousand dollars' worth of them were sold last year, out of Bob Bryan's kitchen, in Ipswich, Massachusetts, where Bryan spends his winters tending his foundation's finances and the souls of less remote villagers—and the greatest concentration of enthusiasm has been in Maine. Marshall does about fifty lectures a year—telling stories in a Down East accent and a yellow slicker—and he does them mostly in Maine and other New England states. When "Bert and I" albums are advertised, they are advertised in the magazine *Yankee*. Marshall compares Maine's reaction to "Bert and I" to the reaction someone might have to being caricatured by a cartoonist: "He might think the nose is a bit too long, but he's awfully pleased at the attention." Over the years, Marshall himself has emerged as a sort of folk hero in the State of Maine. To a great extent, the symbol for Maine residents of the dry, wise rural Down East character has become Marshall J. Dodge III—of the East Seventies, Fishers Island, St. Paul's School, Yale, and Tenth Street—dressed in a yellow slicker. Marshall and others have visited lobstermen's homes and found "Bert and I" albums prominently displayed. Presumably, Maine farmers and lobstermen now tell each other stories from the "Bert and I" albums—stories that, in the recent albums, are likely to have been made up by Marshall himself—and presumably some folklorist will come along someday and record them. They will then be authentic.

THREE years ago, Marshall moved from East Tenth Street to Maine. He apparently told some friends that his intention was to become a

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farmer. It was about the time when a lot of people who had done graduate work in philosophy seemed to be moving from New York to Maine to become farmers. I doubted that farming was what Marshall had in mind; I have never known him to do what a lot of people seem to be doing. The first time I talked to him on the telephone after the move, he told me that he was not interested in farming at all—although he said he might make an exception someday for zucchini, which someone had told him required no care whatsoever. "I wouldn't mind farming, I believe, if the plants were at chest level," Marshall said. Marshall was not born to stoop. He told me he was in Maine partly to find a quiet place to work on a book he was writing called "The Architecture of Philosophy." Marshall had set aside his work on The Moment in Time, he later told me, in order to produce a book that would use a single structure to explain a number of the best-known systems of philosophical thought—a method, he believes, that will make it possible for any untutored layman to understand philosophy. The structure, as Marshall explained it to me, has to do with form and matter, and, although my credentials as an untutored layman in the field of philosophy are impeccable, I failed to understand it.

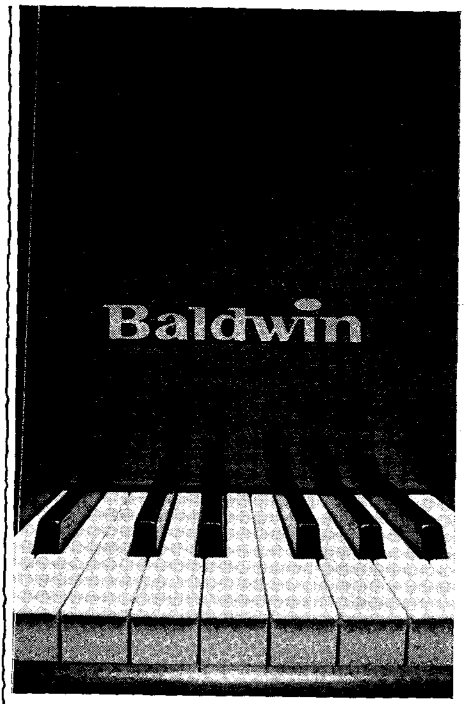
In that first telephone conversation, Marshall also told me that he was working on another cycling invention—this one a two-seated railway bike for whisking along railroad tracks with leg power. "The romance of the rails," he said. "*Ex*cellent."

"I know this may be an obvious, unimaginative question—the sort of thing you're asked all the time," I said to Marshall. "But what, exactly, do you do about the problem of meeting up with a train on the railroad track?"

"A mirror," Marshall said. "A huge mirror is mounted on the front of the railway bike. The engineer of the oncoming train—particularly at night—believes he is about to meet another oncoming train, so naturally he stops. It's really quite safe."

"I'm sorry I asked," I said. Years before, I had expressed some skepticism about the existence of the fornicycle until I actually saw it, and Marshall, I figured, had concluded that, having once produced a questionable conveyance before my very eyes, he could get away with telling me about a bicycle that climbed walls or shucked corn.

Some time after Marshall settled in Maine, the magazine *Down East* ran a long question-and-answer interview



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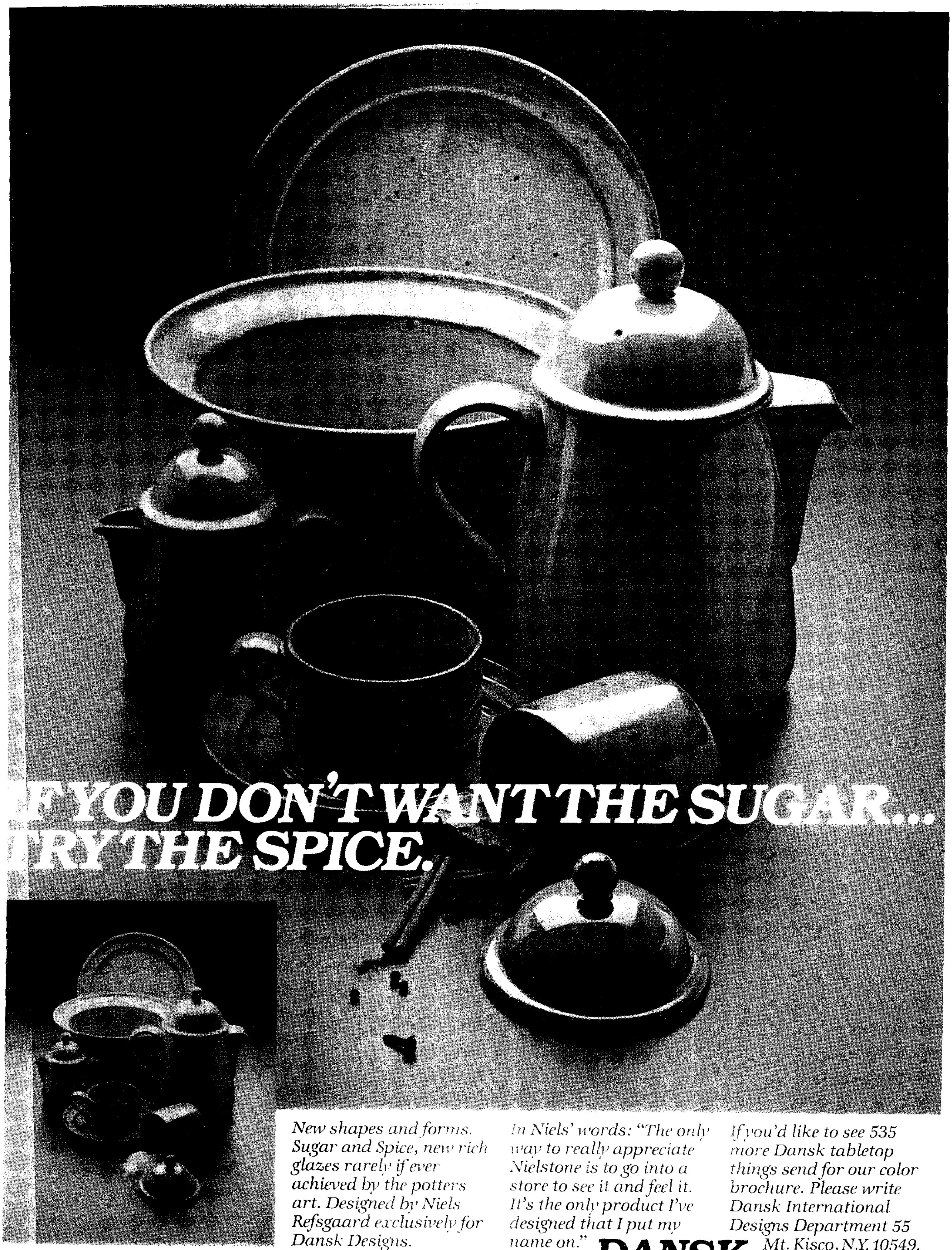

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with him, and the interviewer, amid a series of generally friendly questions, brought up the feeling "among some people in Maine" that Marshall might be a dilettante who was not serious about his identification with the state. Marshall denied that, of course—characteristically confusing the issue by beginning his denial, "No, actually I'm a struggling actor"—and I would offer testimony in support of his denial. Although Marshall has never reported regularly to an office, he has been remarkably consistent and serious about his interests—folk humor, cycling, philosophy—ever since he abandoned medicine, despite its excellence, nearly twenty years ago. Even his involvement in folk humor has been characterized by a strong attachment to Maine. I have heard Marshall gradually fall into a Chicago accent while speaking with a Chicagoan; I have heard him reproduce the conversation of two Hunter College coeds who are discussing their love life and chewing grape gum while riding in from Brooklyn on the subway (he also does the sound of the subway, including the screech it makes rounding the bend at South Ferry). I know he has studied regional accents from all over the country. As far as I know, though, the only example of his doing an accent other than Down East professionally was an Air France commercial in which a Down East tourist travelled to France and gradually began talking like Henri Peyre.

Marshall's true intention in moving to Maine—I would guess, as someone who has never been able to divine Marshall's true intention—was partly to become more involved in the culture of what Maine people often refer to as his adopted state. I was not even surprised to hear, a year or so ago, that Marshall had begun to organize what was to be the first festival of Maine culture—although, as far as I know, his only previous organizational experience had been with the Conservative Party of the lower East Side. Marshall himself, of course, is no help in figuring out just what he is up to. The last sentence of his thumbnail sketch on the latest "Bert and I" album says, "He is presently hard at work trying to master vaudeville monologues, circus and carnival barks, medicine show spiels, the art of declamation, and the candy pitch." Maybe.

THE first Maine Festival, held this summer on the Bowdoin College campus, in Brunswick, was also my first opportunity to attend any event or-

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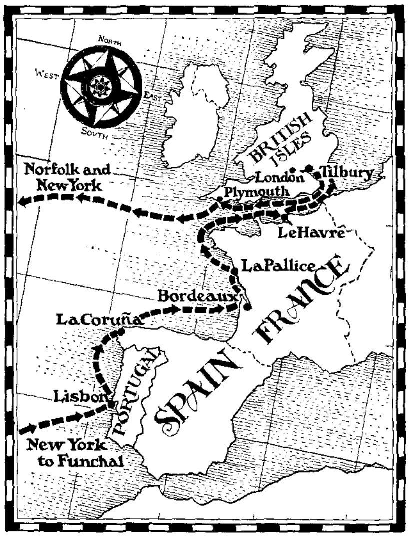

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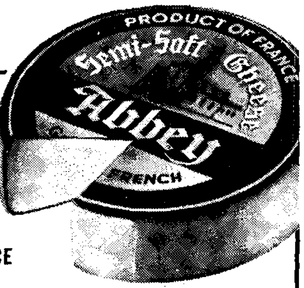
ganized by Marshall. I had avoided the meetings of the Conservative Party of the lower East Side, although I have always regretted missing the meeting at which Marshall was, as legend has it, deposed in a putsch led by four or five ancient female unreconstructed Ukrainian Fascists. When I arrived, I was astonished to find Marshall walking around like a regular festival producer—making certain the fence-post-driving implement was in a place that was safe from random borrowing, soothing some musicians who were having trouble with the public-address system, assuring the person responsible for the craft exhibition that it was *magnificent*, and even telling an interviewer from a Portland television station that arts and crafts "provide an escape from our lonely tract-house existence." I was tempted for a moment to believe that John Cole, the editor of *Maine Times*, had not been joking when he told me before I arrived in Maine that Marshall had become "a Yankee Sol Hurok;" that tract-house-existence line is just the way regular culture-festival producers talk. As it turned out, Cole was joking. He later told me that he had seen Marshall in a more characteristic moment when asked by a television talk-show host why he had decided to produce a festival in Maine; Marshall, Cole said, stared at the interviewer for a long time, and then said, in the slow, flat voice a Maine farmer might use to acknowledge ignorance of the best route to Portland, "I . . . don't . . . know!"

In the program of the festival, Marshall had mentioned Maine's remaining "distinguishable in spirit from New Jersey," so I was somewhat surprised to find that the first food cart I came across was peddling bagels—a foodstuff that I had always assumed was considered more exotic in Bath or Damariscotta than in Passaic. It did seem exotic to a couple of teen-age girls who were standing at the cart when I approached.

"Is that some sort of filling?" one of them asked the cart's operator, pointing to a container next to the bagel supply.

"Cream cheese," he said.

I was informed by the bagel man that his bagels came from Portland—products of the first commercial bagel operation to be established in that city. Their origin, as far as I was concerned, qualified them as an authentic piece of Maine culture. Like Marshall, I have a broad view of these matters. Clam chowder and corn on the cob may be authentic Maine dishes, but these days so are the *tabbouleh* salad and whole-



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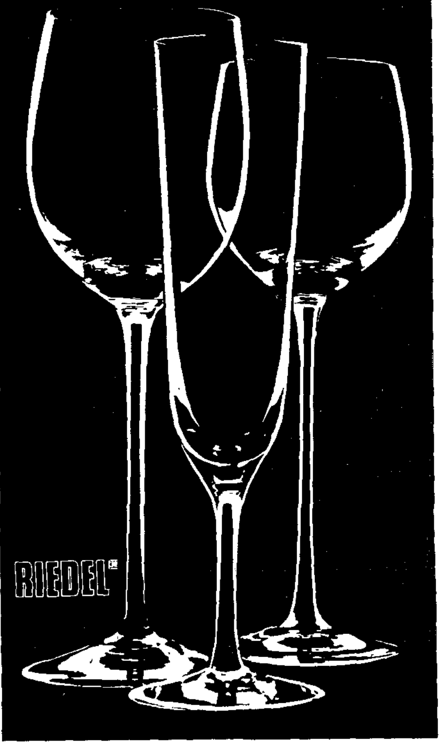

grain pita that were being turned out on the Bowdoin campus by an outfit called A Pinch of Love ("Whole Foods for the Multitudes"). I accept all of this as the natural result of a fluid society, even though the Portland bagels tasted as if they had been baked by a practicing Presbyterian, and health food always leaves me feeling slightly sick. At a county fair I attended in southern Vermont a year or so ago—in a county that was left, after the sixties subsided, with a permanent and amiable residue of what the locals sometimes call hippies—by far the best thing to eat was not the local corn on the cob but a sort of taco produced by a dark, silent young man who had been brought back from Yucatán by one of the hippies. The silent taco-maker was said to be a Mayan prince or a beachboy, or perhaps both. Whatever his background, he was as much a part of the county as the farmers competing in a chain-saw contest or the volunteer firemen being knocked off a board into a tub of water by a properly thrown baseball. A full range of authentic Maine foods would include not just lobster and clam chowder but Polish sausage and French-Canadian pig's-feet stew and a cold gin and tonic—a cold gin and tonic consumed while standing in Topsiders and white ducks.

The festival's arts reflected Marshall's broad view—a piano suite played by Lorin Hollander as well as sea chanteys sung by Maine folksingers, a sculpture exhibition in the Bowdoin Art Museum as well as a handmade-furniture display in the crafts building. In the *Down East* interview, Marshall had said, "I'm intrigued by the idea of a volleyball game between ballet dancers and boatbuilders." After my bagel, I watched some boatbuilders for a while, and some ballet dancers—they were separate and noncompeting—and then Marshall and I wandered over to a tent that displayed products designed in Maine. According to the sign, the products had been chosen for "effective innovation, aesthetic impact, and truth to material." The items included a Bass Weejun moccasin and a nineteenth-century log-handling tool called a peavey and a tetrahelix that had been designed in 1977 for wind-powered electrical generation and some small craft that had been built in the old Maine tradition by new Maine craftsmen. Rounding a corner of the tent, I inspected a Maxim machine gun (designed by Hiram Maxim, of Sangerville, in 1901) and a modern pair of cross-country skis—and then my eye was caught by what seemed to be an

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We know the results of those applications—and how long the treatment lasted—down to small problem areas only a few yards square and even individual vines.

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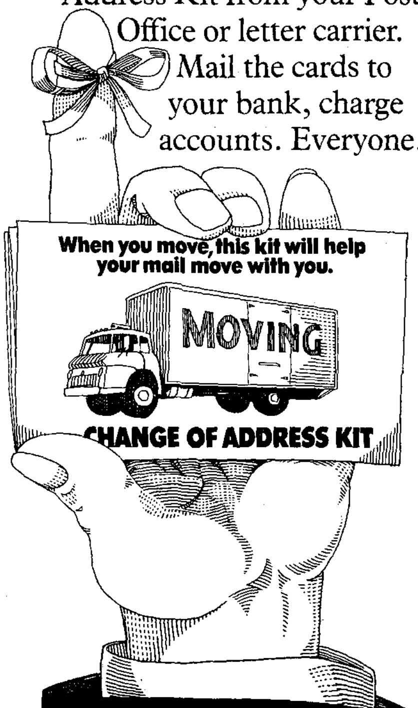
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old-fashioned set of steel bedsprings with a couple of scoop-plastic chairs mounted on it. There were pedals in front of the chairs, and steel wheels below the bedsprings. The sign said, "Dodge Railway Bike."

"The romance of the rails," Marshall said. "*Ex*cellent."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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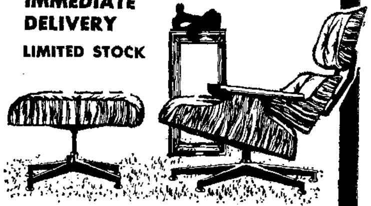

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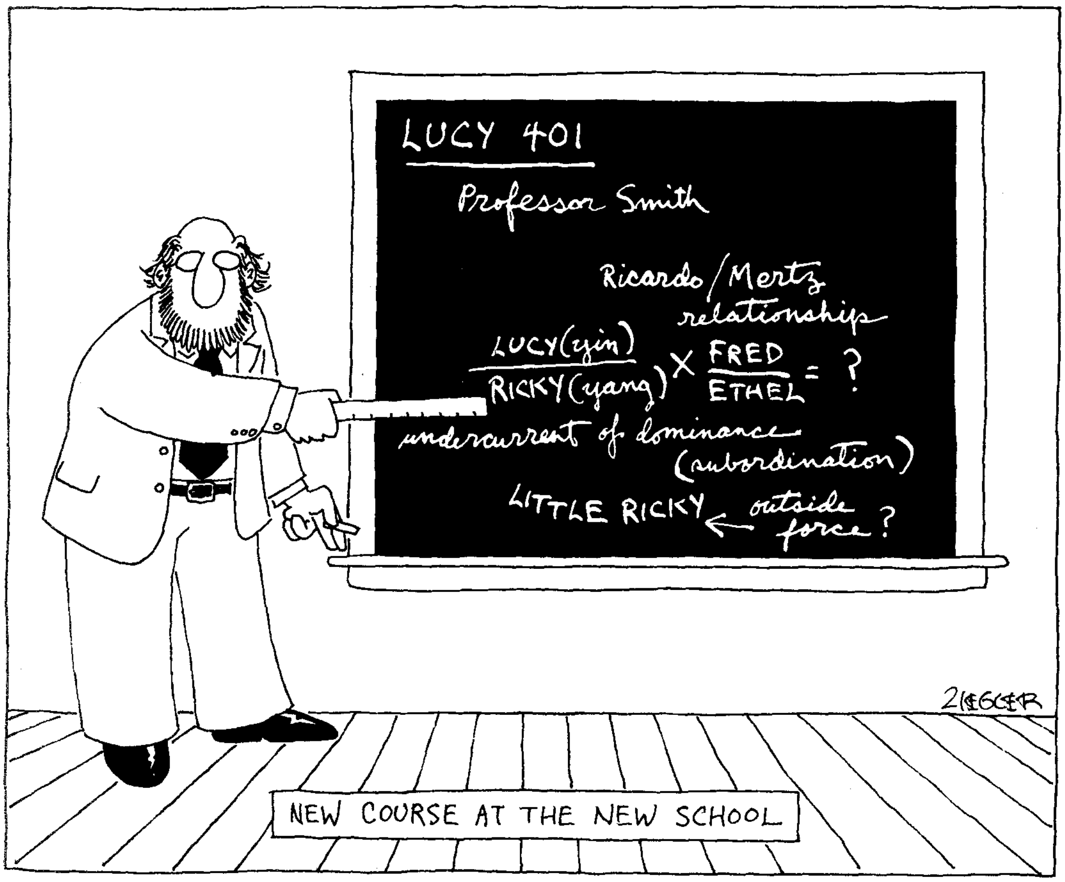
IN the second act of Arthur Miller's "Death of a Salesman," a significant scene takes place when Willy Loman, the salesman—he has just lost his job—calls in at his neighbor Charley's office to borrow some money. In the reception room, he meets Charley's son, Bernard, who is killing a little time before travelling down to Washington. The stage directions note that "a pair of tennis racquets and an overnight bag are on the floor" next to the chair Bernard is sitting in. Throughout his boyhood and young manhood, Bernard, in Willy Loman's mind, had been a drab bookworm—nothing at all compared to Willy's older son, Biff, who had been a glittering high-school football star and had been plied with scholarships by several large universities. Things have changed drastically, however. Biff, in the throes of a tragic psychological confusion brought on by his crushing disappointment in his father, never went to college, and has floundered around without purpose since his glory days in high school. Bernard, on the other hand, is now a lawyer and has obviously matured well. In his conversation with Willy in the reception room, we learn that Bernard is going to Washington to argue a case. (He doesn't mention that he will be arguing it before the Supreme Court, but his father does later.) When Willy asks him if he is going to play tennis in Washington, Bernard answers that he will be staying with a friend who has a court. The tennis racquets are, in a way, Bernard's oriflamme. Where Biff is lost, Bernard, the drab bookworm, has grown up into a solid, quietly assured young man who is on the right track and will almost certainly enjoy a happy and fruitful life.



NEW COURSE AT THE NEW SCHOOL

When "Death of a Salesman" opened on Broadway, in February, 1949, Miller's use of the tennis racquets as a symbol of Bernard's changed status was remarkably successful, for in those days tennis was associated predominantly with the well-to-do, well-bred, well-educated set. It definitely connoted the good, privileged life. Today, I should imagine, the racquets would not illustrate Miller's point quite so effectively, since the position of tennis has changed a great deal in this country during the intervening years. It has become an authentic major sport, played by a wide cross-section of the population, and, according to a Harris Survey taken a few years ago, it is now exceeded in spectator popularity only by football, baseball, and basketball. Back in 1949, nevertheless, tennis was not exactly static. It was growing annually at an estimated rate of five per cent in terms of sales, players, and courts, and it continued to do so throughout the nineteen-fifties and into the nineteen-sixties. In 1968, with the advent of open tennis—Wimbledon, Forest Hills, and the other traditional tournaments for the first time accepted the entries not only of amateurs but also of professionals—the tennis boom, which had long been predicted, suddenly broke like a tidal wave. It far surpassed anyone's anticipations, to put it mildly. Now, as the boom is approaching the close of its first decade, one sees on every side evidence of the deep indentation it has made in American life. For example, when I walk to Grand Central Station, a few blocks away, at the close of the working day, it is rare that I do not pass two or three persons carrying tennis racquets, and frequently I pass six or seven. Whereas people still stare at a man toting a bag of golf clubs—and understandably, considering its size and weight—the tennis racquet is now accepted as standard equipment, like the briefcase or the shopping bag. On my way to the station, I pass Feron's, one of the oldest tennis specialty shops in New York. It now sells not only tennis balls, racquets, and apparel but all sorts of knickknacks—ice buckets decorated with a color photograph of the Forest Hills marquee, thermos bottles designed to look like larger versions of the cans of tennis balls put out by the leading manufacturers, tennis drinking glasses, tennis scarves, tennis address and telephone books, tennis aprons, and mailboxes adorned with a drawing of a cute little puppy chewing on a tennis ball in front of a net. There is nothing singular about Feron's. In my walks around mid-Manhattan, I have passed quite a few other tennis shops, among them Court Set, Tennis Lady, The Racquet Shop, and Tennis in the 70s. Another thing: When I enter Grand Central, I am very much aware that up above, occupying what was originally office space in the section of the termi-

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nal building that fronts on Vanderbilt Avenue, is the Grand Central Racquet Club, which charges the highest fee I know of for renting either of its two courts—forty-five dollars an hour in prime time. I don't think there is any need to extend these introductory thoughts any further, except to add that wherever one travels, be it in the city, the suburbs, or the rural stretches, one runs into an astonishing abundance of relatively new tennis facilities, ranging from public courts built with public funds to elegant private clubs with outdoor and indoor courts, saunas, bars, and pools. Nearly all of them are seething with activity. In a word, there has never been a sports explosion in this country to compare with the tennis explosion—not the robust skiing boom before and after the Second World War; not the colossal golf boom in the nineteen-twenties, touched off by the popularity of Bobby Jones and the firmness of Coolidge prosperity; not the more recent golf boom, of the nineteen-fifties and sixties, in which Ben Hogan, President Eisenhower, our national affluence, Arnold Palmer, and television each played an important part. I have a friend who goes much further than this: he views the tennis boom as the most dramatic development in our mass culture since the advent of the Beatles—and he may well be right.

Since we live in an age in which most sports have official bureaus of statistics, which regularly provide us with the information that a certain major-league baseball player has just broken the record for most total hits in a career by a switch-hitter, or that a certain pro football player has just tied the record for most unassisted tackles during one game by an outside linebacker, or that a certain touring professional golfer barely missed equalling the record for fewest putts in a tournament round by a man using the ordinary overlapping (as opposed to the more popular reverse overlapping) grip, and other arcane data, it comes as rather a shock to discover that tennis, almost alone among the big sports, has never kept adequate records. I mention this because statistics, while never telling all of a story, can be a tremendous aid in helping one to understand some of its salient aspects. In any event, thanks to the assistance of a number of people who have been deeply involved in tennis for many years, I have been able to assemble some fairly hard figures and some informed estimates that I believe will serve to bring out the awesome proportions of the tennis boom.

- According to *Tennis Industry*, a

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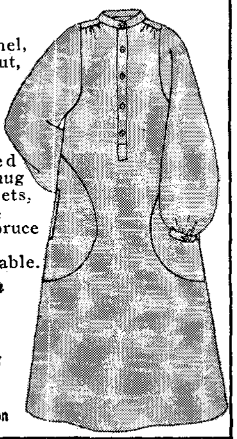

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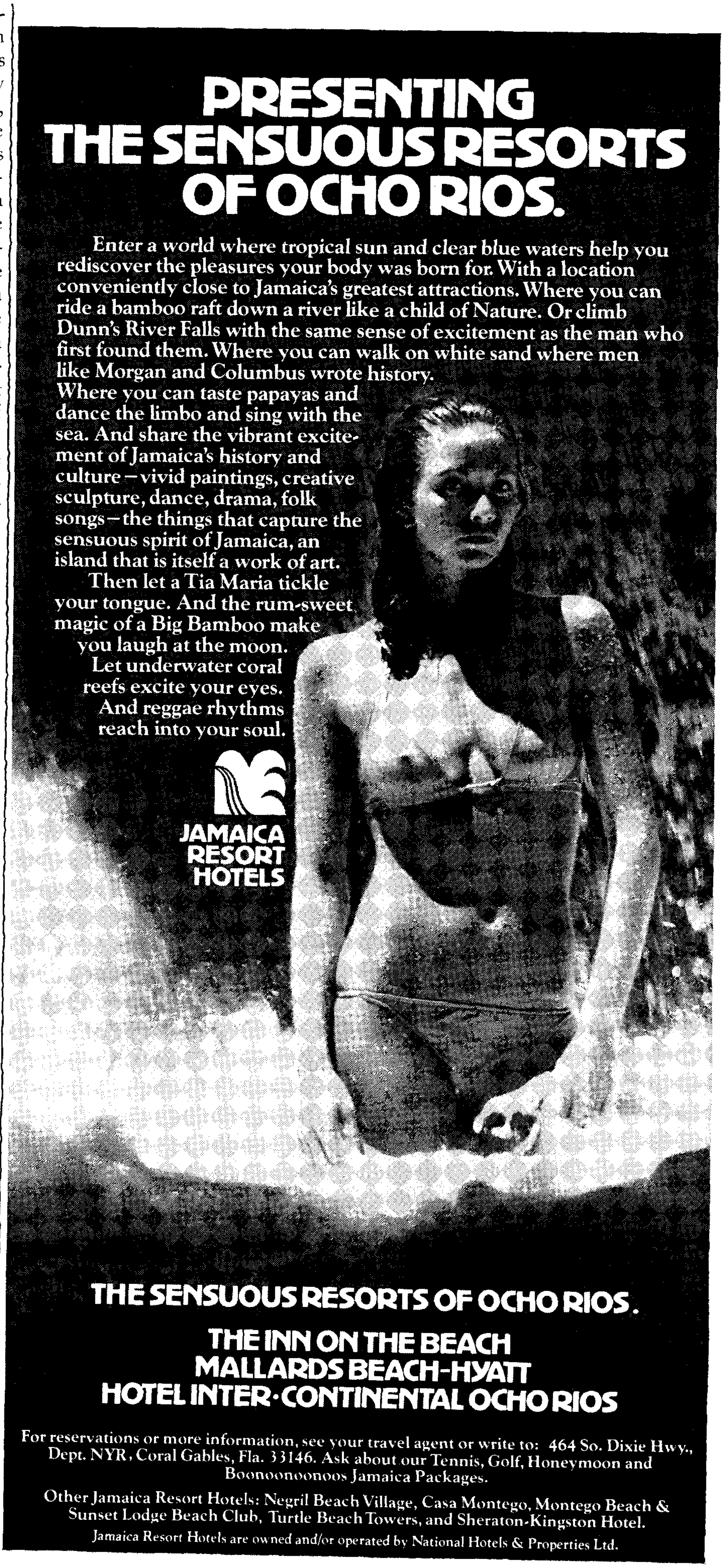
monthly trade journal published in Miami, a reliable pre-boom census taken in 1960 placed the number of tennis players in the United States at slightly over five and a half million. In 1970, when the A. C. Nielsen Company, the well-known market-research firm, was first called in to conduct a tennis survey, it found that about ten million Americans played the game “from time to time.” By 1976, according to a Nielsen study for that year, there were twenty-nine million tennis players in the country. This figure seemed a trifle exuberant to many people. The Nielsen field hands, they felt, must have counted anyone who had played any tennis at all that year, be it only a single set of doubles at a company outing. They believed that a much more accurate figure was 19,272,660, which the 1976 Nielsen report indicated to be the number of Americans who played tennis more than three times a month. (Six per cent of our players, the report informed us, were children under twelve, twenty-four per cent were teen-agers, thirty-five per cent were men, and thirty-five per cent women.)

- The best estimate of the number of tennis courts in the United States today is around a hundred and fifty thousand—more than twice the total before the boom. In the late sixties and early seventies, when tennis really began to grow, four to five thousand courts were built each year for individual owners, schools and colleges, towns and cities, clubs and resorts. Last year, somewhere in the neighborhood of eleven thousand new courts were built. This year, the figure is down a bit, because, beginning last autumn, our economic inflation began to affect tennis, and, for the first time since 1968, the boom started to taper off.
- The tabulations of Alfred S. Alschuler, Jr., one of the directors of a Chicago company called Tennis Planning Consultants, indicate that this year Americans will buy close to a hundred and fifty-seven million tennis balls—three times as many as in 1970. To keep up with the constantly increasing demand, in 1972 the General Tire & Rubber Company, one of the three large American manufacturers of tennis balls, doubled its production by opening a new plant in Phoenix, Arizona. Two years later, it opened another plant, in Ireland, and a year after that added one in Jonesboro, Arkansas. Still trying to keep up, it then expanded the facilities at its main plant, in Jeannette, Pennsylvania. It is difficult to obtain dependable figures on the production and sale of tennis racquets in this



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country. However, statistics on how many racquets have been imported each year during the nineteen-seventies are available. Until recently, about eighty per cent of the wooden-frame racquets sold here were made abroad (most of them in Taiwan, Pakistan, Belgium, and Japan), and, according to Alschuler, between 1970 and 1974 their number rose from two million three hundred thousand to nine million four hundred thousand. For 1976, Alschuler estimated the total gross sales of the tennis industry—balls, racquets, sneakers, clothes, court construction, club memberships, tennis camps, and so on—at a billion and a quarter dollars. Many people in the game think this is on the conservative side, and that two billion dollars would be nearer the mark.

- Counting day camps, there are now about five hundred tennis camps across the country.
- In 1968, *World Tennis*, our oldest tennis monthly magazine, had reached a circulation of forty-nine thousand five hundred. At present, its circulation is three hundred and twenty-five thousand.
- In 1960, there were approximately fifty indoor-tennis clubs in the United States. Today, there are some fifteen hundred indoor clubs, and around two million people play indoor tennis.
- Before the coming of open tennis, the men's amateur tournament schedule was limited to about fifteen substantial events a year—the players received their money under the table—and professional tennis consisted principally of several tours that wended their unpublicized, dusty ways around the globe. Once or twice a year, the pros convened to see who was playing the best tennis. Nowadays, there is at least one tournament of consequence every week of the year, and some weeks there are as many as five going on simultaneously, on several continents. (The tennis explosion has been a universal phenomenon, although in no other country has it been as tremendous as here.) Before 1968, there was no women's professional tennis to speak of. It has now become a thriving, many-sided business that offers astounding financial rewards. (In 1975, for example, Chris Evert earned $412,977 in prize money alone.) Most observers believe that the survival of the coast-to-coast league called World Team Tennis—a product of the boom which was established in 1973—has depended fundamentally on the presence of the world's best women players on the various teams.
- The vast increase in televised tennis has had an incalculable influence on the growth of the game. Of the total time allotted to sports in 1971 by the three commercial national networks, only two per cent went to tennis. By 1976, when televised tennis hit its peak, the figure was up to thirteen per cent. That year, counting the events telecast by the Public Broadcasting Service, a nonprofit national network, some seventy tournaments were covered, compared to seven in 1971. (Bud Collins, the informed and adroit commentator who is affiliated with both PBS and the National Broadcasting Company, appeared on nearly sixty telecasts in 1976 and was on the air at least a hundred and seventy-five hours.) Oh, it has been quite a change! Some Sundays the past few years, there have been three different television programs devoted to tennis at the fans' fingertips—more air time in a single day than the game was accorded over a full year prior to 1968. At that time, if I remember correctly, tennis coverage usually began and ended with abbreviated broadcasts from Forest Hills on the final two days of the championships. Speaking of championships, the Columbia Broadcasting System is said to have agreed to pay the United States Tennis Association between seven and eight million dollars for the rights to telecast the indoor championships (held in Salisbury, Maryland), the clay-court championships (in Indianapolis), and the climactic national championships (in New York City) this year and the next two years, a nice little hike from the 1973 contract whereby the U.S.T.A. (then the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association) received a million dollars for the rights to televise the championships at Forest Hills for three years. Previous to that, the U.S.L.T.A. had received a hundred thousand dollars a year for those television rights.

THE tennis boom, as you may have gathered, has been an uncommonly complicated affair. I would, however, like to comment briefly on some of the aspects of the boom that have struck me as especially interesting, including several that I feel haven't received the attention they deserve.

To begin with, the tennis boom has been unique as sports booms go in that persons of both sexes and of all ages have been a part of it. At least a third of the recruits have been middle-aged or past middle age—an unprecedented occurrence, since earlier in this century most Americans had come to accept the injunction that when a man reached forty he should stop shovelling snow

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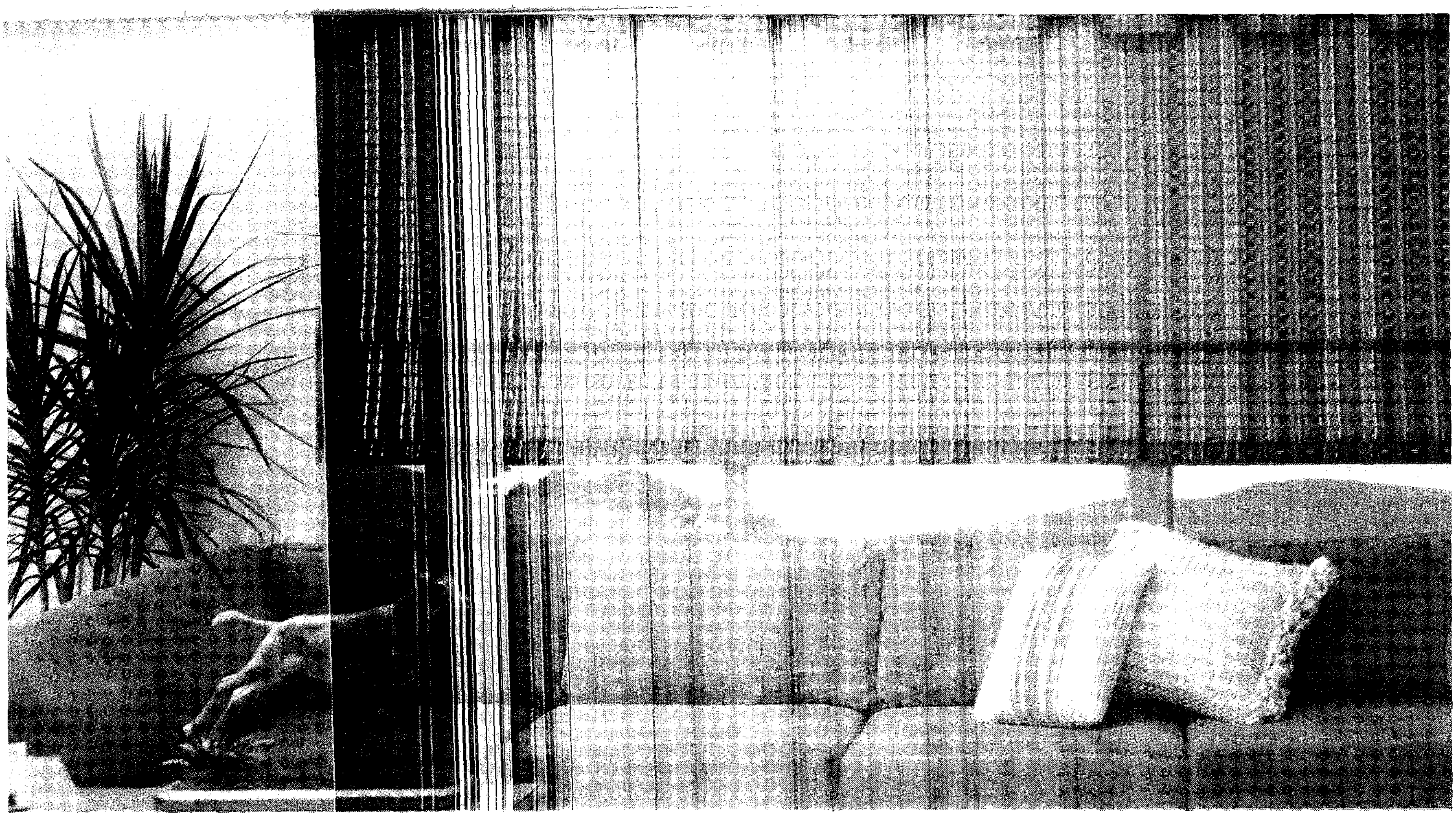

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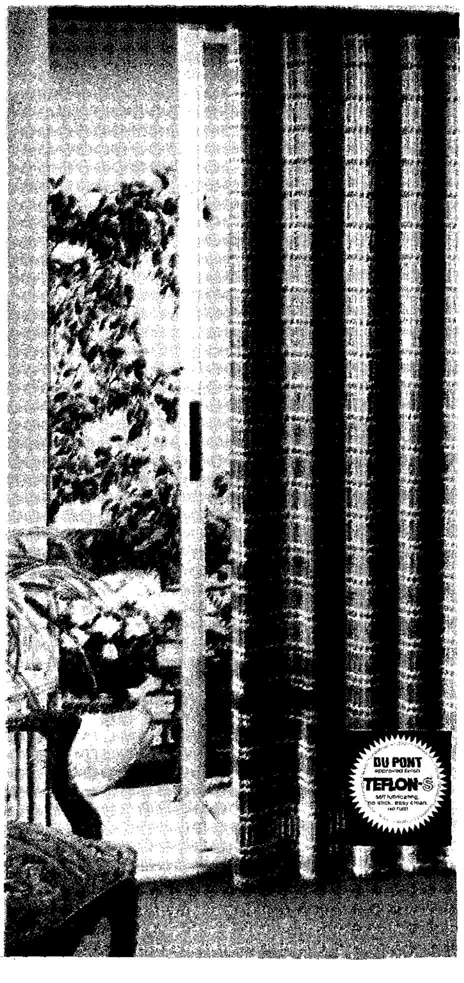

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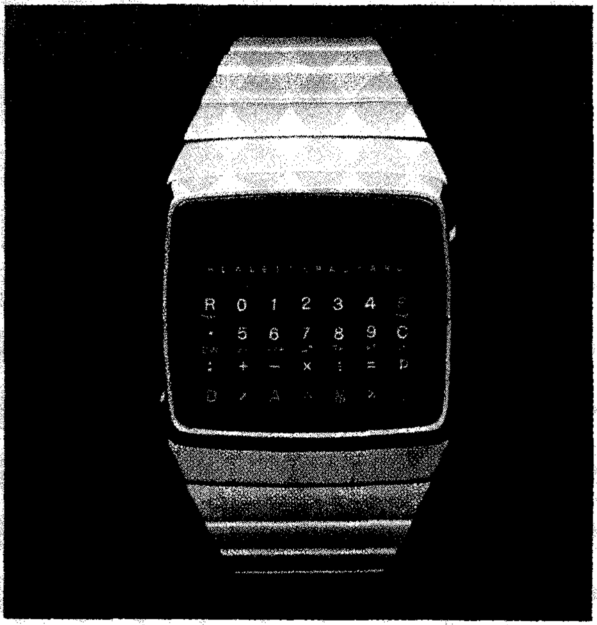

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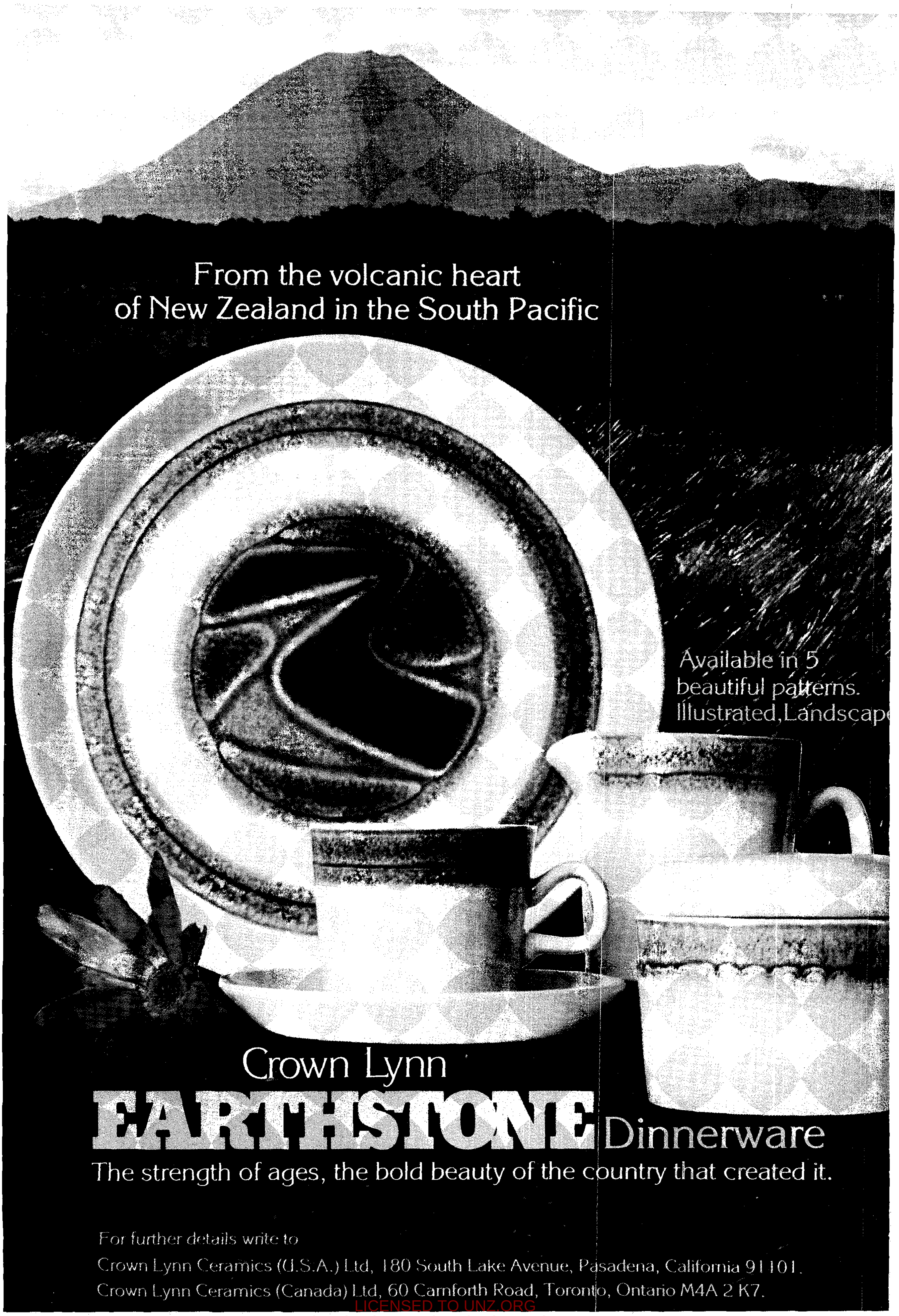
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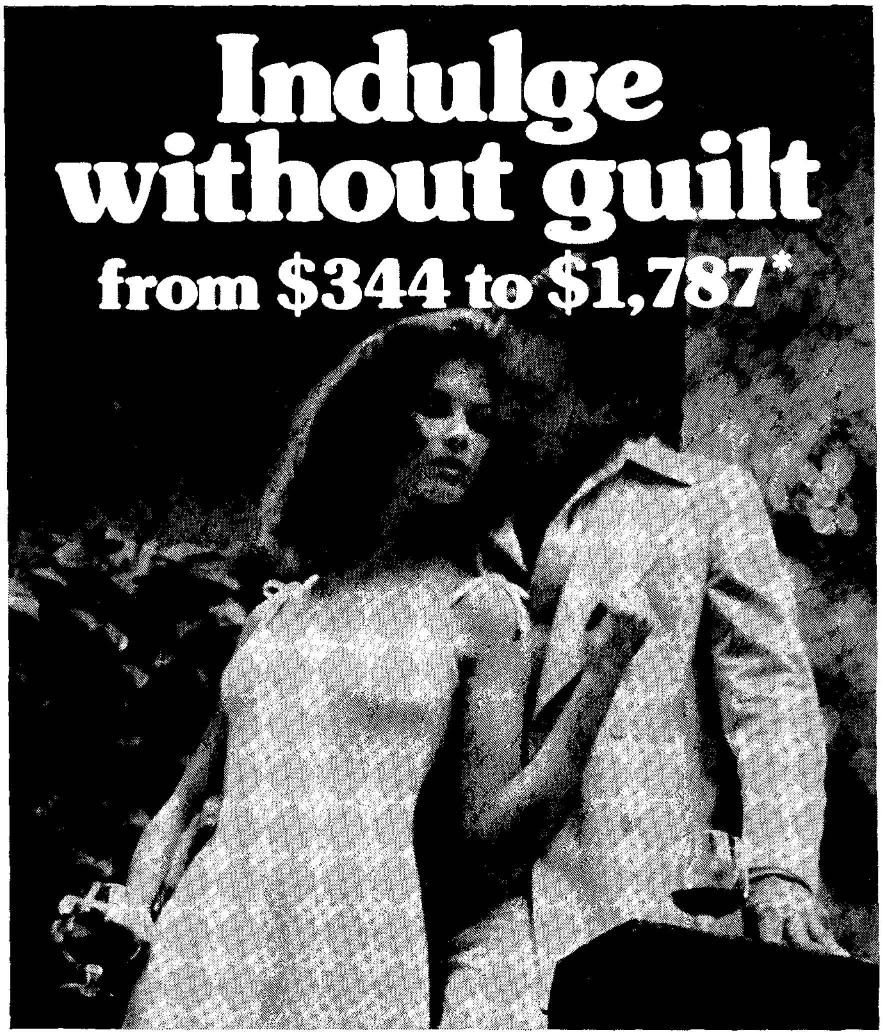
and cut out other strenuous physical activities that could lead to harmful overexertion. The person who probably did the most to disprove this bromide was Dr. Paul Dudley White, the Boston heart specialist who was called in by the White House after President Eisenhower suffered his heart attack in 1955. The next winter, the President, then sixty-five, went back to playing golf, for he had recovered well from his attack, and Dr. White was firmly of the belief that nothing promotes good health better than sensible exercise, even for people who are getting on in years. Americans were impressed by Dr. White's prescription whenever they saw a photo of President Eisenhower swinging a golf club or of Dr. White, no spring chicken himself, bent low over the handlebars of his bicycle. While tennis had always been listed among the "lifetime sports," along with fishing, golf, and shuffleboard, during the past decade it has shown itself to be emphatically that. In answer to popular demand, for some time now the U.S.T.A. has operated a series of tournaments for men sixty and over, sixty-five and over, seventy and over, and seventy-five and over. This past September, it established singles and doubles championships for men eighty and over.

Tennis also gained many new adherents, both before the boom and during it, from the repeated advice of medical leaders that it was not healthy to permit oneself to become fat. Playing a vigorous sport like tennis was one of the most agreeable ways to lose weight, and for this reason women, in particular, gravitated to it in numbers. Everybody likes to look well, and many women, once they had slimmed down a bit, discovered that when they wore a tennis dress it made them feel active, attractive, and "part of the scene." As a result, many of them started wearing tennis dresses when they went to the supermarket or performed other routine chores. Moreover, many women who didn't play the game began to wear tennis dresses around town simply because they found they looked nice in them. Before the tennis boom, it had been de rigueur at most tennis clubs for the players to dress only in white. During the boom, this changed, and outfits of all hues became permissible, but a lot of players, both newcomers to the game and people who had grown up with it, nevertheless preferred to wear white, and for the first time in many years white became an "in" color for women away from the court as well as on it. On the other



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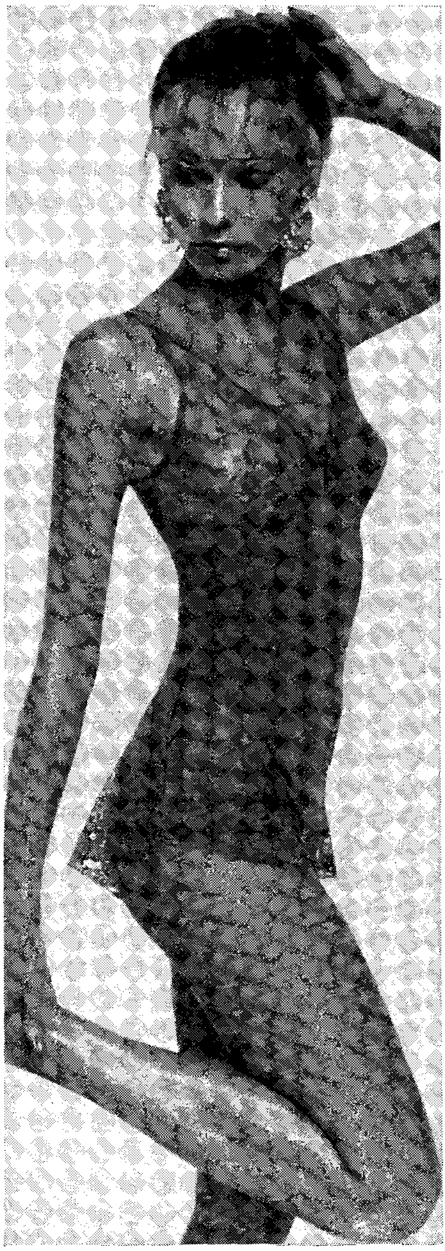

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hand, many men and women were all in favor of tennis outfits that came in different colors and patterns. They looked forward eagerly to sporting their persimmon outfit, say, in the first round of the club championship, and then, if they won, breaking out that spangled Euphrates-bronze number for their second-round match. In the opinion of Ed Fabricius, the public-relations director of the U.S.T.A., for some of the recent converts to tennis the acceptability of colored outfits has had a deeper meaning: it signifies that tennis no longer belongs to the people who wear only white and are members of the old, uppity clubs.

It is important, I believe, to stress that the flowering of tennis into an egalitarian passion didn't happen overnight—that the ground had been carefully prepared for it over a considerable period. In the nineteen-fifties, pockets of tennis enthusiasts, out of sheer love of the game, got local group-instruction programs started on school and public courts here and there around the country, and a national society called the Lifetime Sports Education Project attempted to do the same thing on a broader scale. In 1960 and 1961, the U.S.L.T.A. became interested in these efforts, and a joint committee, the U.S.L.T.A.-A.A.H.P.E.R. (the American Association of Health, Physical Education, and Recreation), was established. However, transforming this imposing amalgamation of initials into a functioning organization was a long process. It wasn't until 1972 that the U.S.L.T.A. ultimately set up an Education and Research Center (with one paid employee) in Princeton, New Jersey, under the direction of Eve Kraft, a local resident, and John Conroy, the University's tennis coach, with whom she had initiated a series of small, informal tennis classes back in the fifties which had evolved into a successful pilot program of group teaching. Today, the Education and Research Center, which produces numerous publications, distributes films, and holds regional teaching workshops, has a staff of eleven paid employees and receives adequate funds from the U.S.T.A. But the main point is this: the invaluable contribution made by the Princeton unit and other such units in the nineteen-sixties and afterward was in getting the tennis pro from the private club together with the physical-education instructor. The tennis pro had something definite to offer: he knew the game. The P.E. instructor also had something definite to offer: he or she might not know enough about tennis to teach

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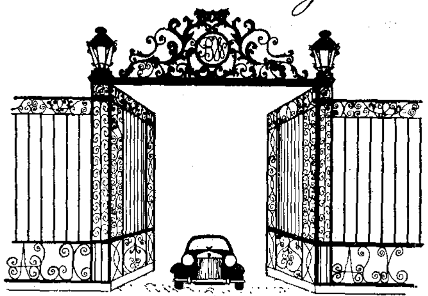

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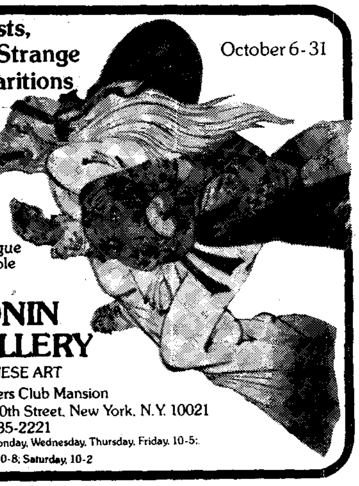

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people how to hit a slice service or a top-spin drive, but whereas most tennis pros were at home only when teaching an individual pupil, the P.E. instructor knew how to take sixty people onto a tennis court and conduct a controlled, educative hour of group instruction. "All of the successful grass-roots programs have depended on this cross-ventilation between the teaching pros and the P.E. teachers," Mrs. Kraft told me a while back. "The two disciplines augmented each other perfectly. The P.E. teachers were able to start group tennis instruction in many of our schools and public parks, and they interested countless young people in the game. Which reminds me—the other important service that units like ours provided was showing people the right procedure to get their local town councils to grant their schools and parks the funds to build the new courts that now were necessary." The Princeton Community Tennis Program, which Mrs. Kraft began twenty-two years ago, continues to be a model of how to teach an individual sport to large groups of players. This year, in the Princeton area, two thousand residents, young and old, took regular lessons from a staff of a hundred and fifty instructors.

The expanded television coverage of tennis acted as a powerful supplement to individual and group instruction, since it is exceedingly beneficial for players of all levels to observe the game's champions in action and to study their methods. Lamar Hunt, the head of World Championship Tennis, and NBC deserve the credit for originating the first series of national tennis telecasts. On eight Sundays in the winter and spring of 1972, NBC carried the final match of that week's W.C.T. tournament. On May 14th that year, the final of the W.C.T. championship was televised, and this was particularly fortunate. It enabled an audience that had swelled to over fifty million to watch what many tennis scholars regard as the finest match ever played. It brought together those two Australian wizards Rod Laver and Ken Rosewall, and, after three hours and thirty-four minutes of the most thrilling shotmaking imaginable, Rosewall, close to exhaustion and trailing Laver three points to five in the twelve-point tie breaker in the fifth set, managed to win the next four points and, with them, the match—4–6, 6–0, 6–3, 6–7, 7–6. One veteran head of sales for a prominent sporting-goods company believes that this one match turned a million people who had watched the telecast on to tennis. About a year and a half

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later, on the night of September 20, 1973, another enormous television audience was at its sets for the hundred-thousand-dollar challenge match—winner take all—between Bobby Riggs and Billie Jean King, which was held in the Houston Astrodome in a raucous carnival atmosphere that the Emperor Nero might have found very much to his tastes. A crowd of 30,492 spectators, a record for a tennis match, was on hand, and they saw some very good tennis—practically all of it played by Mrs. King, who was completely in control, winning 6–4, 6–3, 6–3. Mrs. King's stunning triumph had the effect of further increasing the already sizable army of women tennis players. Within a comparatively short time, however, the hundred-thousand-dollar purse Mrs. King had won began to look like peanuts. In April, 1975, Jimmy Connors, who comes from Illinois, and John Newcombe, of Australia, met in a televised challenge match in Las Vegas, and Connors, the winner, earned two hundred and fifty thousand dollars plus a healthy percentage of the match's total gross—not bad pay for about three hours' work. Last March, though, Connors surpassed this. He defeated Ilie Nastase in Puerto Rico in a televised challenge match that was advertised as a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar, winner-take-all confrontation. Not long afterward, however, word leaked out that the financial structure of the match had been slightly misrepresented, and that Connors had been guaranteed five hundred thousand dollars and Nastase a hundred and fifty thousand. This was bad business. Television has done a great deal to help popularize tennis, but I trust we are all somewhat wiser now than before this put-on and more aware that as we enter the Age of Very Big Sport we must be extremely vigilant. Already a good deal of the spirit of sport has gone out of sport, and if we let ourselves nod off the national associations will become superannuated and the big money will control sports.

The appreciable income that a tennis player of tournament calibre can currently accumulate has not been lost on our aspiring young athletes. (For starters, last year the six top-ranked American men each collected over two hundred thousand dollars in prize money alone.) Many teen-agers, of both sexes, with an aptitude for athletics have dropped the other sports they were connected with in favor of pouring their energy into tennis, which they look upon as a gravy train that will keep on rolling for a good many years to come. Still, the large majority of teen-agers who have taken up tennis have done so simply because they were smitten by the game. (They also prefer the informal atmosphere of a small tennis club or tennis-and-swimming club to the stiffness that prevails at many country clubs.) The tennis boom has provided this group with a pantheon of heroes and heroines they can identify with and admire. In this general connection, for some reason that defies understanding, tennis, from its beginnings, had been regarded in certain circles as a prissy, decorous, almost effeminate game. The only explanations of this nonsense which occur to me are that tennis is not a contact sport—baseball isn't, either, and basketball isn't meant to be—and that a lot of wealthy people who speak in overly refined accents had long been associated with it. Surely if a person has watched two competent players in action for the better part of a set it must be obvious to him that tennis is an unusually taxing game, requiring exceptional coördination. In fact, I know of no other sport that demands as much all-around athletic skill, physical stamina, and competitive courage as tennis does. (Think of the meetings between Bjorn Borg, of Sweden, and Connors in which they blazed away at top speed for hours without letup.) In any event, as the public became acquainted with handsome, rugged fellows like Borg and Newcombe and came to appreciate the artistry and appeal of young women like Chris Evert and Evonne Goolagong (to say nothing of the ferocious, if frequently misguided, talents of Connors and Nastase), the old Fauntleroy stigma that tennis had long had to put up with was removed once and for all. I am reminded of the similar service President Eisenhower performed for golf. For years, whenever I walked through Grand Central Station carrying my golf bag, there were always a couple of guys who had to sing out chidingly, "Play a good game, Reginald," or something along that line. This stopped abruptly when Eisenhower's fanatic love of golf became known. If Ike, a down-to-earth, regular fellow, liked golf—so went the thinking—the game had to be all right. But, to return to tennis, in this age of extremes an ironic switch has occurred: what was formerly derided by many as too gentle and gentlemanly a sport has taken on definite macho overtones among some groups, and today there are more than a few players who swagger around encased in their peacocky sweatsuits and thumbing their hundred-and-ten-dollar Yamaha racquets (complete with vibration-dampening foam) as if they were characters out of the violent novels of John D. MacDonald or Ross Macdonald.

Golf has played a much more influential role in the growth of tennis than is generally understood. Several years before open tennis arrived, golf began to undergo some injurious modifications. At most golf clubs, the bulk of the players—men who scored in the high 80s, in the 90s, and often in three figures—took it into their heads to approach the game like the touring tournament pros they saw on television: they started to take three minutes to study a putt and then two minutes more to hit it. Since these club players in time went in for the same exquisite dawdling before executing every shot from tee to green, it wasn't long before it took them—and everybody else—five hours to play eighteen holes. Now it takes five and a half hours. During the period in which this slowdown was taking place, at many clubs riding in a golf cart replaced walking as the accepted method of getting around a course. The chief result of this innovation was that no one got much exercise unless he was a demon for replacing divots. These distortions of the game displeased a number of golfers, and many of them reacted by playing less golf and more tennis than before. It made a lot of sense. A five-and-a-half-hour round ate up your whole Saturday or Sunday. In an hour and a half on the tennis court, you could get infinitely more exercise—indeed, a real workout. There were other reasons that people who had previously played neither game turned to tennis. In many areas, it was next to impossible to get into the desirable golf clubs; after the golf boom of the fifties and sixties, these clubs had long waiting lists. The new tennis clubs, granted, possessed less prestige than the old country clubs, but at least there were memberships to be had, and as the tennis boom kept booming the people to whom social status was of some concern decided that a well-run tennis club took care of their needs sufficiently. Besides, tennis clubs were much less expensive than golf clubs. Consider the difference in the entrance fees. An ivied golf club might set a new member back as much as ten thousand dollars, but it took only seven hundred and fifty dollars to join one of the better tennis clubs. There was a wide disparity, too, between the annual

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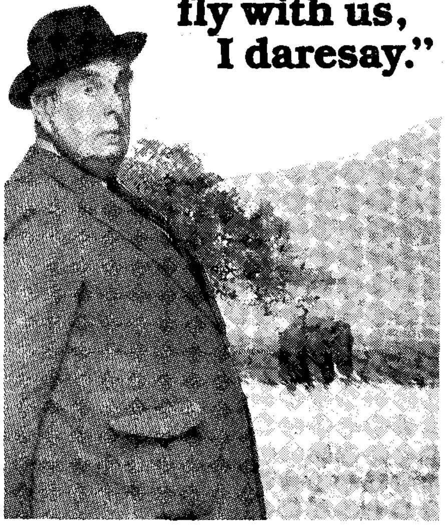

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dues at golf clubs and at tennis clubs, to say nothing of miscellaneous expenses; as a rule, a golf club cost a member three times as much. One could understand why. A fairly large staff and expensive machinery were needed to maintain the hundred and fifty acres, or more, that the eighteen holes occupied, but a couple of men could maintain sixteen clay-type or composition courts without much trouble.

As the tennis clubs gradually acquired a personality of their own, an important change took place. In many communities, families began to spend more time at the tennis club, since the kids liked hanging around the club as much as the adults did, and the two groups somehow didn't get in each other's way. Many unanticipatable things happened to make the operation of the clubs work out well. For example, on weekday afternoons, when the cost of renting a court was the lowest, the housewives, having planned their day accordingly, took over in numbers. At first, Saturday and Sunday nights presented a headache—the clubs were deserted because their members, as they always had, drove into town to eat dinner or catch a show. This gradually altered. Three or four couples at indoor clubs started the practice of renting a court for a few hours on Saturday night, after which they would go on to the home of one of the couples for a late dinner. This soon was taken up by many other members, as was a related form of entertainment: twenty couples would band together to rent the entire club for a New Year's Eve party or some other gala occasion. As more and more clubs added indoor courts, the tennis club became the year-round focus of its members' social life.

No one was really surprised when an increasing percentage of boys and girls of junior-high and high-school age developed into capable players. This seemed only natural when one took into account the early age at which they had started tennis, the immense amount of time they spent playing and practicing, the many hours of instruction they received, and the ardor engendered by being involved in an "in" game. It was a mystery, though—and it still is to me—how so many men and women over forty who had never played tennis in their youth and who apparently possessed not a particle of athletic talent somehow managed to learn to play respectable tennis. For years before the boom, I had seen such people stepping onto tennis courts and finding that it was beyond their powers to run to the ball and hit it. I had assumed that they

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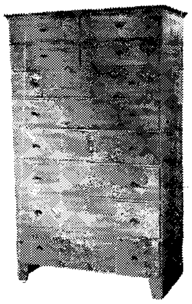

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faced up to the facts after a few dismal sessions of endlessly whiffing the air, and thereafter concentrated on swimming or bridge or whatever it was they were good at and enjoyed. How is it that in recent years so many of these same hopeless cases have fared so much better? The only possible answers, I should think, are improved instruction and many more hours of practice. One particular day comes to mind—a day I spent some five years ago in Bretton Woods, New Hampshire, where Rod Laver and Roy Emerson were running a tennis camp for adults which consisted of a series of seven-day clinics, the campers arriving on Sunday and leaving the following Saturday. About forty players of various degrees of skill were attending the camp at the time of my visit. Laver, who is not notably outgoing by nature, did not seem to be relishing his teaching chores, but Emerson, an eminently gregarious man, was patently having a very good time, even though he spent most of the morning session working with the poorest players. There was one outstandingly sad case, who I thought would prove to be too much even for a man as patient and resourceful, and as adept at teaching, as Emerson. She was that classic type—a woman in her early forties who seemed utterly devoid of eye-and-hand coördination and could not make contact with the ball no matter how slowly it was hit to her. Emerson delegated the rest of his pupils to an assistant and began working with the woman himself. He stood at the net and had her stand at the opposite service line, and tossed a dozen balls underhand so that they bounced up softly for her. She didn't hit one. He crossed to her side of the net and, standing twelve or fourteen feet away, repeated the procedure. Same story. He called over a young assistant to handle the ball tossing, and, moving behind the woman and holding her arm, tried to transmit to her the movement, the feel, that goes into the forehand stroke. She ticked one or two balls on the frame of her racquet the first time they tried this. They kept repeating the exercise, and halfway through the third batch of balls tossed by the assistant she began to hit some of them on the face of the racquet. Two hours later, I checked to see what further progress, if any, she had made. She had rejoined the group made up of the least advanced players—it is essential to divide a class into different groups according to their relative ability, so that the novices do not suffer humiliation—and, somehow, she was hitting every

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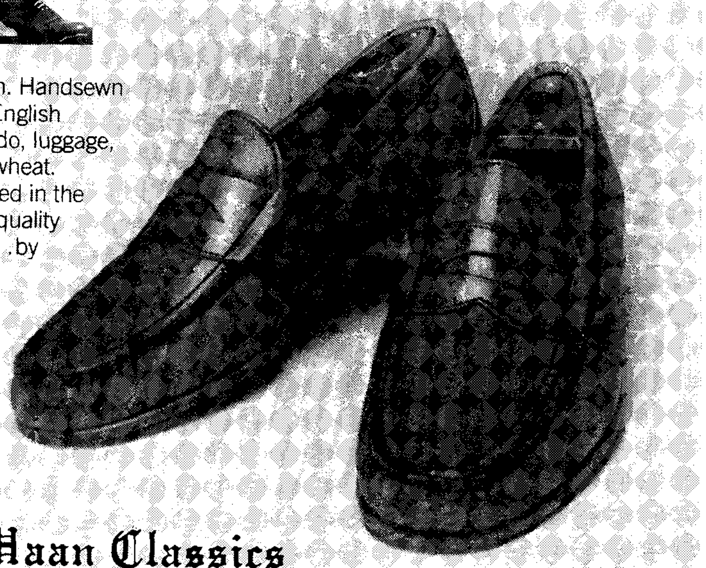

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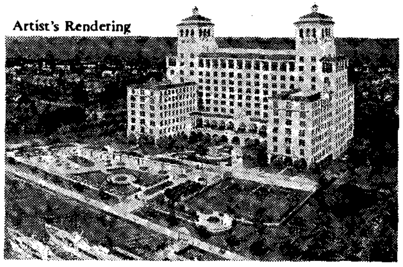

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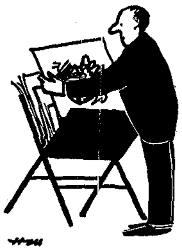
other ball on her racquet strings with what vaguely resembled a tennis stroke. I saw her again late in the afternoon after Emerson had given her a little more individual attention and when her group was preparing to call it a day. She was still very unsure of herself, but every so often she delivered a nice-looking forehand with a suspicion of timing. I couldn't believe my eyes. I have an idea that before her week at tennis camp was over, this woman had been exposed with some success to the elements of the serve, the backhand, and the volley, and that she had returned home with a sufficient knowledge of the fundamentals and just enough confidence to undertake playing tennis with her friends, to go on improving, and to become in time a passable doubles player who genuinely enjoyed the game. By the way, most of the older people who have taken up tennis in the past decade have approached it with a wonderfully sensible attitude. They have not tried to serve like Arthur Ashe or paste a forehand like Greer Stevens. They have been content to get the ball back over the net with the most dependable stroke they can devise, and they have been quick to grasp the wisdom of Hazel Hotchkiss Wightman's adage: If you can return the ball successfully three times in a row, you will probably win the point.



One of the happier repercussions of the boom among people past the blush of youth was the formation of the Tennis Grand Masters, in 1973, by Alvin Bunis, of Cincinnati, a former tournament player, who had retired from the scrap-iron business in 1972 at the age of forty-nine. Three years before that, following a match against the ageless Gardnar Mulloy in the National Senior Grass Courts Championships, an idea had struck Bunis: Wouldn't it be marvellous if one could assemble the older champions, like Mulloy, who were still able to play excellent tennis? After his retirement, he set out to do this. En route, he evolved three fundamental requirements for any player who wished to compete in a Grand Masters tournament: the player had to be over forty-five; he had to have won a national or a major championship; and he had to be able to play at a level that would be of interest to a critical gallery. In 1973, Bunis held an experimental tournament at the Town Club, in Milwaukee, banking heavily on such old horses as Frank Sedgman, Vic Seixas, and Tom Brown to carry the load. The tournament went extremely well. Later that year, he interested Mulloy, Pancho Segura, and Sven Davidson in his project and also consolidated the format that the Grand Masters still adheres to for all its tournaments: on Friday, a field of eight players meets in four singles matches; on Saturday, two doubles matches and the singles semifinals are played; on Sunday, the two finals take place. The following year, 1974, was an encouraging one. The troupe was booked for several ten-thousand-dollar tournaments. (This meant that the least any player received was seven hundred and twenty-five dollars.) Many long-established tennis clubs, like Merion and Pebble Beach, which did not have the physical plant or the wherewithal to take care of Connors and company, were delighted at the chance to present, at popular prices, Sedgman, Seixas, Davidson, Torben Ulrich, and other stars of an earlier era who had come out of the woodwork when word got around about the Grand Masters. "The big thing about our tournaments is the quality of the tennis," Bunis said not long ago. "Our fellows can't blister the ball the way they used to, but everything is relative, and the spectators aren't all that aware that the pace of play has slowed down. What they do notice is the players' beautiful execution of their strokes and the way they move an opponent around to set up a winning stroke. The Grand Masters, I believe, is the only group of middle-aged professional athletes still playing a strenuous physical game, and this gives their galleries a terrific lift."

In 1975, when Almaden Vineyards contracted to underwrite eleven tournaments, the Grand Masters really arrived. Each year since, they have played several other tournaments in this country and have performed overseas in such countries as Australia, Denmark, England, Italy, South Africa, Sweden, and Saudi Arabia. In 1975, incidentally, Sedgman's prize money came to seventy-five thousand dollars, the second-highest amount ever collected in one year by this extraordinary athlete, who roughly a quarter of a century ago won one Wimbledon Championship, two Australian Championships, and two United States Championships. Sedgman is now forty-nine. Seixas, at fifty-four, is the oldest of the current touring players. He will be the host in November at White Sulphur Springs, where he is the director of tennis, when the Grand Masters assemble for their championship, which will be telecast nationally by PBS.

WHENEVER I think of the tennis boom, I think of one man in particular, John Gardiner, who, among his multiple enterprises, owns and operates the famous tennis ranches in Carmel Valley, California, and Scottsdale, Arizona, that bear his name. Gardiner epitomizes the enormous change that the tennis boom has wrought in the lives of hundreds of men and women who had been connected with the sport for years and who had the good fortune and the necessary intelligence to ride the wave when it eventually broke. I first met Gardiner in 1951, when he was the tennis pro at Pebble Beach. A likable, outgoing, ambitious young man from West Philadelphia who had attended Pennsylvania State Teachers College and had taught tennis at summer camps in the Poconos, he had decided to settle on the West Coast when he got out of the service after the Second World War. Gardiner, who has the sun-whitened blond hair and clear blue eyes that are so common among tennis players, was beginning at that time to get a little heavy, and one gathered that he had long since given up any dreams of becoming a tournament player and would be devoting all of his time to teaching. His domain at Pebble Beach was not grand. It consisted of only three courts. They received a fair amount of play, and Gardiner gave a good number of lessons, but he was filled with a sense of great insignificance. Few people who lived in the neighborhood—the Monterey Peninsula—were really into tennis. Many of them talked and lived golf, and this wasn't unusual, considering that the course at Pebble Beach may be the finest in the world and that only a few miles away were the Monterey Peninsula Country Club and the dramatic and fascinating course at Cypress Point. When the conversation wasn't about golf, it was about horses, for many residents of the peninsula were all wrapped up in jumping, trail riding, and hunting. Gardiner found it difficult to get the youngsters he taught tennis to concentrate primarily on that game—their other interests seemed to take precedence. "That was frustrating, and so was developing a sound, comprehensive system of teaching tennis," he once told me. "There weren't many first-rate instruction books. You had to go way back to Bill Tilden's 'Match Play and the Spin of the Ball.' The current stars didn't tell you much." The desire to learn all he

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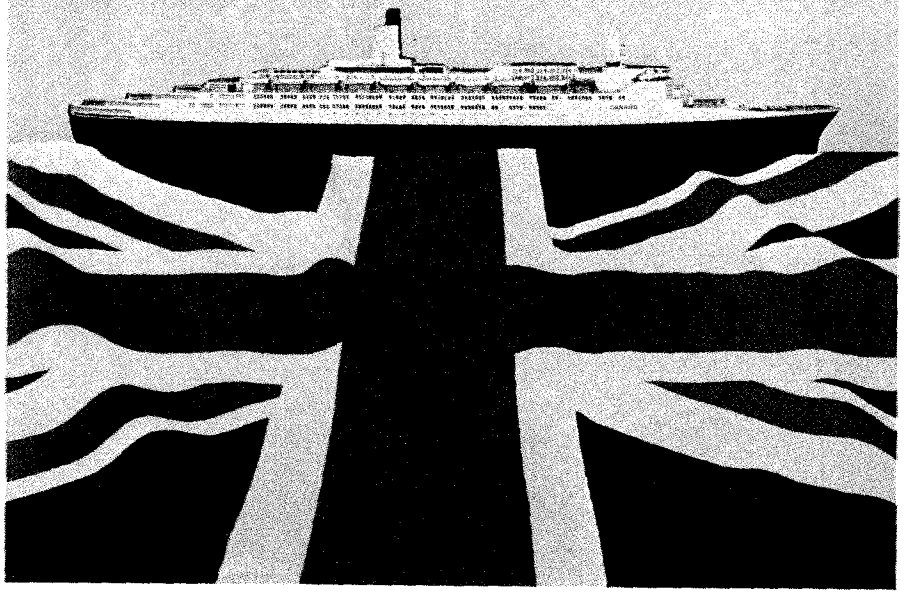

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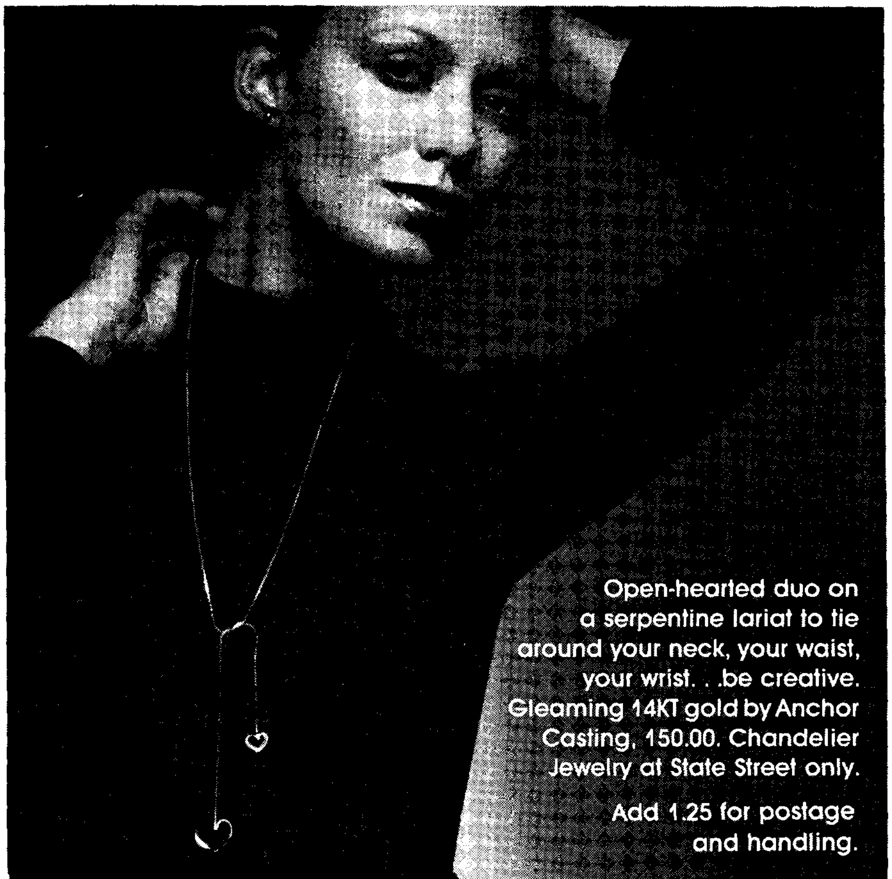
could by observing the top players in action led Gardiner to take off part of two years in the middle nineteen-fifties to work on the staff of Jack Kramer's professional tour.

In 1957, Gardiner made the decision that was to change the course of his career. While still holding on to his job at Pebble Beach, he purchased, with the assistance of friends, a tract of twenty acres—beautiful land, on which stood a low-slung country house with a swimming pool—near the village of Carmel Valley, fourteen miles inland from the coastal highway. He built three tennis courts and added some cottages, and John Gardiner's Tennis Ranch opened for business. For a while, it showed more promise than profit. For example, in the summer of 1958, when Gardiner ran his first tennis camp at the ranch—fourteen campers paid a fee of three hundred dollars for the three-week session—he lost nineteen thousand dollars. At the same time, he had the feeling that he had hit on an idea with a future. His camp, by the way, wasn't the first tennis camp. As far as one can ascertain, that distinction belongs to Jean Hoxie, an able and dedicated tennis teacher who established a summer tennis camp in the middle nineteen-forties in Hamtramck, Michigan. However, since most of Mrs. Hoxie's campers were kids from the Hamtramck area who returned home after each day's sessions—the other campers lived with Mrs. Hoxie in her home—it was basically a day camp, and Gardiner thinks that his was the first tennis camp that operated along the same lines as a regular summer camp. Today, twenty years later, Gardiner's tennis camp in Carmel Valley holds three three-week sessions, each attended by a hundred and twenty campers, and the tuition is eight hundred dollars. The camp currently has sixteen courts, a teaching staff of eight professionals and twenty-two college players, along with all the newfangled teaching equipment, from videotape-replay machines to computerized ball machines. A few years ago, Gardiner opened a second summer camp for boys and girls at Sun Valley, which has also fared very well.

I spent some time at Gardiner's Tennis Ranch in Carmel Valley in August, 1959, when the camp was in its second season. Gardiner was pleased by the camp's growth and its prospects, but whenever we talked about the programs for adults he had been trying to get started at the ranch, his mood changed abruptly and he became somewhat gloomy. "Look, I'm not trying to make all the money in the world," I remember him saying one evening. "At the same time, we're raising a family now, which takes money, and I must admit I'm a little unhappy about how much better golf professionals do than we tennis professionals. When you drop into their big shops, they're selling their members new golf bags, new golf balls, new clubs, new gloves, new golf shoes, new umbrellas, new golf hats, new rain clothes—you name it. On top of that, they're now in the clothing game. They've got racks and racks of slacks and skirts, endless piles of blouses and sport shirts and shorts and sweaters. They pick up another bundle from renting their fleet of golf carts. Golf—that's the perfect game to get into. In tennis, your merchandising possibilities are so limited. There's only so much equipment and clothes a player needs. But the crux of the matter is the difficulty you have getting more adults to play tennis. Anybody can play golf. A man can be in his sixties and way out of condition, but that's no trouble—he can rent a cart. He may have the worst golf swing in the world, but he can still make contact with the ball, and somehow he hits some surprisingly good shots. The same is true of women golfers. Tennis is entirely different. To play it well enough to derive some pleasure and satisfaction, you must be in good enough physical shape to do quite a lot of running. Then, in order to hit the ball and keep it in play, you have to have some athletic ability. Most boys and girls who are exposed to tennis learn to play a creditable game. That's why our tennis camps have done well, and most people who learned tennis when they were young will go on to play it all their lives. But adults who have no previous tennis background often find the game too hard to learn when they're middle-aged and slowing down. That's the problem." If I remember correctly, during this period, apart from local members who were drawn to the ranch because of its charm and good food, and who played a lot of their tennis there, the prosperity of the project depended to a large degree on special package deals, such as five-day slim-down-and-shape-up clinics—tennis, saunas, massage, relaxation, and rest—aimed at youngish matrons from the San Francisco area. One can understand why Gardiner occasionally envied the golf entrepreneurs.

Gardiner made his next big move in 1967, just before the tennis boom erupted. It was a definite gamble. With some friends of his, he bought fifty-three acres on Camelback Mountain,



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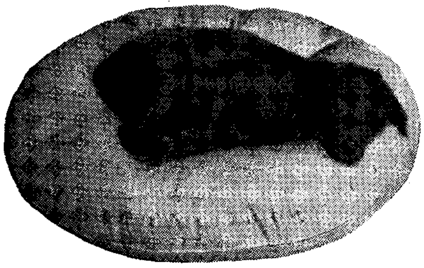

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in Scottsdale, Arizona, which had originally been developed as a tennis club by the movie stars John Ireland and Joanne Dru, who were husband and wife. They hadn't been able to make a go of it, nor had the club's next three owners. Gardiner and his associates built twenty-five courts at John Gardiner's Tennis Ranch on Camelback. They also built forty-one condominiums, called casitas, priced between fifty and sixty-eight thousand dollars. By this time, it was clear that many people were interested in investing in a condominium at a golf resort or a skiing resort. But would anyone buy a condominium at a tennis resort? The answer was quick in coming. Within fourteen months, all the condominiums had been sold. In 1970, when Camelback expanded, there was a change: no new condominiums were built, but twelve new single-family houses, called casas, six of them with their own pool and tennis court, went up. The most expensive casa cost more than half a million dollars, but the most interesting probably is the one that belongs to Ken Rosewall, who teaches at Camelback's clinics. Rosewall's tennis court is situated on the roof of his house.

The season at the Camelback ranch extends from autumn through early spring. The heart of the operation is the seven-day clinics. They are held over a thirty-three-week span and have been going on since 1968-69. Each Sunday, an average of eighty tennis enthusiasts—the exact size of each weekly clinic depends on the accommodations that are made available by the owners' rentals of their casitas and casas—converge from all over the world on the Camelback ranch for what Gardiner likes to refer to as "a purposeful vacation." Thirty-six professionals, each a graduate of Gardiner's nine-week training course, make up the teaching staff. The cost of a week's clinic at Camelback for two people runs to around fourteen hundred dollars, and the annual gross of the clinics is now over two and a half million dollars. Additionally, the Carmel Valley ranch now holds twenty-five weekly clinics in the autumn and spring, and Gardiner is also involved in adult camps in Sugar Bush, Vermont (strictly a summer proposition); Dillon, Colorado; Port St. Lucie, Florida; and Century City, a part of Los Angeles.

Gardiner deserves his success. Aside from his obvious ability as a businessman, he has appreciated from the start that "we're only as good as our product, which is teaching tennis." Ninety per cent of his instructors are college

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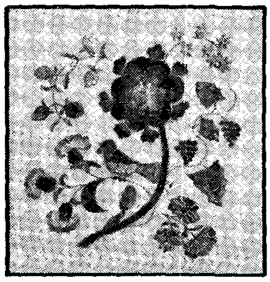

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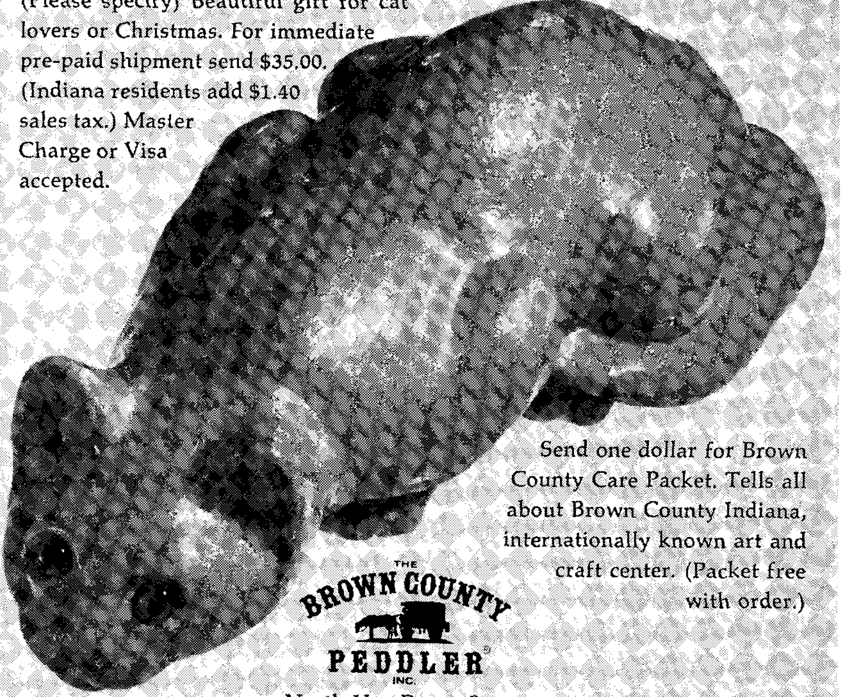
graduates; many of them found there was a shortage of jobs in education and turned to tennis. Gardiner believes in an uncomplicated, uniform system of instruction—hence the nine-week training course—and he is certain the higher the number of balls a player gets to hit, the better his chances of improving his game. When we talked this past summer, I think he became most animated when describing how the girls and boys at his summer camps get eighty-two hours of instruction and play seventy-five matches during their three-week session. Gardiner has a lot on his mind these days, but he makes sure he still does some teaching himself.

ONE of the most spectacular repercussions of the tennis boom took place this past year, when the U.S.T.A. decided that, following the 1977 tournament, the national championships would be moved from the West Side Tennis Club, in Forest Hills, where they have been held continuously since 1924, to a new public tennis center, in Flushing Meadow Park, near Shea Stadium, which would be built by the U.S.T.A. at the estimated cost of six million dollars. The U.S.T.A. will manage the tennis center, but it will pay the City of New York a minimum annual rent of a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. The relationship between the West Side Tennis Club and the U.S.T.A. has been an unhappy one for some time now, with each implying that the other has let it down in grievous ways, but in the last analysis the U.S.T.A.'s decision rested on the conviction that the championships had outgrown Forest Hills. The plans for Flushing Meadow Park call for expanding the existing Louis Armstrong Stadium to hold around twenty-one thousand spectators—the stadium at Forest Hills seats 12,644—as well as erecting two sizable buildings that would house a number of indoor courts. What is also important is that there is to be room for parking more than eight thousand autos, which would correct one of Forest Hills' major handicaps. In addition, adequate refreshment areas, rest rooms, and up-to-date accommodations for the players are to be installed. Since the new complex will operate as a year-round tennis facility, it will have about forty courts, outdoor and indoor, which will be available to the public on a rental basis during the non-tournament weeks. According to the president of the U.S.T.A., William Ewing (Slew) Hester, Jr., an oil wildcatter from Mississippi, who is much more of a go-



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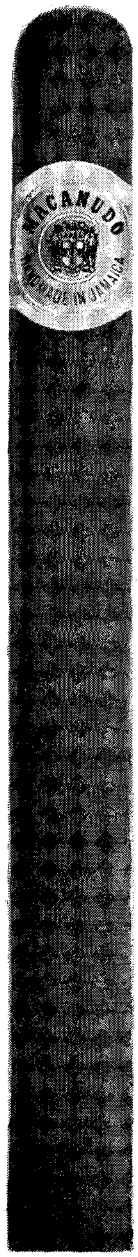

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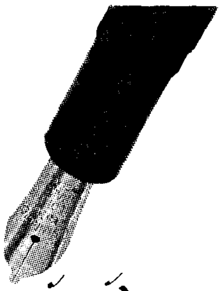
getter than most of his predecessors in that office, the Flushing Meadow Park plant should be completed in time for the 1978 championships. The courts, we are told, will be of the hard-surface, asphaltic type—fairly fast courts whose playing properties are about halfway between clay and grass. Inasmuch as we can't seem to grow good grass dependably in this country and since there were already enough clay-court championships before we switched over to claylike Har-Tru at Forest Hills in 1975, just about everyone is agreed that a hard surface is undoubtedly the best kind of court on which to hold our American championships.

Until the final day, when Guillermo Vilas, of Argentina, won the men's championship by upsetting Jimmy Connors in one of the most exciting matches I can remember, the tournament that marked the farewell to Forest Hills was a profoundly dull one. It started out under somewhat less than auspicious conditions, for the two favorites in the men's singles, Connors, the defending champion, and Borg, the current Wimbledon champion—he had defeated Connors in the final—were both hampered by injuries. The previous week, Connors had hurt the lower part of his back practicing for a tournament in Boston, and the day before the start of the championship Borg had strained a pectoral muscle while working out and was unable to move his right arm and shoulder without pain. With proper treatment, rest, and luck, a player in a twelve-day championship will sometimes be able to survive his early matches against lesser opponents while favoring an injury, and find himself recovered before he encounters more formidable rivals, but, of course, it frequently happens that an injury is aggravated during an early match or series of matches, and the player has to withdraw from the tournament.

However, several things did go well in the early days of the championships. Dr. Renee Richards, the controversial forty-three-year-old transsexual, who was denied permission to play at Forest Hills last year but recently received a legal decision in her favor, met Virginia Wade, the Wimbledon champion, in the first round. Dr. Richards was defeated, 6–1, 6–4, but she played some very good tennis, and, what was more important, the spirit of sport, not of spectacle, pervaded the match. Another thing that went well was the début in our championships of Tracy Austin, the fourteen-year-old, five-foot, ninety-pound Californian who scored something of a sensation



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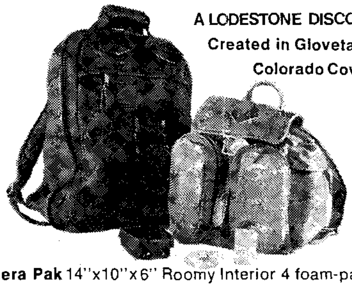

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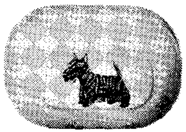

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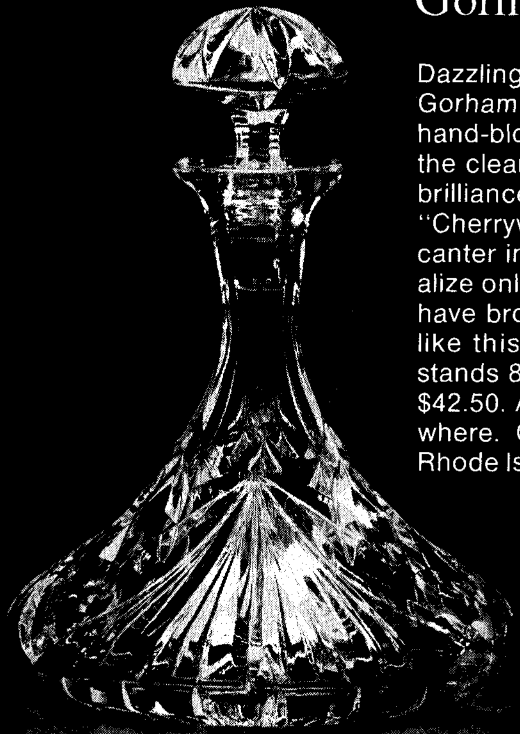
last June when she appeared at Wimbledon and won her first match. Just as Miss Austin had been the youngest player ever to compete in the Wimbledon championships, she was the youngest ever to compete in ours. There was a difference, though: she played appreciably better at Forest Hills, possibly because on the Har-Tru surface she had a bit more time to get set for her shots than she'd had on the grass at Wimbledon. She used that extra split second to hit the ball solidly and to the right places. In her first match, Miss Austin—wearing a red-checked gingham pinafore and with her sandy-blond hair in two ponytails, she looked like an illustration from one of the L. Frank Baum "Oz" books—played Heidi Eisterlehner, of West Germany. She dropped the first set, 3–6, but took the next two, 6–3 and 6–1. She then defeated Donna Ganz, of Florida, 6–1, 6–2. That was as far as anyone expected her to go, for in the third round she faced Sue Barker, a strong, combative young English player, who was seeded fourth in the tournament. Miss Barker, however, can be erratic. She was that day, and little Miss Austin raced through her, 6–1, 6–4. That brought her to the fourth round and Virginia Ruzici, a tall, wiry Rumanian, who loves to clout the ball. Miss Austin, with superior control, won the first set, 6–3, and her adeptness in handling her opponent's blazing forehand drives had the packed stadium gallery rising to its feet to applaud her. Miss Austin is not only a fine tennis player—she is, incidentally, a much better volleyer than most precocious kids—but also a determined competitor. Trailing 3–5 in the second set, she broke Miss Ruzici's serve to get to 4–5, then fought off a double set point on her own serve and moved to 5–5. The next two games came easily for set and match. In the fifth round—the quarter-finals—Miss Austin played Betty Stove, of the Netherlands, a finalist at Wimbledon this year. For all that, a good many people were not so sure that Miss Stove would win the match. A very tall young woman—she is over six feet—she is a powerful hitter who can put together clusters of breathtaking placements, but her opponents know that if they hold on she will in time run into erratic streaks in which she may give them back all the points she has won, and frequently more. Against Miss Austin, Miss Stove played the best sustained tennis I have ever seen her produce. She rifled the ball down the lines, and she missed very few shots. Hurried constantly, Miss Austin had all she



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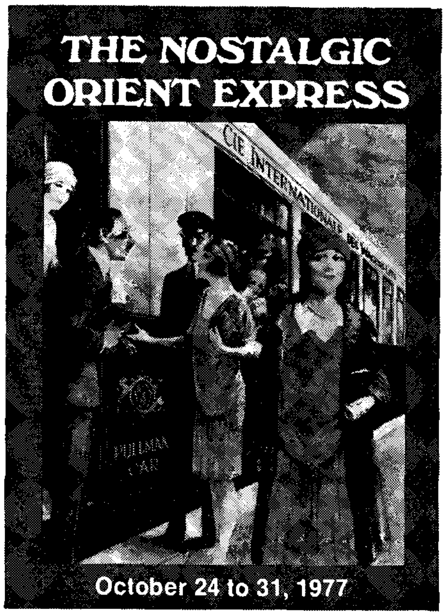

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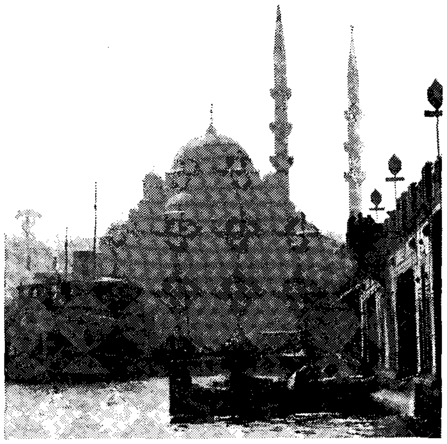

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could do to win two games in each set. She was memorable in defeat, though. Asked what were her thoughts about the match, she smiled her confident smile and said, "Betty just overpowered me." She was as self-possessed as she had been after the Ruzici match when she was asked if she had felt any pressure and had answered, "Why should I feel the pressure? I have everything to gain." Granting that most of us don't begin to develop a set of good jangling nerves until we're about seventeen, Miss Austin's composure seems unusually deep, and it will be most surprising if we do not see a good deal of her in the championships that lie ahead.

The drama that Miss Austin provided during the first eight days of the tournament was most welcome, for it has been some time since the championships provided such a paucity of interesting matches. By the Thursday of the second week, things had come to such a pass that when you asked friends what were the best matches they had seen, they were reduced to saying such things as "Stockton-Panatta in the third round was pretty good, and I thought that Solomon showed us quite a lot in beating Gerulaitis in the fourth round." (This year, the men did not play best-three-of-five sets until the quarter-final round.) Other friends, asked the same question, felt that the fourth-round matches between Wojtek Fibak and Brian Gottfried and between Billie Jean King and Kerry Melville Reid had been close and hard-fought. Both had at least gone to three sets, and few women's matches in recent years have radiated the bitterness that marked the final set of King vs. Reid. (After winning the third-set tie breaker seven points to five, Mrs. King refused to shake hands.)

In that fourth round, the tournament suffered a major blow when Borg was forced to withdraw during his match with Dick Stockton, who now plays out of Texas. In the earlier rounds, Borg, while hitting his other strokes with close to his customary vigor, had served at three-quarter speed. He had had no trouble to speak of, and hadn't dropped a set. Against Stockton he continued to use a serve that did little more than put the ball in play, but the feeling among the spectators in the stadium was that he would win rather comfortably. During the match, I happened to be sitting next to Pancho Segura, who coaches Connors. Judging from the comments Segura made, he didn't think that Borg was going to lose. During the first two sets—Borg took the first, 6–3, and lost the second, 4–6—he

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was hitting his ground strokes and his overhead smashes with no visible inhibition, and the sense he created that he would surely go on to win (and ultimately oppose Connors in the final) may have been what provoked a stream of comments from Segura about the tactical errors that Stockton was making, although, to be sure, Segura is a chatty fellow under any and all circumstances. He pointed out how ill-advised Stockton was to come to net on his serve—he would be much wiser to wait until Borg gave him a short ball during a rally and *then* hit a deep approach shot and follow it in to net. He mentioned several times that Stockton was playing Borg too much down the middle and was not hitting enough acutely angled shots—the shots that work best against a player like Borg, who uses heavy top spin off both his forehand and backhand. He also remarked that Borg doesn't get enough depth on his shots because he hits the ball too late and imparts the wrong kind of top spin—it is produced only by the arms and hands—whereas Connors gets the right kind of top spin because he meets the ball early and pivots with his entire body in making his shots. When the third set got under way, we all leaned forward as Borg began to serve the first game. There seemed to be something different about his serving motion from what there had been before: as he started to take the racquet back, for a brief moment his arms hung straight down, like a wet towel, and this changed the whole execution of his delivery. His face seemed to have tightened up also. Borg lost that game, winning but one point and making several flagrant forehand errors. During the changeover, after waiting a moment he went up to Stockton and said, "I can't play anymore." He then informed the umpire. His right shoulder had begun to hurt him too much, and, crushed though he must have been, he was right, of course, not to continue play and risk serious injury. Segura, speaking slowly and shaking his head, said, "I hate to see a player forced to retire from a match."

IN the upper half of the draw of the women's singles, Chris Evert, who hasn't been beaten for years on clay or clay-type courts, defeated Sharon Walsh, Pam Whytcross, handsome Helena Anliot, of Sweden, her old nemesis Nancy Richey, and Billie Jean King with ease en route to the semis, where she had to expend a bit more energy to beat Betty Stove, 6–3, 7–5. The only match that Miss Evert

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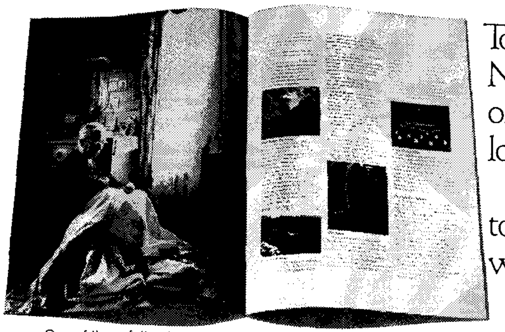

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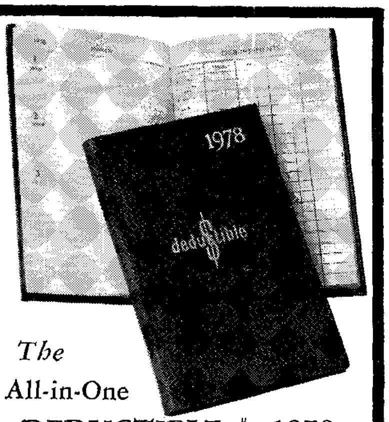
seemed able to get keyed up for was her clash with Mrs. King—she always gets up for Billie Jean. Otherwise, her tennis was characterized as much by stretches of lethargy as by stretches of sharpness, and one wondered if she would be able to lift the standard of her play against Martina Navratilova, currently her strongest rival, in the final. They never met. In *her* semifinal, Miss Navratilova, who has the most impressive serve-and-volley game in women's tennis, stopped hitting the ball with her usual pace after winning the first set, 6–2, from Wendy Turnbull, a twenty-four-year-old native of Brisbane, Australia, who has been part of the international tennis picture for five years now. Miss Navratilova had lost the second set, 5–7, and was down 5–1 in the third before she fully realized what was happening. By that time, it was too late: Miss Turnbull was able to pull out the third set, 6–4. (Except for the men's final, for me this women's semifinal was the best match of the tournament.) Actually, Miss Turnbull's victory wasn't all that much of an upset. In World Team Tennis, in which she played for Cleveland and Miss Navratilova for Boston, she had won two of their last three matches. This past spring and summer, thanks chiefly to the patience of Marty Riessen, the Cleveland coach, she gradually developed confidence in her game, and has become, as he told her she could, one of the five top women players in the world. A modest, soft-spoken young woman who looks like the canoeing counsellor at a girls' summer camp, she has clean, economical strokes: a crisp forehand chop, an undercut backhand that she can skim just above the net and down the lines, and, periodically, a sneaky-fast first serve. Since she is also agile covering the court, she takes some beating. Against Miss Evert in the final, she served for the first set at 5–4, but Miss Evert shifted into high gear and eventually took the set in a tie breaker, 7–6. She added the second more easily, 6–2. This shortly brought on the president of the Chris Evert Fan Club, Steve Flink, to make his annual presentation of a commemorative cake. This one bore the cryptic numbers 113, 23, 3, and 1, for which the explanation was soon forthcoming. Miss Evert's triumph in the final, her one-hundred-and-thirteenth consecutive victory on clay, had wrapped up the twenty-third consecutive tournament she had won on clay and her third consecutive United States Championship, and had also assured her of being ranked No. 1 in women's tennis for



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the fourth straight year. Chris has grown up so well—she handles herself splendidly both on and off the court—that it is hard to realize that she is still only twenty-two. It was a full six years ago that she flashed into prominence at Forest Hills when she defeated the talented Mary Ann Eisel after losing the first set. She was behind 6–5 in the second and down 40–love on Miss Eisel's serve when she launched her phenomenal rally. She is one person who will carry away fond memories of Forest Hills.

To return to the men's singles, Connors was more fortunate than Borg. Whereas Borg's shoulder had become worse with play, Connors' back, as far as one could detect, gave him no bother at any time. He swept through the lower half of the draw like the wolf on the fold. Jaz Singh, Bob Lutz, Zan Guerry, Roscoe Tanner, Manolo Orantes, and Corrado Barazzutti fell before him, in that order, and none was able to take a set. Two of these matches merit some comment—the ones against Orantes and Barazzutti. Orantes, the brilliant Spanish player who depends primarily on finesse, can, when he is at his peak, handle Connors. He did so, vividly, in the final at Forest Hills in 1975 and again this summer in our national clay-court championships, when he demolished him, 6–3, 6–1. In his earlier matches at Forest Hills this year, Orantes appeared to be in excellent form, and when he and Connors collided in the quarter-finals, on a cool, moonless Thursday night, many spectators in the jammed stadium were expecting him to harass Connors, the slashing hitter, with his subtle changes of pace and his variety of spins, and, finally, to destroy Connors' timing and take charge of the match. Orantes, serving the opening game, won it with the loss of only one point by feeding Connors soft, short balls. Connors took the second game at thirty. The third game settled the whole match. Orantes was in a position to hold service, but instead of exploiting his openings he was content to pat the ball back just beyond mid-court. It takes more than that to contain Connors. He broke Orantes' serve to go ahead, 2–1, and after that he was totally in command. The scores were 6–2, 6–4, 6–3. Orantes, for some reason—he later said that he had had a difficult time seeing the ball under the lights—seldom played a top-spin drive or used other spins, continually mis-hit his sliced backhand, and, with everything going

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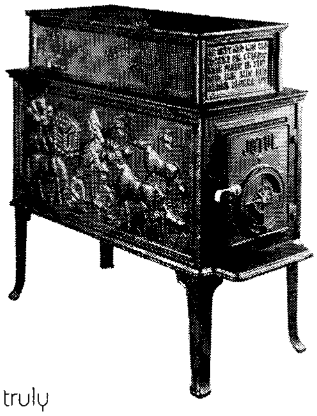

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awry, hardly ever had a chance to venture into the forecourt. Connors, on the other hand, looked like the Connors of 1974, the young Attila who won both Wimbledon and Forest Hills. He was swatting the ball with terrific velocity, keeping it deep and angling it severely. It may well have been the best match he has ever played on clay. When he met Barazzutti in the semis, he was not nearly as assertive. Part of the credit for this belonged to Barazzutti. The No. 2 Italian player (behind Adriano Panatta), Barazzutti, the son of a truck driver from Udine, in the north, has grit and staying power. His strokes, apart from a smooth, dependable backhand, are nothing special, but he is tireless as he moves from side to side along the baseline, hardly a flicker of emotion indenting his lean, almost ascetic face. "Panatta is Italian tennis," Rino Tommasi, the well-travelled Italian tennis writer, told a group of us before the Connors-Barazzutti match. "Panatta is very handsome and has the appeal of a movie star. The Italian galleries adore him when he plays well, and they hate him when he doesn't. But Barazzutti, he is our best Davis Cup player. He defeated Kodes, of Czechoslovakia, in 1973 in our Cup match. He defeated Newcombe when we played Australia last year. And when we went on to defeat Chile for the Cup in 1976, he won the opening singles from Jaime Fillol—the key match. He will play well today, I think." He did. Leaning heavily on his backhand, and working, working, working, he finally went down, 7–5, 6–3, 7–5. His best chance for changing the course of the match had come in the first set, when he had no fewer than five break points on Connors' serve to go out in front, 4–3. On the fourth of these break points, a cross-court backhand by Connors that may or may not have hit the sideline was called good. While Barazzutti was protesting the call, Connors, with that singular chutzpah of his, sashayed over to Barazzutti's side of the court and scuffed up the area around the ball mark with his sneaker, so that there would be no way of checking where the shot had landed. The umpire could have assessed him a penalty point for unsportsmanlike conduct but, whatever the reason, chose not to. Except for this incident, Connors, as he had throughout the tournament, concentrated on playing tennis.

The Connors-Vilas final brought together two players of highly dissimilar personality. Whereas Connors is essentially a brash young man, Vilas, the

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son of a prominent lawyer in Mar del Plata, is a polite, reflective person who likes to read and has published a volume of poetry. A good-looking six-footer with broad shoulders and the Percheron legs common to most of the top tennis players, Vilas, who is twenty-five—the same age as Connors—leaped from relative obscurity to renown in 1974, when he won six tournaments and the Grand Prix title. A left-hander—like Connors—who hit both his backhand and forehand strokes with heavy top spin most of the time, he continued to enjoy a good deal of success, on clay especially, but last year, unhappy because he had not been able to improve sufficiently to win one of the major championships, he hired a coach—Ion Tiriac, the big, brusque, grizzled Rumanian, whose court manners left something to be desired even in the Balkans. Why had he chosen Tiriac, of all people? Vilas subsequently explained that when he was seventeen he had seen Tiriac working with Nastase, and that he had later seen him working with Panatta and Borg, and he had noticed that each of these players made considerable progress under his tutelage. In any event, the Odd Couple got down to business quickly. They worked on taking some of the top spin off of Vilas's ground strokes to give them more pace and depth; on adding a flatter, faster first serve to his repertoire; on getting him to leave the baseline more often and follow attacking shots into the forecourt; and on increasing his speed of foot and his stamina. This past June, they were rewarded when Vilas won his first major championship, the French Open. At Wimbledon, he was eliminated early, but he then went off on an amazing streak that on the eve of the Forest Hills final had seen him win thirty-eight consecutive matches, all on clay or claylike surfaces. (At Forest Hills, he had made his way, without the loss of a set, through Manuel Santana, Gene Mayer, Victor Amaya, Jose Higueras, Ray Moore, and Harold Solomon, the last match a typical Vilas-Solomon battle of attrition, in which on several points the ball crossed the net forty or more times as each waited for the other to err.) One of the big questions in regard to the final was whether or not Vilas would have the confidence and the heart to stand up to Connors, who had drubbed him in the semifinals at Forest Hills last year, 6–4, 6–2, 6–1, and who is a master of intimidation on the big occasion.

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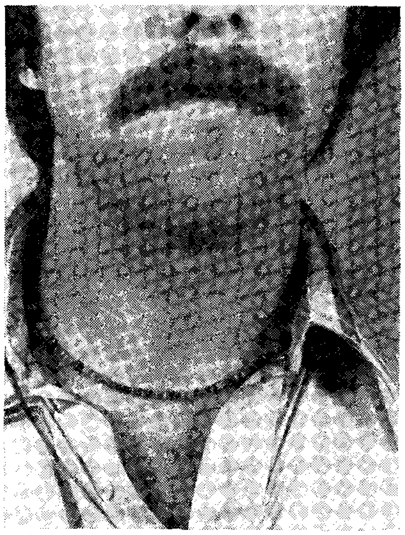

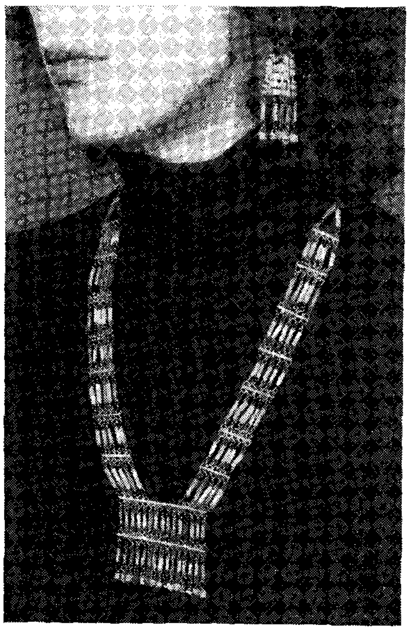

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final, but the sky was clear and the day was bright. For Vilas, a lot depended on getting off well—not losing his serve, not losing his poise. At 2–all, however, he served a weak game, double-faulting at game point. In the next game, he had an excellent chance to break Connors back, but he wasted four game points. He then dropped service again, after which Connors ran out the set, 6–2. Connors was now ripping into the ball with abandon, as he had against Orantes, and Vilas seemed confused as to what steps to take to rectify the situation.

Halfway through the second set, with games at 3–all, the first suspicion of a possible rift in Connors' armament appeared, though I must confess that I did not appreciate its significance at the time. Of the four points that Vilas won to hold service in the seventh game, three came on forehand errors by Connors—one hit wide of the court, two into the net. Then, when Connors proceeded to drop his service in the next game and to fall behind, 3–5, three of the four points he lost were caused by forehand errors—one hit over the baseline, one too wide, and the other into the net. Connors' forehand has always been his most vulnerable stroke. He will go for weeks hitting it effectively and forcefully—he surely did in his match with Orantes—but then, without warning, it will begin to unravel. Some experts point out that Connors' forehand grip is not a sound one—it is a slightly Western grip, the hand riding more on top of the racquet handle than in the Eastern or Continental grips, and it promotes a tendency to hit the ball with somewhat closed face, the racquet moving quickly over the top of the ball. In any event, Connors has had periods when he has trouble lifting a short ball played low to his forehand up and over the net and, instead, has netted many of these shots, his volleys in particular. As I say, the full import of these errors by Connors was lost on me at the time. I thought it was just a passing slump. Vilas, by the way, served out the set, 6–3.

In the third set, Vilas made several adjustments in his game, some of which he had experimented with near the end of the second set. Where he had been going almost exclusively with a middle-speed spin serve, he began to throw in his hard, flat first serve more often. He shifted from his usual top-spin backhand to a sliced undercut backhand—a stroke that many of us had seen him use only rarely. The idea behind this was to give Connors, who thrives on the high bounce that top spin sets up, a lower-

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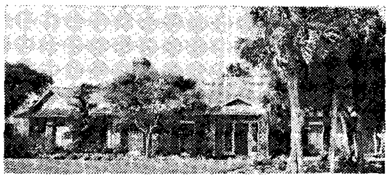

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bouncing ball to deal with. Vilas also began to hit the majority of his returns to Connors' forehand. All of these changes accomplished practically nothing. Connors had collected himself and was off and winging again. He broke Vilas's serve in the second game. In almost full control of the match, he moved to within a point of widening his lead in the set to 5–1. He played a loose patch then, and three straight errors—two of them off the forehand—allowed Vilas to get out of that jam and pull up to 2–4. The seventh game was a crucial one. Connors, full of fire, raced to 40–15, but on the next point he suffered a curious loss of concentration. He was running along the baseline from his left to his right, his eyes fixed on a deep drive by Vilas that might go either in or out. Ordinarily, Connors would have moved in such a way that if the ball was in he could play it on the bounce. His mind was muddled, however. He volleyed the ball with his two-fisted backhand just before it landed, but he did not play a full volley stroke—he merely reached down and blocked the ball, angling it to the ground. Not a good sign at all. He followed this strange lapse with another error—my notes tell me no more than that about it—and here he was at deuce and not at 5–2. Vilas took the next two points, and the game, with two placements, passing Connors with a forehand down the line and then with a backhand down the line.

It was at this juncture, I think, that the complexion not only of the set but of the match began to alter. Connors, who had been strutting around the court during this set to dramatize his mastery of his opponent, continued to do so whenever he polished off a rally with an especially emphatic winner, but the fact was that Connors had lost some of his confidence—after all, he had let Vilas back into a match that looked as good as won—and Vilas had recaptured some of *his* confidence, even though he had to struggle to hold his next two service games, fighting back from 15–40 both times. At least, he was now winning some big points, and nothing means more than that. Then, to cap this bewildering sequence, Connors lost his serve at love, and Vilas, serving for the set at 6–5, lost *his* at love. This set up a twelve-point tie breaker. In this form of tie breaker, the first player to win seven points (provided his opponent has fewer than six points) wins the set.

As a giant hush came over the stadium, Vilas won the first two points of the tie breaker, both on forehands

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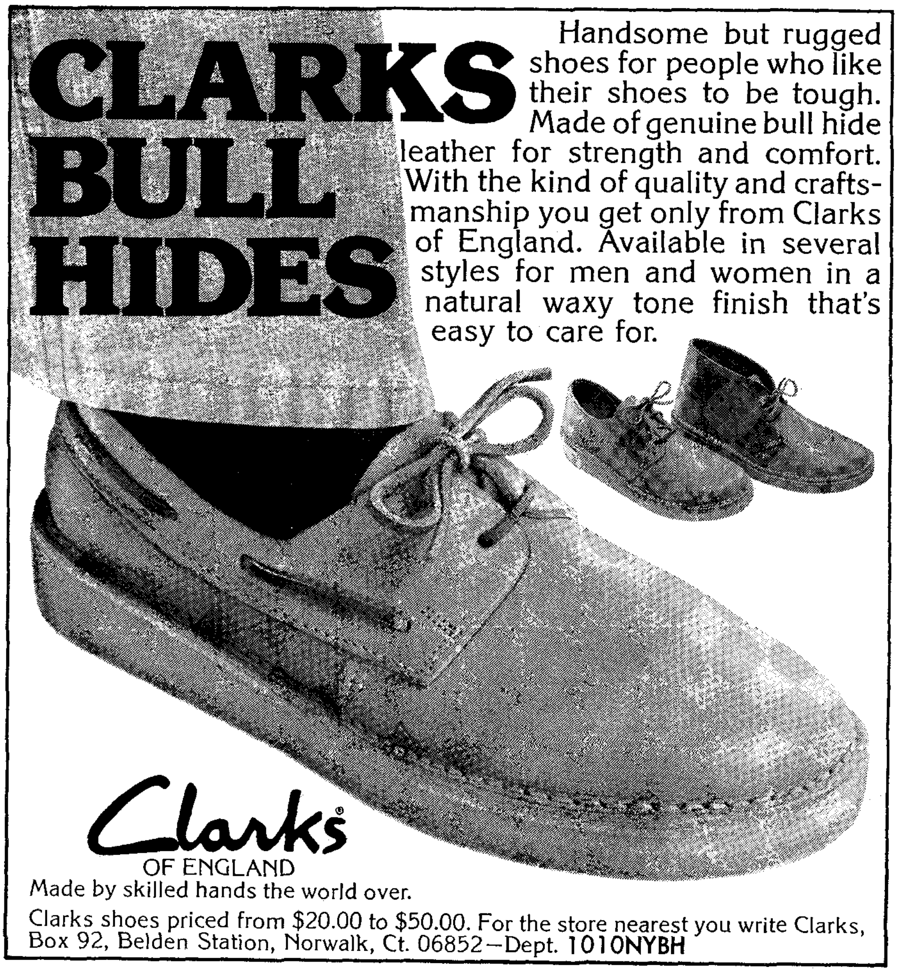

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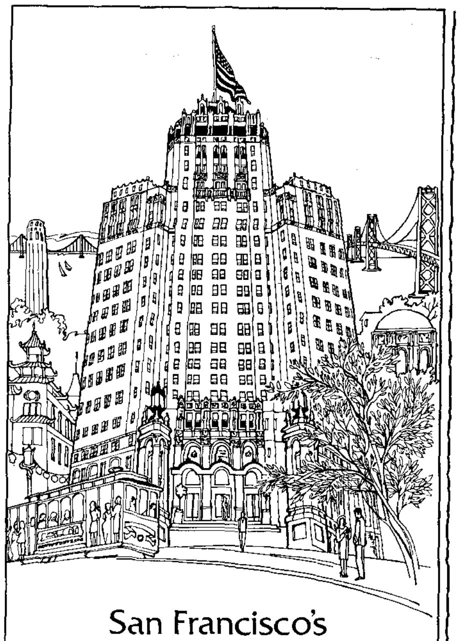

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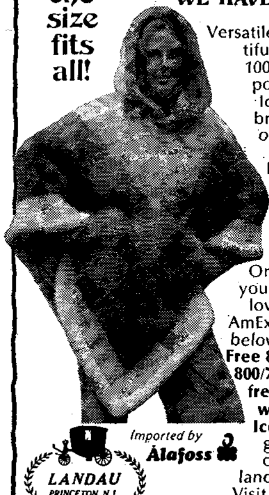

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that Connors netted. Connors took three of the next four points, moving into the forecourt to volley whenever he was dominating a rally. So, as the players changed sides midway through the tie breaker, the score was three points all. Vilas won four of the next five points, the first on a crisp volley, the second when Connors netted still another forehand, the third when Connors punched a forehand beyond the baseline, and the fourth, and winning, point on a very well executed maneuver: he drew Connors into the forecourt with a low undercut backhand, and when Connors played a tentative volley he whipped a forehand into the wide-open court near the far sideline. Before the tie breaker, one had heard only a few sparse cries of encouragement for Vilas. Now the stadium seemed to be filled with Argentines and other Latins passionately roaring their delight and support.

Last year, when Connors and Borg met in the final at Forest Hills, as you may recall, sets stood at 1–all when, similarly, a tie breaker was needed to resolve the third set. Connors, after four times being within a point of losing it, eventually won an extended tie breaker, eleven points to nine. That, in effect, decided the match. Thereafter, something went out of Borg's persistence, and Connors was not pushed too hard to take the fourth set, 6–4, and, with it, the match. Much the same thing happened this year. In the fourth set, Vilas broke through Connors' serve three times in a row and held his own in the alternate games with little challenge. It was hard to believe what was happening. Connors is nothing if not a scrapper, but he could muster no attack to speak of. Vilas, on the other hand, seemed to gather new freshness, and as he neared victory he did not let timidity overtake him but continued to hit out boldly and freely. The final score was 2–6, 6–3, 7–6, 6–0. I cannot remember an important match that underwent so sudden and complete a turnabout in midstream unless it was the one between Bill Tilden and Henri Cochet at Wimbledon in 1927, when, after Tilden had taken the first two sets and led 5–1 in the third, he lost seventeen straight points and the last three sets, 7–5, 6–4, 6–2.

On the last point of the Vilas-Connors match—a deep drive by Connors—the linesman was late in indicating that the ball was out. As soon as he did, a swarm of Vilas's rooters poured onto the court and lifted him to their shoulders. While this was taking place, Connors and his entourage

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headed for the clubhouse without waiting for the presentation ceremony. One heard that they had immediately got into their limousine and driven away from the scene of perhaps the harshest disappointment that Connors has had to endure during his career. Since 1974, when he swept both Wimbledon and Forest Hills, he has generally been regarded as the top player in the world, although during the past year or so some knowledgeable observers have been leaning toward Borg as being at least his equal. However that may be, after 1974 Connors seemed in a position to rule the tennis world as few players had done before him. It has not turned out that way. He has reached the finals at Wimbledon and Forest Hills a total of five times since 1974, but he has won only once. In 1975, he was defeated at Wimbledon by Ashe and at Forest Hills by Orantes. In 1976—he did not get to the final at Wimbledon—he won at Forest Hills from Borg. This year, he was defeated at Wimbledon by Borg and then at Forest Hills by Vilas. At his best, Connors is a whirlwind, a great player, but when one reviews his record he emerges as one of the ranking enigmas in tennis history.

And what about Vilas? First and foremost, he showed himself to be a much tougher competitor than most of us had assumed. He stood up to Connors' fusillade of rockets during the early going and held himself together until the course of the match began to change. "I think I played many good shots, but winning in tennis is not easy," he said after the final. "It is more in the head than in the game itself." As I listened to Vilas, serene and luminous, describing how he had been able to come back and win, I found myself thinking of a distant star from another sport—Jesse Burkett, an unlettered country boy from West Virginia who led the National League in batting in 1895, 1896, and 1901. Once, when he was asked what it took to be such a good hitter, Burkett cogitated for a moment and then said, "You have to have the old confeedience." However you spell or pronounce it, it makes all the difference in the world in every undertaking, and it certainly does in sports.

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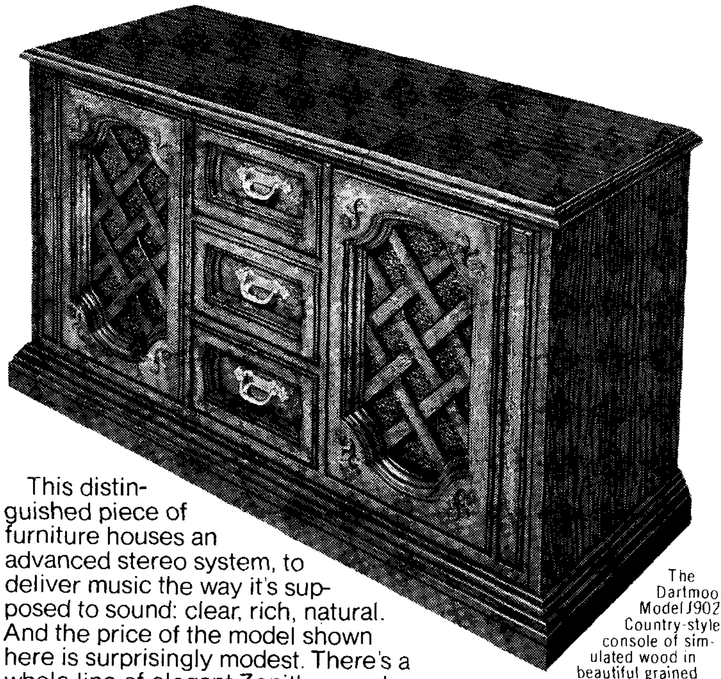

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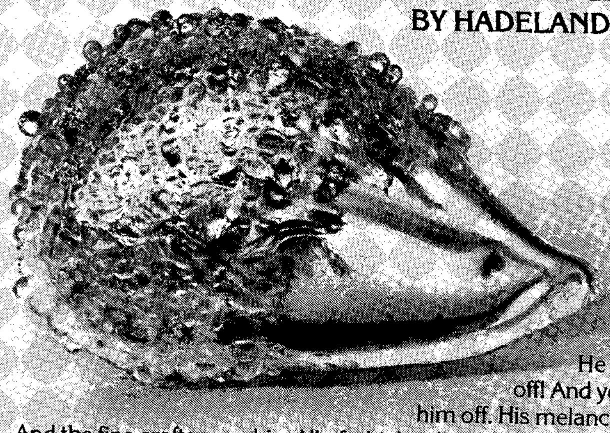

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PHASE

EVEN if the Bert Lance problem had never come up—granted that this is a supposition of substantial size—the Carter Administration, as this fall began, would have been entering a new and most difficult phase in its attempt to govern. Some aspects of this phase were all but inevitable, befall nearly every President. After a few months, the unnaturally high standing in the polls that every new President obtains begins to fade. The credit extended to the new President by other centers in Washington—Congress; the press; the bureaucracy; the lawyers, the lobbyists, and the hangers-on here who affect the climate—is reduced. The tentative feeling out, squaring off, stops, and the battles over big questions, with much at stake, occupy center stage. Members of Congress increasingly measure their support of a Presidential proposal in terms of what it means to themselves in their next election. The particular issues that the Carter Administration is contending with at present are very difficult: energy, welfare reform, arms control, tax reform, among others. Circumstances have combined to hand the Carter Administration the issue of the Panama Canal and to make winning approval of the Panama Canal treaties more difficult than it reasonably ought to be. Even “subsidiary” issues, such as shoring up the Social Security system and trying to contain the costs of hospital care, are hard. Tax reform, which is about to come onstage, is never easy unless the government is willing to give away Fort Knox in order to get it, and sometimes it ends up doing that anyway. The economy is not yielding to the efforts and blandishments of the government; the figures on unemployment among black youth came as a shock to the Administration, though there is reason to question whether they should have. Now the Administration is working to come up with an urban program, amid great uncertainty as to what might work. And all of these issues have to be contended with not just separately; they overlap one another in complex and sometimes confounding ways. At the same time, the mileage that the President can derive from symbolic acts shortens. And to top it off, one of the President’s most important aides and few confidants gets in very big trouble.

IN late August, I dropped in to see Jody Powell, Carter’s press secretary. “I always thought August was supposed to be a quiet, easy month in Washington,” he remarked wistfully. But by this time the President’s advisers realized that the Lance problem could no longer be considered a “Washington” problem, as they once considered it—a problem that interested the press and the other atmosphere creators in Washington but was of little interest to what is referred to here as “the country.” This is an assumption that Administrations often make when trouble begins. “Within the last week or ten days, it became truly a national issue,” Powell remarked. The trouble had begun to envelop Powell himself. His combative nature, his impulse to take at least a verbal poke at Carter’s critics—an impulse that had shown up during the Presidential campaign but had been largely contained in the White House—had emerged. He had, moreover, gone on some television programs, guns blazing, after the mid-August release of the Comptroller of the Currency’s report and the now famous flight of the President from Camp David to Washington to publicly embrace his embattled friend Lance. The thinking in the White House, according to the best information available, was that there would be a few rough days while the press wrote about the report but that they could be weathered. And then the discovery, several days after the initial flurry of stories, by the Associated Press of an item about an alleged pledge of the same collateral for two loans shook White House aides (who had not noticed it in the report). Powell himself was said to be deeply bothered by that, and to have realized that he had been too “out front” on the issue.

But still, there were the daily briefings of the press at the White House. On the day before I saw him in August, for example, Powell had to answer questions about whether the White House had any reaction to the recent comments by George Meany and Morris Udall that were critical of Lance. “No,” Powell replied. He stood at the podium in his shirtsleeves, appearing tense. In response to another question on the same subject, he replied drily, “Certainly, they have the right to express their opinion, and we appreciate their advice.” Slowly, quietly, in a subdued manner, he said, "I think I have made it clear that there is no feeling on our part that Mr. Lance has taken any action that would merit his being run out of government." He took issue with a story in the previous day's *Times* ("one of the more misleading bits of fact-finding that I have come across") and continued an argument that he had managed to get into with *Time*, which had been generally supportive of Carter last year and this. As for the "double collateral," Powell said, "We are in the process of determining exactly what took place," and said that Lance's "unencumbered assets" as of June were at least a little over a million dollars. "How do we know that he had them unless you get us a list of them?" a reporter asked—a sign of the changing atmosphere. Powell replied, "If you choose to doubt my word, I suppose you will have to prove that I am a liar." Earlier this year, the White House was caught in an episode that at a later time, like the present, would have caused it a good deal more trouble. That was when it was announced, through Deputy Press Secretary Rex Granum, that the President's income-tax return for 1975 was being audited by the Internal Revenue Service at the President's own invitation, because, Granum announced, "We desired to set the precedent." Later that afternoon, Powell was gamely explaining that the previous announcement had been "a combination of a misunderstanding and a mistake." In another context, the story would not have blown over as quickly as it did. Granum, after all, was not in a position to invent the explanation. Powell's explanation was duly recorded, if not widely believed; the press did not linger over the episode; few questions were raised about the President's role in the affair. But now the context has changed.

As I waited to see Powell, the voice of the President, addressing a group of "opinion leaders" from Florida and Georgia about the Panama Canal, was coming over the loudspeaker in the pressroom. ("The adverse reaction throughout Latin America and throughout the world in rejecting the treaty would be profound.") Later, Dean Rusk and Reubin Askew, the Governor of Florida and no particular friend of Carter's, would make statements to the press expressing their support for the Canal agreement. In my conversation with Powell, I asked him how the President was reacting to the Lance events. Obviously, Powell could not be expected to reveal all, but one learns to listen to these people—for

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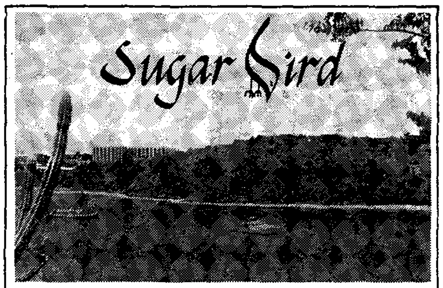

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glimpses, sometimes of what they think, or what they want us to think they think. "He's taking it as he usually does," Powell said. "I'm sure it's a good bit more painful for him because Bert's a personal friend—as he is for a lot of us. But the President's a lot more—pick your adjective—knowledgeable, sophisticated, or cynical about the process than he once was. Where once it might have gotten under his skin a great deal more, now he understands that's the way the world is, at least a corner of it, and you just have to work within the bounds of what's possible. There was a time when Jimmy Carter would have said, 'By God, that's not fair and that's not right,' and expect that because it wasn't fair and right—and particularly because he pointed it out—it would stop." Powell grinned as he said this. As for the President's unhappily memorable line at Lance's press conference—"Bert, I'm proud of you"—Powell explained that what Carter meant was that he was proud of the way Lance had conducted himself during a very difficult period, but that he, Powell, could not stand up before the press and say such a thing, leaving himself open to questions as to whether Carter wasn't proud of other behavior on Lance's part. Actually, "I'm proud of you" is a characteristic Carter line. As for the press, Powell continued, "We feel we're in a position of having to fight with pillows when everyone else is using sticks and rocks. I can't whang a reporter for a bad story. I have to do it subtly and with humor. So it's not an even contest. I mean I could, but it's a losing proposition. One of the things you have to be careful about generally—and one of the dangers of me being out front—is it signals to the whole government that the White House wants them to bang the press. It would be hell to turn it around, and would be very costly. I think responding to stories has got to be done more selectively and more delicately than I originally thought."

A big question, once the Lance affair ended, was what conclusions the people around the President would draw from the experience. One danger is that the incident might reinforce some of the attitudes that prolonged the trouble in the first place. A man who participated in the campaign remarked to me recently, "You could see in the campaign an attitude on their part that they were the poor boys of the Party, looked down upon by others, considered outsiders." They ran as outsiders not only because that was politically advantageous but also because they were. "To some degree, that attitude has carried over in their dealings in Washington," this man continued. In the course of the Lance crisis, some White House aides talked in terms of its being a case of the Washington press and the Washington community against them, and said that if Lance were "gotten," no one would be safe. "What ate at my craw more than anything else," a Georgian who works in the White House said on the first day of Lance's appearance before the Senate Governmental Affairs Committee in September, "was all that talk about 'your naïveté,' 'you don't understand how Washington works,' 'the old Washington hands would have known what to do.' " He continued, "If the Washington *Post* wins this one . . ." And then he trailed off and shook his head. There is no question that the whole affair had some classic symptoms: the press does tend to go after a Presidential intimate with more zest than it does a less important official; the President and the people around him, sensing that the knife is out for them and reacting defensively, start hardening the stand, defending the indefensible. But, of course, that was not the whole story. Another aide, who has a rather large agenda of his own, when I asked him in late August what he was worried about, replied without hesitation, "Bert Lance." He added, "About him personally and about the extent to which the case has become a national issue." He told me that in a recent conversation the President had mentioned Harry Truman—the model to whom Presidents like to repair—and pointed out how people admired Truman for sticking by his friends.

The Lance affair drew much of Washington into the sort of activity to which it has a tendency to be drawn: speculation about what would happen, about what "the mood" at the White House was, about who was leaking what to whom. A column by James Reston on August 31st saying that Lance's "Georgia colleagues" in the White House "are now conceding that he is embarrassing the President and will probably have to go" occupied numerous conversations, including many at the White House. Within the White House, someone who works there said, overt loyalty to Lance became a kind of litmus test, and suspicion was widespread. Of course, it was said, no one close to the President and to Lance—certainly not Hamilton Jordan or Jody Powell—would have provided such a piece of information, and certainly not to Reston, who is not considered particularly close to them. But some of the people at the White House are skilled practitioners of the art of the political feint. All sorts of stories would come out afterward purporting to give the sequence of events, and there would never be a way of ascertaining just what happened. The best evidence is that the conclusion was clear before Lance had his "day in court"—that the purpose of that exercise was to restore what could be restored of his reputation (and, indirectly, Carter's) and his future prospects back in the private sector.

On the first day of Lance's three-day appearance before the committee, the atmosphere at the White House was one of total tension. Even people who were ostensibly tending to other things were distracted. It was as if Lance was their gladiator. The better he did, even if he did have to leave, the better for all of them. A television set was playing in, among several other places, Jordan's office, and staff members drifted in and out. Jordan had spent a good bit of time on the problem—"more worrying and talking to people than anything else," he remarked to me later. He talked with the President, of course, and with Powell; Lance came to see him three or four times a day; Vice-President Mondale would talk to him about what was happening; Robert Strauss, the former Democratic National Committee chairman and now the Special Representative for Trade Negotiations, would call. Occasionally, he talked with Charles Kirbo, the President's old friend and mentor in Atlanta. It was Kirbo, an associate of Carter has explained, who nurtured the alliance between Lance and Carter. Kirbo had declined to come to Washington, leaving Lance as the only intimate near Carter's age; but in the end, the associate said, Kirbo had to consider "what was best for Jimmy." Jordan went over Lance's opening statement to the committee. That afternoon, Powell, just as he had after primaries and Presidential debates last year, gave reporters a positive interpretation of events. "We think he did very well." "The public got a chance to see what we knew: that Bert's a decent basic guy. Before today, after all the stories, they probably had an impression of a slimy operator with a rhinestone ring, an ermine collar, and maybe a diamond in one ear." "He acquitted himself fairly well." "It's going to be a tough road, but he made a pretty good start." In a conversation we had, Powell said, "I don't know

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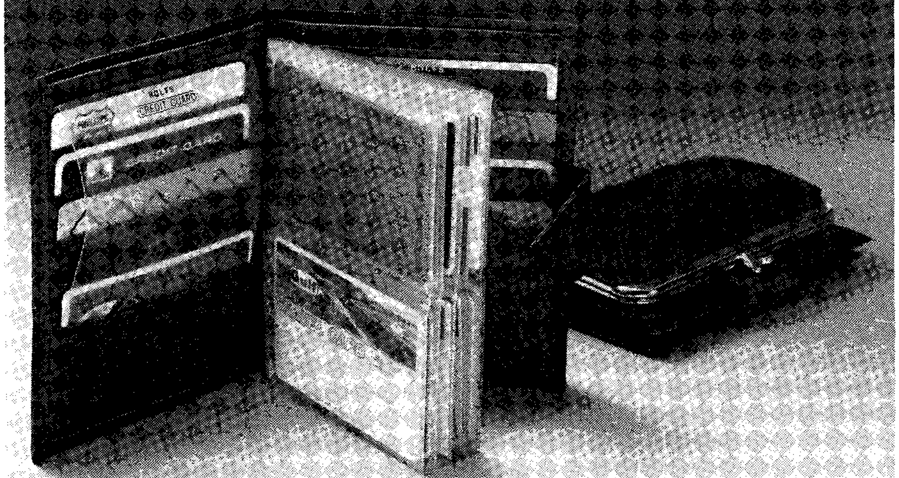

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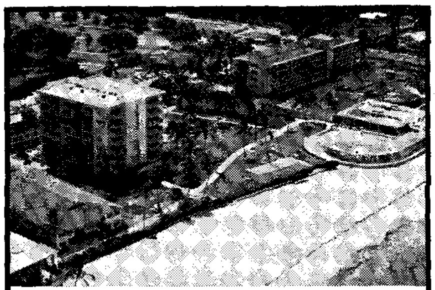

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the considerations that are in his mind. Right now, he's fighting for his reputation. At first, he went through personal anguish, he felt betrayed by people he had trusted, he thought were friends. Then, after a while, all that fell away, and he became intent on straightening the record. His statement today reflected that. Once the thing got so serious, we had an obligation to stand by him and let him make his stand. Once that's done, you can sit down and in a more rational manner discuss the other considerations."

THE importance of Lance to the White House went even beyond the role he played as the President's confidant, and had to do also with the particular configuration of, and gap in, the White House group. As the President made painfully clear in one of his most human public moments, when he announced Lance's resignation, Lance was the person with whom he—who does not easily form close bonds—felt closest. Someone who knows how Administrations, including this one, work said, "There is so little human connection within the White House that to cut off someone you're close to there is like cutting off your leg." And someone else, who has served in a previous Administration, explained that one needs "someone with whom one can communicate on the tenth level without saying anything, who, when you're sitting in a meeting and people are explaining your options, understands what you really want to do, including maybe get the hell out of the situation." Yet Lance was important not only to the President but also to the rest of the staff. And it was not just that he was a big bear of a man, friendly and solicitous—even bothering to attend the funeral of someone else's secretary's parent. He was a conduit to a President who can be hard to approach, and a useful man to have on one's side.

According to people who understand how this White House works, Lance was considered an ally by Jordan. As Jordan inserted himself increasingly into issues—many of which end up involving a budgetary decision—Lance was increasingly important to Jordan. In fact, according to a number of witnesses, just about no one had broken into the inner group of Georgians around the President. Mondale was establishing a good relationship with him, and has been involved as no Vice-President has been before—which the President has recently been at pains to point out, in an apparent effort to show that his circle is not so narrow. But Carter's relationship with Mondale is still not the same as that with people who have been with him through years of political struggle. Carter has not made strong ties with members of his Cabinet, does not seem to trust people he has not known for a long time. He does not reach out for people. One of the luxuries of being President is that one can call on all manner of people for their counsel or their thoughts. Carter does not seem to do much of that. The White House—the government—is essentially still run by "we band of brothers," which presents problems of organization, coherence, and follow-through. "We band of brothers" ran a—barely—successful Presidential campaign, but running a government is not quite the same thing. Jordan, who tends to think more in terms of strategies than of substance or organization (thus the success of the early primary period last year, as opposed to the later primary period, when there was more to do, and the poorly managed fall campaign), had the sense to pass up the role of chief of staff, preferring that of the free lance. He understood that the chief of staff's job can be a trap, one that would not suit his restless and irreverent style. (In one interagency meeting on a subject of some importance, Jordan sat there pointedly reading a newspaper.) Neither does Powell have the temperament for serving as chief of staff. In fact, the job appears to be one for which there are no volunteers. Moreover, Jordan, it has been noted by some who work in the environs of the White House, is, as one put it, "extremely crafty in his ability to manipulate the way he wants things to go and then keep his head down. He's formidable. The shrewdest at infighting around here." There are several walking wounded in the environs of the White House—people formerly close to the President—to document the point. And it appears that Carter, who is not notably easy to work for, does not particularly want a chief of staff, preferring to think he can manage things himself. But the reorganization staff of the Office of Management and Budget studied the way the Carter White House works and found some gaps: not everyone who should be involved in decisions was involved in them; there was a need for someone who, when a strong argument was being made for some Presidential initiative, would raise the question of how that might fit with a decision made two weeks before.

The latest idea for dealing with these problems is to establish a new executive committee under Mondale, consisting of senior staff members who would meet daily and monitor the flow of proposals in the Executive Branch and between the Executive Branch and Capitol Hill. The senior staff is already supposed to be meeting daily—early each morning—but its members began sending their deputies, so the meetings no longer served their intended purpose. Another idea is to have the domestic side of the government prepare policy-review memoranda, or P.R.M.s, along the lines of those prepared for foreign policy. The purpose is to correct both for underlap and overlap—not only, White House aides say, were some policies being made without the participation of key figures but also the President was sometimes presented with uncoördinated arguments on the same subject from several sources. The idea, one aide hastened to add, was not to present the President with a homogeneous point of view but to have him receive "a coherent, overall approach." But there is some question whether this exercise really gets policies thrashed out. And there is some evidence that even when policies are thrashed out at the White House, representatives of the various agencies, in their dealings with Capitol Hill, do not necessarily reflect those policies.

Several people in the White House looked to Lance as one person who could straddle both the substantive and political implications of Presidential decisions. This was a relative matter, because Lance, bad joke though it may sound now, was not known for his attention to detail, and his reaction to policy tended to be instinctive rather than reflective. When he arrived in town to assume one of the most important jobs in the government—despite a rather narrow-gauge career—he was full of certainties. He was certain that wage-and-price constraints in any form were a bad idea, and he was certain that a balanced budget must be a prime goal. One sometimes wondered whether it was his certainty, in addition to his unswerving loyalty, that drew Carter to him. Lance has that same sort of American certainty many people find persuasive, and that John Connally has—and Lance is a warmer person. Although Carter said at his press conference that there had never been any complaints about the way Lance had run the Office of Management and Budget, in fact there have been—throughout the government. Part of the problem was the particular vision the Carter group had for the O.M.B. directorship. The Office of Management and Budget is the one

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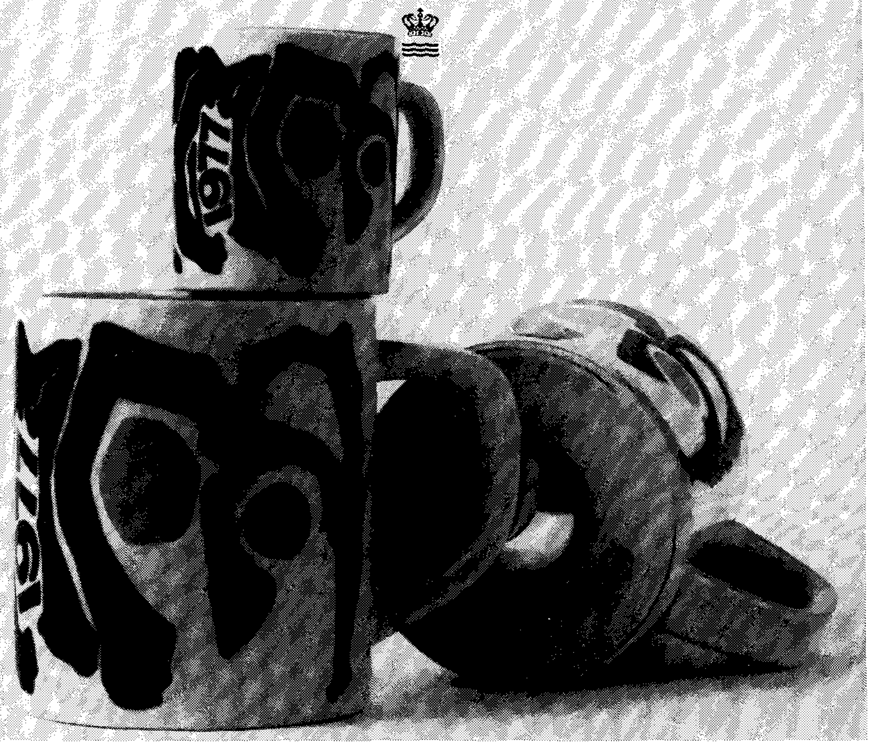

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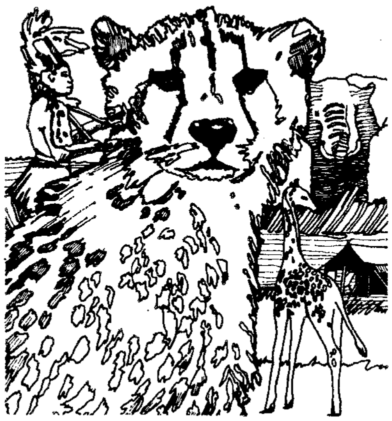

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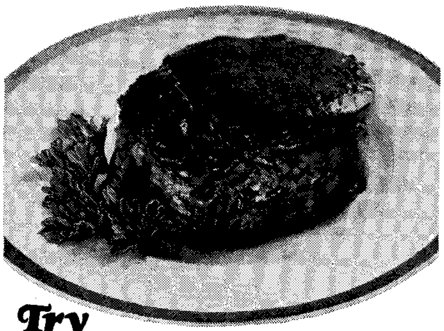

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place where the various ganglia of the federal government come together; it is the sole place that has a chance of causing the programs to make sense in terms of one another, of asking the right questions; it is the place where the hard tradeoffs can be forced. Its role grew as the number of federal programs grew, and in previous Democratic Administrations it was run by highly competent and professional men, people with an understanding of government. For the Carter people, it was a job to be filled by someone with strong personal ties to the President, and someone who could serve his political purposes (trying to appease "the business community"). Someone in the White House explained to me, before people were supposed to be talking about such matters, how difficult it would be to replace Lance; he said that when final budget decisions get made, it's the President, the Cabinet officer, and the Budget Director in the room, and, he said, "You want to be sure that two out of three are on the President's side."

IT has been the Carter Administration's misfortune that history willed it the Panama Canal issue, which last year's Presidential campaign fanned into a highly emotional one, which has now flung itself across the path of other issues of great import to the Administration, and which, as a result of all these things, invites a rather raw form of politics. Since emotions on the Canal treaties seem to run in only one direction—against them—and there is not much of a constituency for them, members of Congress are peculiarly well situated to hold off, to tell the White House that they can't see their way clear to supporting them or that they might support them if only . . . And then they can try to exact a price. One White House official said, when I asked him how many members were suggesting that they might support the Canal treaties in exchange for something, "Just about everybody. It's like we have a store down here." Moreover, the Canal issue is perfectly designed for self-made stars and statesmen—people who will hold out, drawing attention to themselves while everyone waits breathlessly to see how they will ultimately vote. This is not an unfamiliar routine in Washington—the late Everett McKinley Dirksen was a master at it, and his son-in-law, Howard Baker, has begun to follow suit.

The Canal issue is linked with other foreign-policy issues in a number of ways. In the White House, there is

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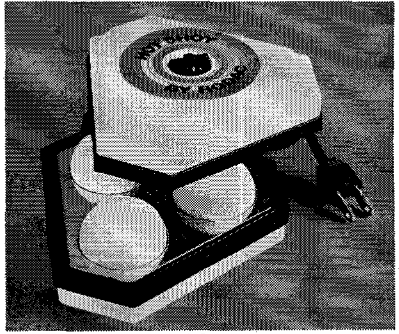

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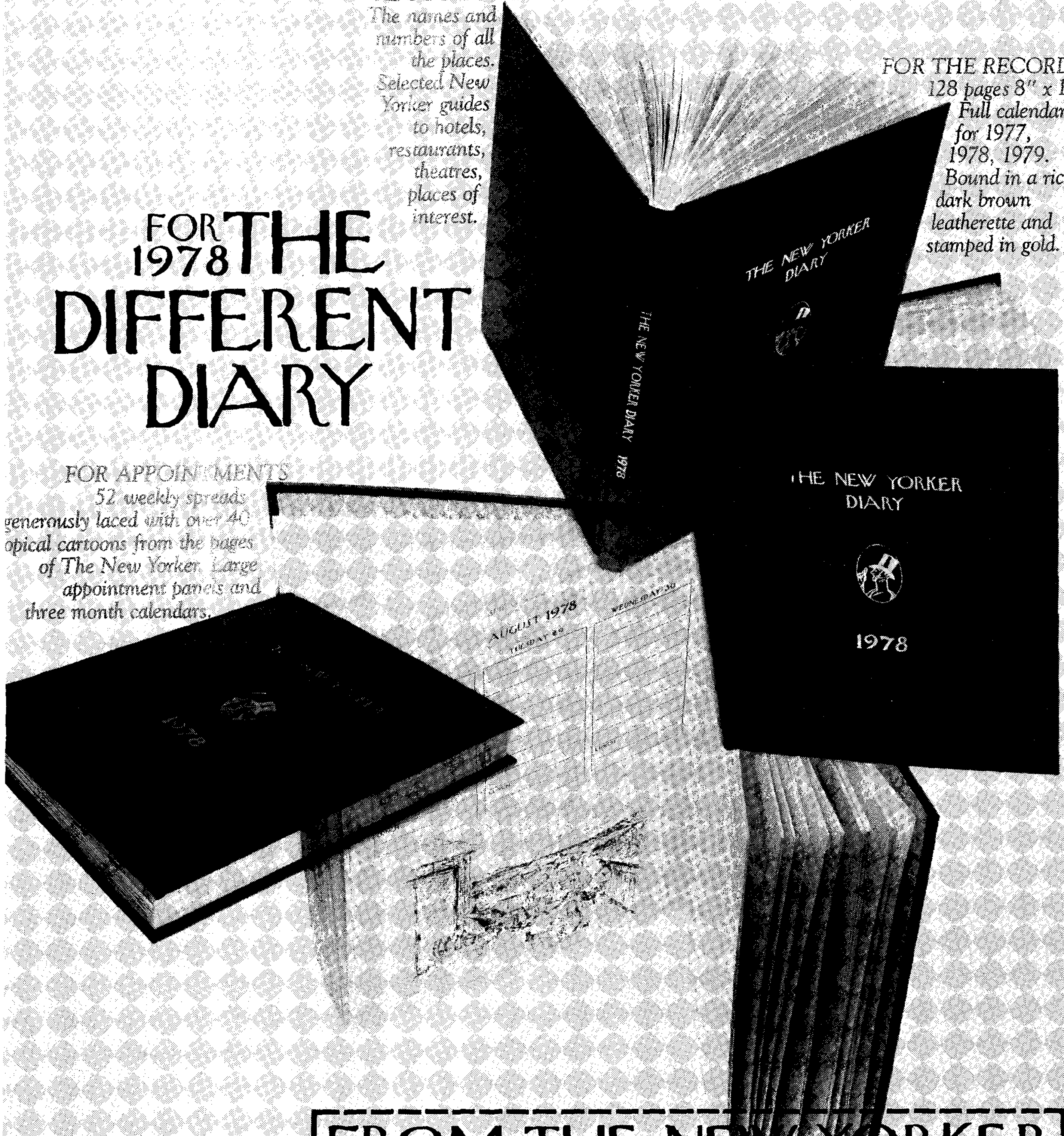
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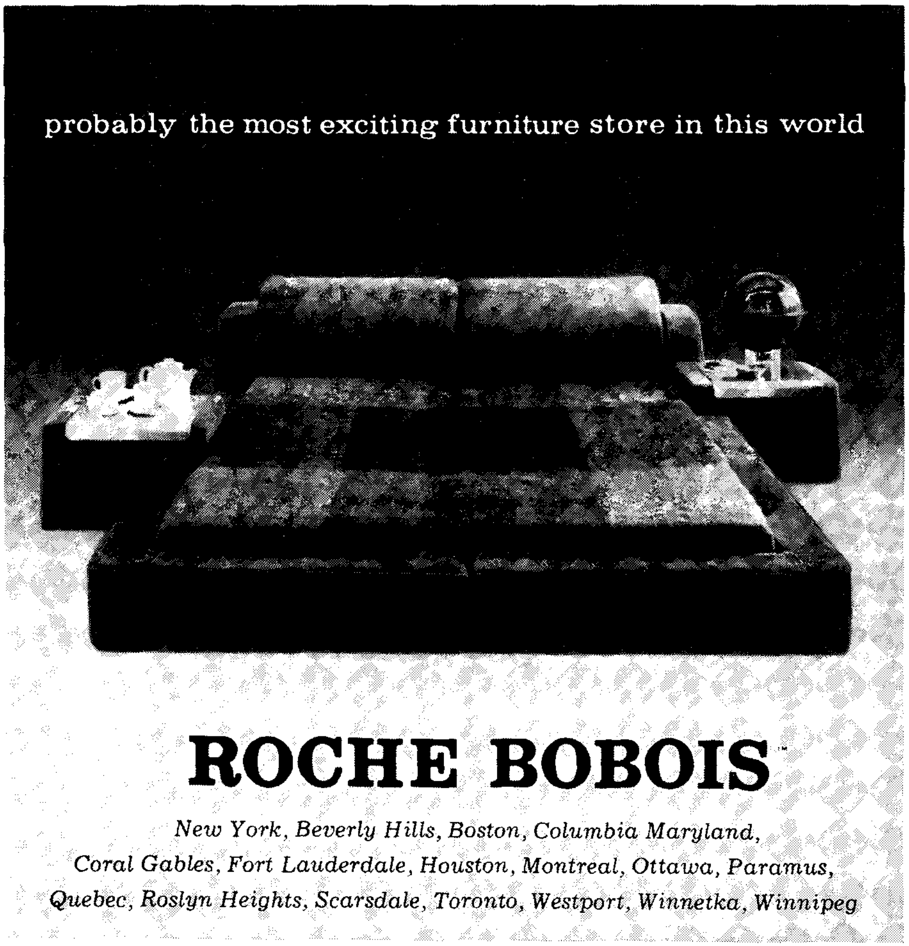
the explicit thought that lessons learned from this fight will carry over to subsequent ones, such as on a new arms-control agreement. Moreover, it is because there will be subsequent difficult foreign-policy battles that the White House has been going about the Panama Canal fight as if it were one for the Presidential nomination. (The parallel is not accidental: the Canal fight is being masterminded by Jordan, and bears the marks of a political campaign.) In the late summer and early fall, it appeared, according to the counts that reached the White House, that the treaties could, in fact, be approved—that the Administration could already count on about sixty of the sixty-seven necessary votes. But it was taking no chances. "If there's anything the conservatives can beat us on, it's this," said one White House aide. He continued, "If we win on this, we're better off on other things, like SALT. If we lose, then we'll have big problems on everything else." To be seen to have power here is to have power. When Lyndon Johnson, having won a string of legislative victories, finally lost one, he turned to his aides and said, "Now the whale has shed some blood, and the sharks will move in." He was right.

The Panama Canal fight, then, has taken on proportions larger than itself. The White House is somewhat of a dilemma on this point. While on the one hand its people feel that they must go all out, take no chances, on the other hand they have also received friendly warnings from Capitol Hill not to stake so much of the President's prestige on it, for that will just make it all the more tempting to exact a price or to defeat him on it. And because the Panama Canal treaties have become so important, other foreign-policy issues—and even domestic ones—have become hostage to them. That is one of the reasons the White House wanted a vote on the treaties to be taken this fall—the other being that since next year is an election year, more politicians might be reluctant to vote for the Canal treaties then. Even if the United States and the Soviet Union reach an agreement on a new strategic-arms-limitation accord soon, the White House would not particularly want to bring it forth while the Panama Canal treaties are pending. It does not feel that it can afford to rile anyone on anything until the treaties are approved. Another interesting way in which the Canal treaties and SALT are cross-hatched is that some prominent arms-control conservatives—including Paul Nitze, Eugene Rostow, and retired military officers—are helping the White House on Panama. The White House wishes to do nothing that might cool their support. One arms-control conservative said to me recently, "You may get some senators who go reluctantly with the Administration on Panama and then square themselves with their constituencies by opposing it on SALT."

The White House has now learned that annoyance over one issue on the part of a member of Congress can turn up in the form of retribution over another one. Therefore, there has been a dispute within the Administration over when to submit the President's tax-reform proposals—promised for sometime this fall. The tax proposals, especially those expected to reduce the deductibility of expense-account entertaining (the "fifty-dollar, Martini lunch" the President deplored in his campaign), were expected to stir up a great many people, in particular the unions representing restaurant and hotel workers, hotel operators, and on and on. It was not considered a particularly good idea to have that many people angry while the White House desperately wanted the Panama Canal treaties approved. "That wouldn't help us," said one White House aide. There was also an argument that the tax bill should not be sent up while the welfare-reform bill and the energy bill, as well as a number of other difficult items, were running into the trouble that they were on Capitol Hill. One problem that the Administration has is not only that these issues are of particular political difficulty but that almost all of them are before the same committees—Finance in the Senate, Ways and Means in the House. As some Administration officials read it, one reason Ways and Means Chairman Al Ullman, Democrat of Oregon, announced that he was eager to open hearings on tax reform was that he does not like the welfare-reform proposals, proposals to bolster the Social Security fund, and the hospital-cost-containment proposals that are also before his committee. And to illustrate still another interconnection, the containment of hospital costs is a precedent condition for national health insurance.

Alas for the Administration people, in what was to be, as they put it, the "week of Panama"—the first week after Labor Day—the Lance story dominated the front pages. A White House aide lamented later that nineteen heads of state had been in town on that Wednesday, September 7th, the day the treaties were signed, but Lance got far more press coverage. On that same day, a Herblock cartoon showed Lance looming over the signing of the treaties. There was a bit of a comic-opera effect to the Panama doings: there was some worry that the military bands, which for two days were stationed at Andrews Air Force Base to greet the heads of state, might get the national anthems wrong; protocol officers were beside themselves. The Latin-American heads of state demanded that they each get a private tête-à-tête with the President for their troubles in making the trip here, and these meetings consumed a major portion of the President's time when there were other matters on his agenda and mind. The White House staff fell to what one Administration aide described as a "Star Wars" battle over how the President should speak to the public—and which public—about the Canal: whether the audience should be considered domestic, and he should stress how much it is in our interest to agree to the treaties (as his domestic speechwriters thought), or whether the stress should be on our obligations to the world, and especially Latin America (as his National Security Council staff thought). In the end, a "fireside chat" that had been planned for the "week of Panama" was shelved.

Behind all this, the struggle within our government over the nature of any future arms-control agreement with the Soviet Union went on. There is a theory within the Administration that some of the arms-control conservatives were lending support to the President on the Panama issue so that, they reasoned, he would not feel, when it came to SALT, the compulsion to bring home another foreign-policy trophy. Their support for Panama also gave them leverage on SALT. As the termination point—October 3rd—for the first SALT agreement neared, there was considerable maneuvering over what would happen next. A decision was made, after some tentative feelers were put out on Capitol Hill, to try to reach an agreement with the Soviet Union to continue under the terms of the old treaty, pending the reaching of a new one, but the Senate has insisted on its right to approve that. The military sought to harden its bargaining terms on the cruise missile—for which the President gave the go-ahead when he cancelled the B-1 bomber. Military men also expressed private concerns about Washington that as the SALT I agreement ran out, the pressures for a new one would lead to a weakening of our negotiating position. They explained that one problem with United States negotiating tactics is that the Soviet



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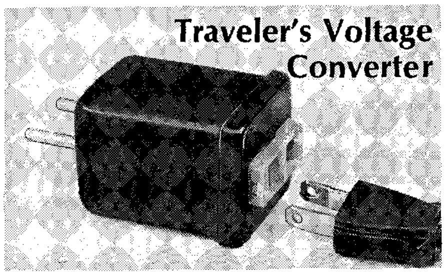

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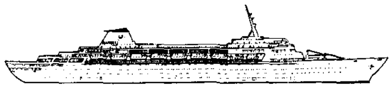
Union is more inclined to be patient than we are, that we tend to look at every problem as one to be solved, while the Russians look at problems as something to be turned to their advantage; that the Soviet Union works on public opinion within the United States, while we do not work on public opinion there; that when we negotiate we are constantly the ones who make the new offers—when they say no, we make another one. One military man said to me recently, "We negotiate among ourselves to a fare-thee-well. Our package represents the Soviet view pretty well already by the time we make the offer, while the Soviets start at the extreme and say we have to compromise." He continued, "I worry about the general notion that strategic forces don't make any difference—you know, the old Kissinger line, 'What in God's name does strategic superiority mean?' It means to me that the side that has it feels euphoric and can flex its muscles. The second thing I worry about is the argument that arms-limitation agreements are a good thing and that therefore almost any is better than none. I turn that on its head and say none is better than one that perpetuates inequality."

There is a view in the military that the Carter Administration has set up the expectation that there will be an arms-limitation agreement, and that the State Department and the "arms controllers" believe that it is very much in our interest to get one, and that we should go to great lengths to do so. The military people worry, in short, as one put it, "about pressure building up for a treaty that would be to our disadvantage." He continued, "There are those in the State Department who do not believe equality of forces is important, because they don't believe strategic forces will ever be used. But there's no reason we should give the Soviet Union a windfall. They are dedicated to their way of life. They have never deviated from their view that Socialism is going to drop in their lap. It's their religion. They don't believe in live-and-let-live, as we do." His worry about the White House, this man explained, is that decisions will be based on whether the Administration people think they will have a fight over approval of any arms treaty they propose. He said, "My whole fear is that those who want a treaty would feel the concessions they made could be explained." One man in the State Department, seeming in effect to confirm at least part of what the military man said, told me that the real issue within the government was



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not what to do about specific weapons but the larger one of how to negotiate with the Russians. The weapons, he said, "are sticks in the debate," not the essence of it. Another State Department man said that what we have now is a continuation of the long-running argument about what course best serves the security of the United States: whether the path toward military stabilization is necessary and desirable. Right now, he said, the climate within the United States is one in which "there seems to be a lot less interest and political support for trying to stabilize, as opposed to a muscular support for strength." He added, "It may be that we're in a period of jingoistic nationalism—which takes various forms."

When I stopped by the White House in late August, one project the President was devoting his attention to was winning congressional approval—or, precisely, averting congressional disapproval—of the proposed sale of an Airborne Warning and Control System (AWACS) to Iran. The House International Relations Committee had disapproved the sale in late July, but the President was determined to go ahead. The AWACS proposal was resubmitted when Congress reconvened after Labor Day, and is now expected to go through. Both Carter and the Vice-President, as well as White House staff members, were making calls. The President's human-rights offensive and his professed determination to reduce arms sales notwithstanding, he was determined to stay on good terms with the Shah. When the President makes such calls, he works with cream-colored cards that are prepared by the congressional-liaison office—explaining each member's position and the arguments that might be persuasive. After the calls are made, Carter sends the cards back to the congressional-liaison office with a notation of results in his small, neat handwriting, and signs them "J." In all, arms sales by the government in the fiscal year just ended amounted to about ten billion dollars—about one and a half billion dollars more than the year before. Administration officials explain that about half of this amount represents commitments incurred by the previous Administration—"About half is their mistakes and half is ours," remarked one—and that next year the amount will be lower. Efforts to dissuade France from selling a nuclear reprocessing plant to Pakistan and to dissuade Germany from selling one to Brazil have failed. The United States has given Japan limited approval to reprocess American-supplied spent nu-

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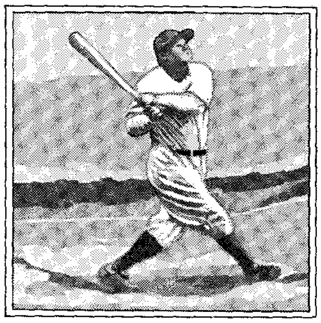

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clear fuel. And the House, responding to pressure from, among other things, the nuclear-power industry, rejected the President's attempt to stop the construction of a commercial plutonium breeder reactor on the Clinch River, near Oak Ridge, Tennessee. The House Appropriations Committee, at the behest of defense contractors, recently refused his request to delete funds for the B-1 bomber.

EVEN some White House aides will concede that the failure to come up with an urban program has been an oversight on the part of the Administration. "We're at fault," said one. They also say—and the President is also said to recognize—that Carter overreacted to the criticism by Vernon Jordan, the executive director of the Urban League, at its annual convention here in late July. Carter himself suggested then that Jordan—whom he has known a long time, who would prefer to deal with those in power rather than to fight with them, and who sent signals to the White House of what he was about to do—had made "demagogic statements" that would hurt blacks, and at the time White House aides went about saying that Jordan was jockeying for leadership within the black movement. (In his campaign, Carter showed this same instinct for striking back.) But he deliberately refrained from reacting when Jesse Jackson later accused him of "callous neglect." Still, the criticism from the blacks stung, and then there were the facts—facts that, in September, showed up in the form of forty-per-cent unemployment among young blacks. The search for an urban program began in earnest. "A lot of governing is scrambling around after the last published fact," remarked one Administration man. But such unemployment had been in the neighborhood of thirty-five to forty per cent for some time. One of the Georgians in the White House may have had one of the better explanations for what happened: "We may have been playing it a little too close politically," he said. "If labor and blacks are publicly mad at you about your jobs and other programs, it may help your welfare program get through. There was a little of that instinct there. That's a Georgia political instinct. It may not be the best thing all around for us to have public love-ins with Vernon. If you come up with a program to serve a constituency, it can hurt that program. Georgia legislators are used to awfully treacherous currents in getting progressive legislation through."

In part, the Administration was shocked by the unemployment figures because they came after a summer in which youth-employment programs had been increased. But there have been problems all along with the way in which the jobs programs have been managed—or mismanaged—by state and local agencies. And unless these are worked out there will be serious problems with the welfare-reform program—which is linked to putting people to work—even if it is enacted. There is serious division within the Administration over what sorts of job programs may work. Recently, I asked Carl Holman, president of the Urban Coalition and one of the wisest black leaders in the country, what was the general reaction to the Carter Administration on the part of blacks—particularly young blacks. He replied, "A kind of generalized, overall feeling in the black community that they've been had." He added, "But after the President's meeting with the Black Caucus in late September, there was some suspension of disbelief on the part of the leaders. Still, there's a lot more disillusionment in the streets than among the leadership, and we'll just have to see."

The Administration has also struggled to improve its relations with organized labor, but problems remain. White House staff members meet regularly with the staff of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. Members of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. executive council are regular guests in the Presidential box at the Kennedy Center. The White House went so far as to support a very expensive proposal, backed by the maritime unions, for requiring that a certain amount of imported oil be transported on American-flag ships, for which the most recent cost estimate was as high as six hundred million dollars a year. Labor leaders, after an initial nonchalance, became more interested in a White House suggestion that together they go forth with legislation for reform of the labor laws—the White House was looking for a way to please labor, and George Meany was looking for some legislative victories—but the recent difficulties that the minimum-wage legislation had in the House of Representatives was a sobering experience for both. Congress, a shaken White House aide remarked to me that day, is "profoundly conservative." It isn't—but it is more skeptical than in the past about labor legislation, and is increasingly disinclined to follow the White House lead.

While it was expected that the Senate, less disciplined these days than the House, would give the President's en-

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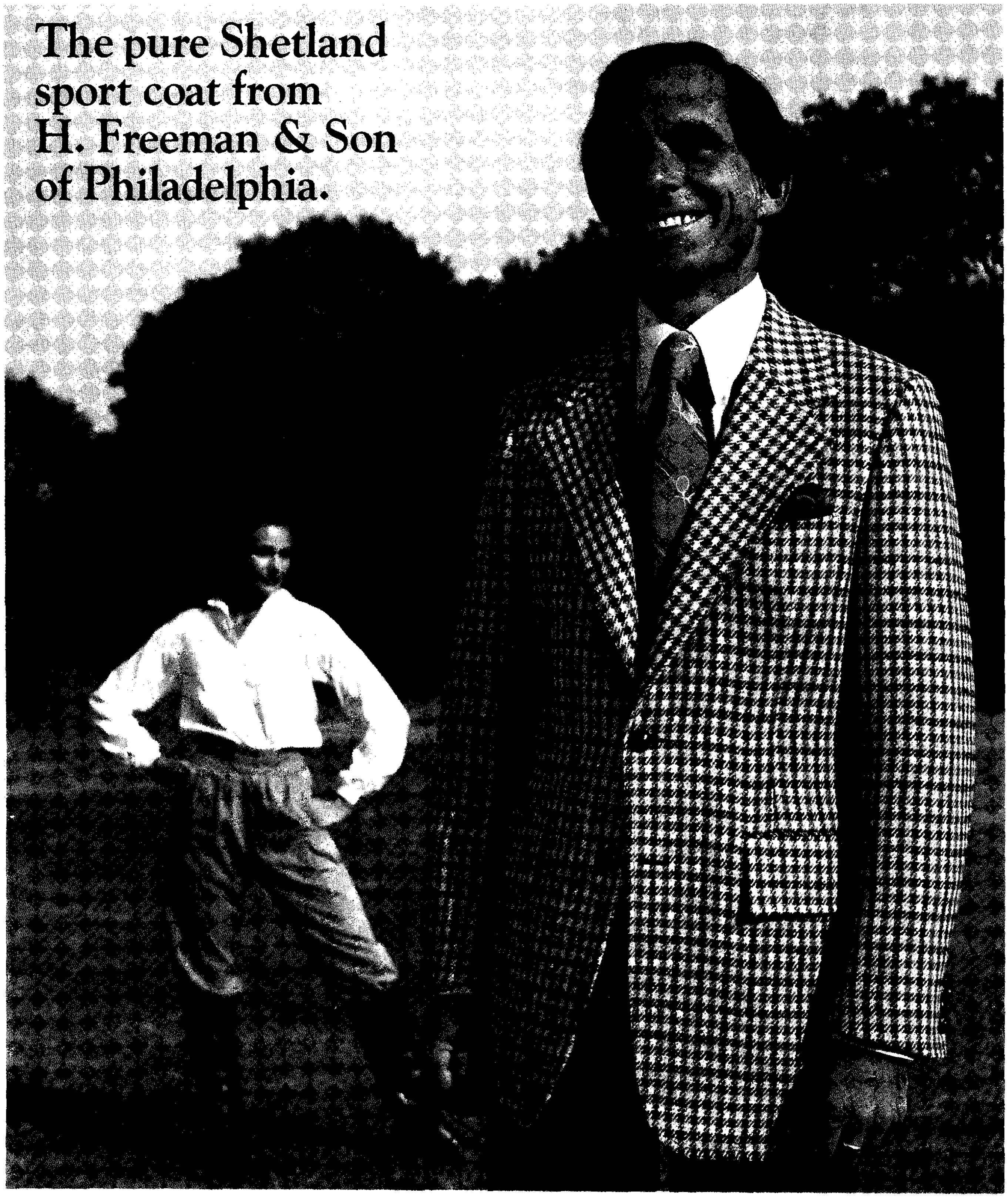
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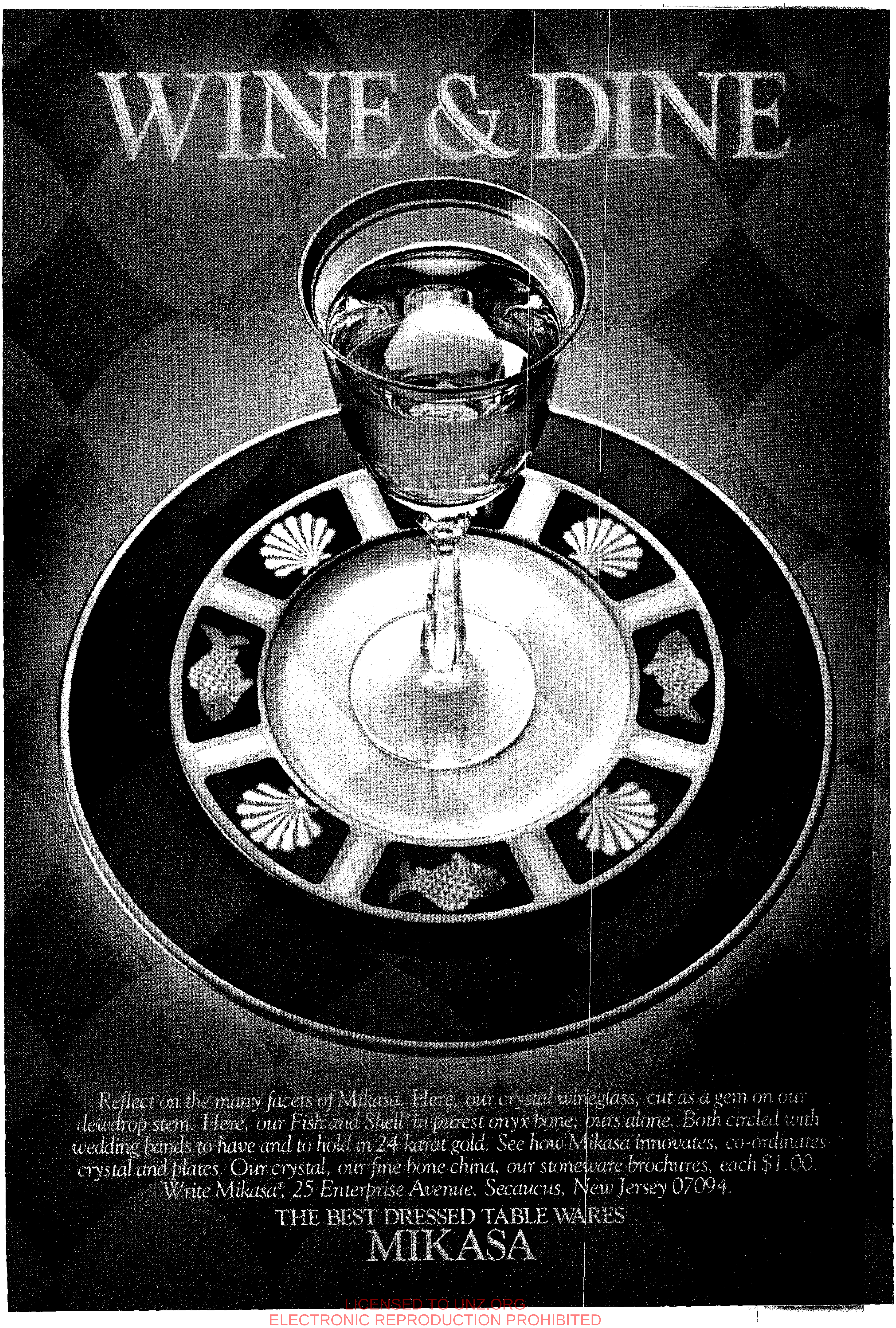

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ergy proposal a harder time than the House did, the extent to which it has been picked apart has come as a general surprise. One Senate aide explains that a number of people in the Senate feel that the Lance problem diverted the President's attention at a crucial time for a number of his programs, that it allowed people who were not all that enthusiastic about them or who had proposals of their own to gather strength. As for the economy, a number of Administration officials believe that, in retrospect, the fifty-dollar rebate, which had been designed to give the economy a boost, should not have been dropped by the Administration last spring. As of early this summer, some advisers began to get across to the President that he would have to begin to hedge his pledge for a balanced budget by adding "at full employment"—that is, allow for a deficit until unemployment is reduced. As for government reorganization, which during the campaign Carter said would be a major undertaking of his Administration, some four hundred and eighty advisory committees have been abolished, and work on other reorganization plans is going forward, but the oft-stated campaign goal of reducing the number of government agencies from nineteen hundred to two hundred has been abandoned. Wise heads involved in the reorganization efforts realized that that would simply lead to superagencies larger even than the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare.

ONE set of problems Carter is now having, it seems, goes back to the sort of campaign he ran. It was a campaign based on his personal qualities, on the style, tone, and competence he pledged to bring to government, rather than on issues. And pledges were made more or less on the run, based, as someone who works closely with the White House put it, "on threadbare analysis." The Carter Administration was simply less prepared to govern than people who had dwelt longer among the issues and the difficulties of governing. This has been the reverse side of the presumed advantages of being "outsiders." One of those advantages, as Carter kept telling the voters, was that he was freer of obligations to "interest groups" than most politicians. The struggle, since Carter took office, has been to figure out how much to work with those interest groups—labor and blacks did, after all, help him get elected, but so, of course, did the South—without throwing away that advantage. Jordan is known to be concerned with

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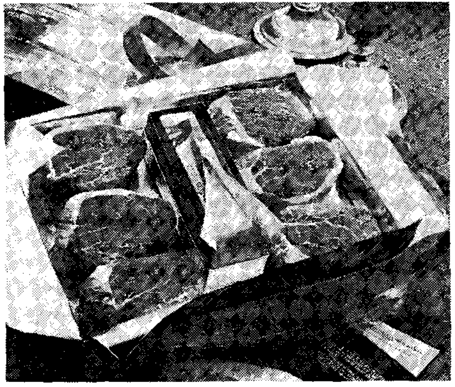

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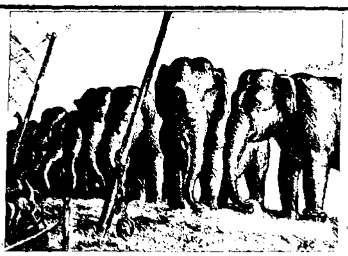
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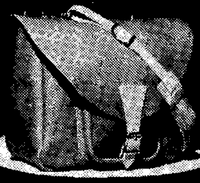

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the question of how Carter can remain the "outsider" when he seeks reëlection in 1980. A number of people within the Administration worry that Carter has taken on too many things—that there are a lot of proposals but no clear goals. Both House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill and Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd have asked the White House not to send up so many proposals, because, they say, Congress's inability to act on many of them will make Congress look bad, and the President will need as heavily Democratic a Congress as possible after next year's congressional elections to get as much accomplished as possible. One congressional leader with whom I spoke recently was feeling rather low. "I'm getting kind of pessimistic," he said. "Welfare reform is bogging down. The energy program might get emasculated. Where is reorganization going? Nowhere. The Panama fight could have bad political fallout for the Democrats. There aren't many things people who want to go home and support this Administration can go home and support and get a very rousing response. There's nothing much to cheer about."

A number of people in the Administration, including some fairly close to the President, feel that too much emphasis has gone into foreign policy (and they expressed that view to me even before the recent announcement of the world-jumping trip). They say more time should have gone into such problems as the economy. A number of them say that they cannot discern a plan, a coherent view of what it is this Administration wants to accomplish. Even one of the President's closest associates said the other day that he was concerned over whether there was a "sense of direction, of control," and added, "Things don't tie together very well." He said he was worried "about what kind of help the President has, and whether there is any long-term sense of where he's headed." Part of the problem stems from the times, from the nature of the issues the President is dealing with. Many of them are not glamorous and have to do with cleaning up old, messy problems. Carter does not have, as Roosevelt, Kennedy, and Johnson had, the opportunity to begin at many beginnings.

I asked Hamilton Jordan not long ago whether the Administration had a plan. Rod Stewart's "A Night on the Town" was playing on the stereo set and Jordan was drinking a Tab and planning an afternoon tennis game with the President.

"Most of it's in Carter's head,"

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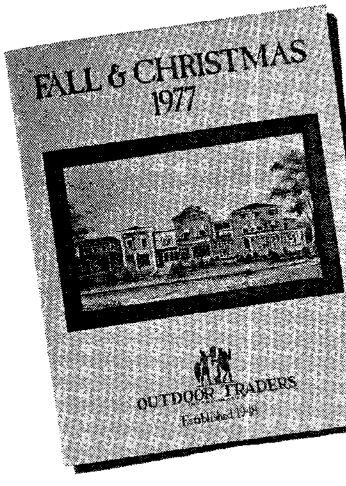

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Jordan replied. "The number of things he has to deal with simultaneously is just staggering. There's a sense of where we're going, and most of it is shared by most of the people around here. There's a shared sense of what our goals are, where we're going."

Then how, I asked, did they want the President to appear in 1980?

Jordan replied, "Like a successful President—a guy that's come to Washington, shook things up, accomplished some things. I think that's how we will look."

Shook things up in what ways, I asked.

"Tried to balance the budget, reorganized the government, took some nonideological approaches to problems like welfare reform," Jordan replied. "That he's not acting in the predictable fashion just because he's a Democrat. The key is to solve problems."

I asked him about the criticism that Carter is trying to do too many things at once.

Jordan replied, using a basketball metaphor, "His style is a 'full-court press.' It isn't like Carter to say, 'Because I'm working on Southern Africa I can't work on the Middle East, and because I'm working on the Middle East I can't work on Panama, and because I'm working on Panama I can't work on SALT.' He will be more successful than you would think by working on all of them simultaneously. If he had started off saying 'The Number One thing I want is a Department of Energy,' everyone would have gone after that. If you do a lot at once, you can slip some things by—it works the same in domestic and foreign policy. Besides, the option is to leave some of these things alone and not try to solve them. Carter's not ideological in the sense of what ideology has usually meant in this city. That doesn't mean he lacks an ideology, but his approach to problems is not what people in this city or the country are accustomed to."

I asked him how Carter was going to maintain the position of the outsider.

Jordan replied, "You still have some of that outsider attitude. On the one hand, there's a healthy respect for what government can do, and on the other a healthy respect for what it can't do." He added, "And I suspect we'll have a real respect for that in four years." And he laughed. —ELIZABETH DREW

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Like many Irish immigrant women coming to Boston, Maureen's first job was as cook for the late Dean Samuel Miller of Harvard Divinity School. —*Boston Globe.*

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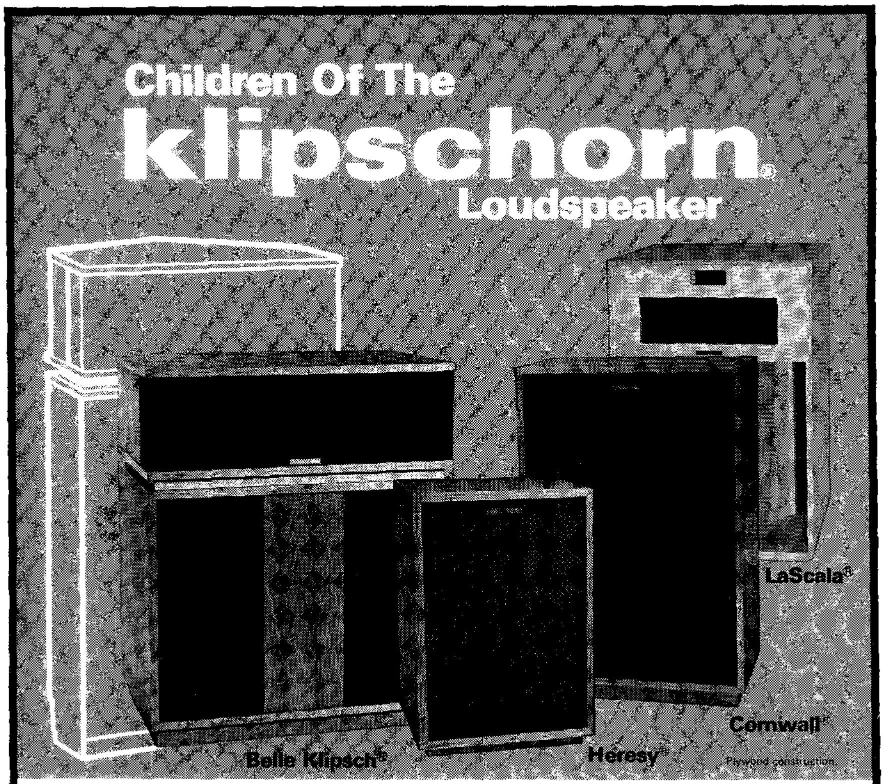

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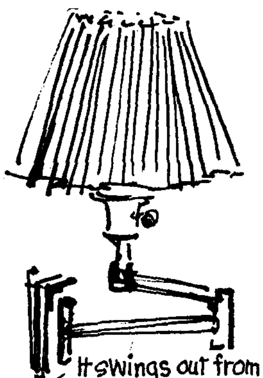

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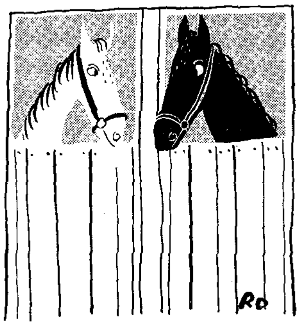
THE RACE TRACK

Rainy Day



FOREGO did not run in the Marlboro Cup Handicap at Belmont Park last Saturday. Frank Whiteley, who trains him, didn't like the way he did his last workout, the morning before the race, and scratched him. Proud Birdie, a lightly weighted, 41–1 shot in the betting, was next to last going down the backstretch but raced Private Thoughts, another long shot, down in the last fifty yards to win by three-quarters of a length. Crystal Water, California's best, carrying top weight of 129 pounds, was third, four lengths away. The merry mile-and-a-quarter gallop for the $279,600 prize money was run in the rain over a sloppy track in 2:00⅘. It was long-shot weather, too, for the crowd of 29,772 in the stand. Marlboro cigarettes, sponsor of the race, deserved a better day, but, then, the weather for the last four runnings of the Cup had been delightful. Private Thoughts, quickest away of the eight runners, held on well. Crystal Water went well, too, for a horse unaccustomed to wet going. Curiously, the crowd made Great Contractor, who had no mud form, favorite in the betting—I suppose because he had beaten Forego eleven lengths in the Brooklyn Handicap last July. He was never in the picture. I doubt that anyone gave a second look to Proud Birdie; he finished sixth to Forego in the Woodward a fortnight before. A four-year-old bay colt by Proud Clarion, owned by the Marablue Farm, Proud Birdie had won only one of twelve starts this season—the Cabrillo Handicap at Del Mar. They will look at him from now on, for first money in the Marlboro was $167,760.

Of course, the big disappointment of the afternoon was that Forego did not run, but Whiteley was quite right to scratch him, for he would have been favorite and finished down the course, and the crowd wouldn't have been pleased. Unfortunately, it was found that he had a filling, as horsemen call a swelling, in his left front ankle, no doubt from the strain of that workout. He has never been entirely sound, and it is doubtful that the problem can be cleared up in time for the Jockey Club Gold Cup on the 15th. In fact, the old boy may not run again this year. Whether he will come back next season will depend on how he winters. I hope he does come back, for if he doesn't racing will lose something it can ill afford to lose.

Lakeville Miss is still moving up. She won her third stakes race at the meeting—the $107,800 Frizette Stakes for two-year-old fillies—earlier in the afternoon of the Marlboro Cup. Beginning slowly, she went round the leaders to roll on by eight lengths ahead of Misgivings and the six other runners.

Last spring, Steve Cauthen's critics—and he had plenty—said that he rode second-class horses well in second-class races, thanks to his apprentice allowance, but that he was not so good with better ones in stakes. They've changed their tune. At Belmont last Wednesday, he had a double—the winners of both divisions of the Manhattan Handicap. He booted Gentle King home by three-quarters of a length in the first division and won the second by the same margin on Gallivantor, after a driving finish. Because the turf course was so sodden from recent rains, the race was moved over to the main track, but the fields were cut to ribbons with scratches: Exceller, one of the leading horses in England and France, did not run in the first division. Majestic Light, tops on the grass, did run in the second but came in fourth.

OGDEN MILLS PHIPPS, chairman of the board of the New York Racing Association, would like to have racing five days a week, including Sundays, at Aqueduct this coming January, February, and March. The track would be closed Mondays and Tuesdays. Of course, permission would have to be granted by the State Racing and Wagering Board, but what the Establishment wants the Establishment gets.

—AUDAX MINOR

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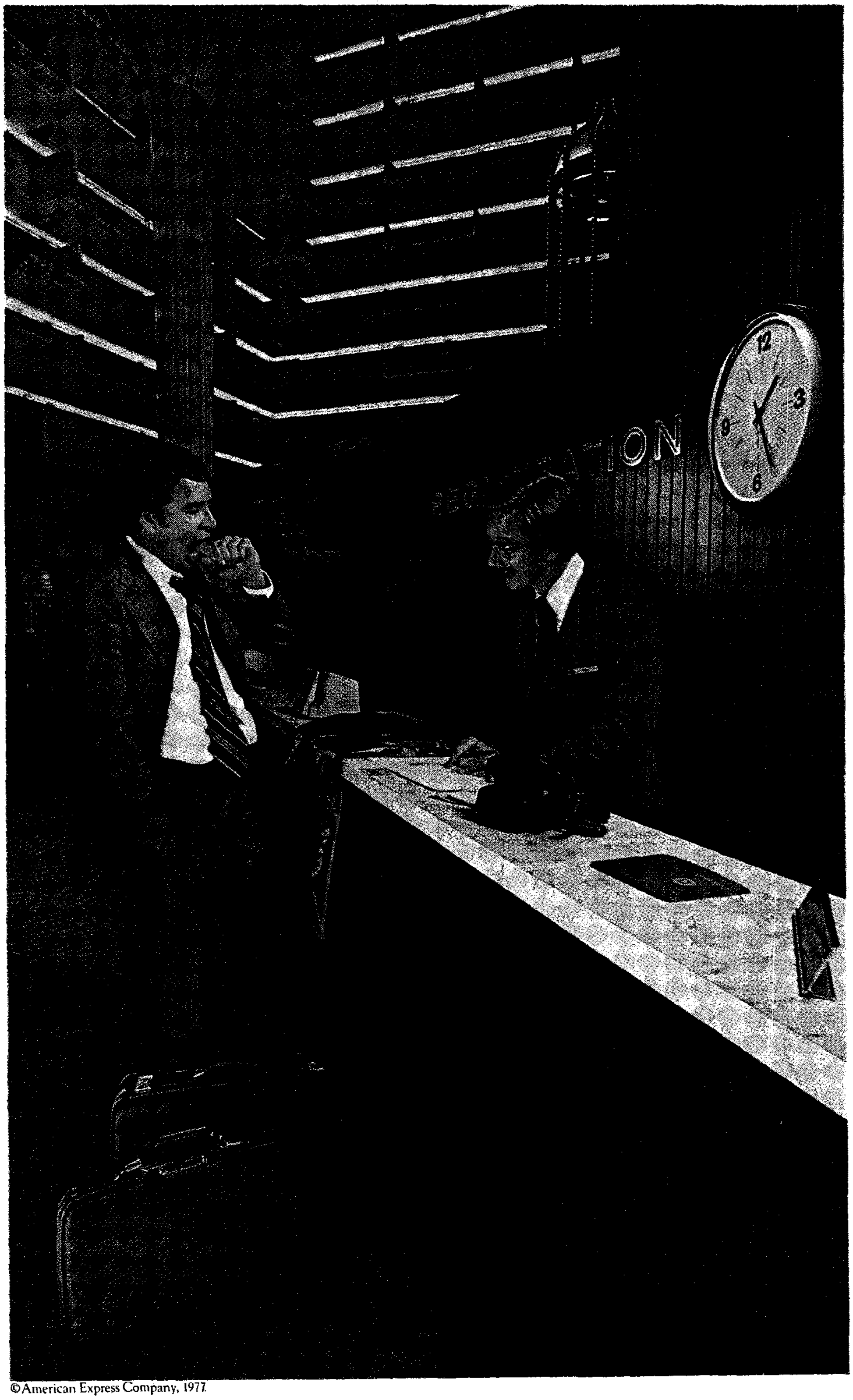

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FOOTBALL

The Errors of Their Ways

Up in Providence on Saturday last, the Brown band, which came onfield after the Princeton band, opened up its offensive with one of those breezy, quickstep middle-period Jule Styne show tunes, and the joyous sound of it may have caused some of the listeners to wonder why, in all the years since Cole Porter retired from his post as poet (and composer) laureate of the Yale football team, nobody has considered engaging someone of Styne's eminence to enhance the impoverished repertoire of college marching music. The Brown team did not open *its* offensive until well along in the fourth quarter, and by that time there was other wonderment in the stands: whither the smooth and efficacious Brown power to which in the past few seasons we have all become accustomed? It is said that Brown does well with the option play, but whether that is so could hardly be ascertained on Saturday, for whenever Whipple, Brown's new quarterback, seemed about to execute it he was often instantly buried alive under a gaggle of Princeton linemen. In the last quarter, during which Brown came from behind to win, in the final minute, at the count of 10–7, Whipple was downed seven times before he got away the long pass that put his team on the Princeton one. The holes in the Brown dike which allowed the flooding of Whipple will, one assumes, soon be plugged, and the squad, which fields a goodly quantity of performers who weigh in at quite a distance above the two-hundred-pound mark, can look forward to more triumphant Saturdays. Princeton, which has another useful quota of real heavyweights (and this is rather a rarity in the Ivy League), has as well a sturdy running attack, now that Isom is paced by Larson, but getting the ball into the air and in the proper direction is a matter that, it appears, is not to be solved this fall.

Weightiness in the outer world is more a commonplace, but the offensive center for Colorado, which paid a satisfying visit to West Point last weekend (Colorado 31, Army 0), totals, in working order, 278 pounds, and any number of his fellow-linemen are not far behind; armor of this sort is superlative anywhere. That King, who carries the ball for Army, could amass 119 yards against such a Front Range is remarkable, and that Hall, who throws the ball for Army better than any other Army man has thrown it, could not complete any long-distance passes against guardianship of this stature is understandable. He, like Whipple, was buried alive—no fewer than six times—but he is constructed of material that wears well, and could, if the law allowed, probably go on pitching for Army into the nineteen-eighties. He would, it is safe to guess, enjoy pitching to Colorado's Niziolek, for one, who, at six feet five, is absolutely superb at the end-around maneuver. Two thousand Coloradoans flew East for this holiday, and, considering the circumstances, why not?

Miami (Ohio), which is not Miami (Miami), brought three thousand of its buffs to Yale Bowl, though not by air, for many alumni of Miami (Ohio) have managed to infiltrate these parts. Cozza, who coaches Yale, began life by playing football at Miami (Ohio), and so did Mallory, who now coaches Colorado. Cozza's troops, whom a lot of us think will top the Ivy League this season, looked and acted the part until late in the afternoon; then, as luck and a few bobbles went against Yale, Miami (O.) came up from the rear and won, going away, at 28–14. If Brown (cf. *supra*) is to be allowed a haphazard afternoon, so, then, is Yale, and anyway neither team's off-peak performance affected its standing in the League.

Harvard, a bright star in the League firmament until Davenport was damaged a fortnight back, came wholly unravelled on Saturday, at 38–21, against a Colgate well staffed in every department, from the trompe-l'oeil quarterbacking of Relph and the running of Malverty to the kicking of Andrewlavage, and so on and on. Lacking a cohesive forward line and any great shakes of running backs, Restic, captain of the Harvard coaches, decided to go down with his ship by providing the customers with some of his newest fireworks. Using only two backs (one was whatever quarter seemed to come to mind) and sending four split ends

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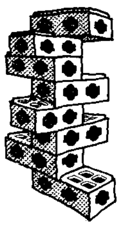

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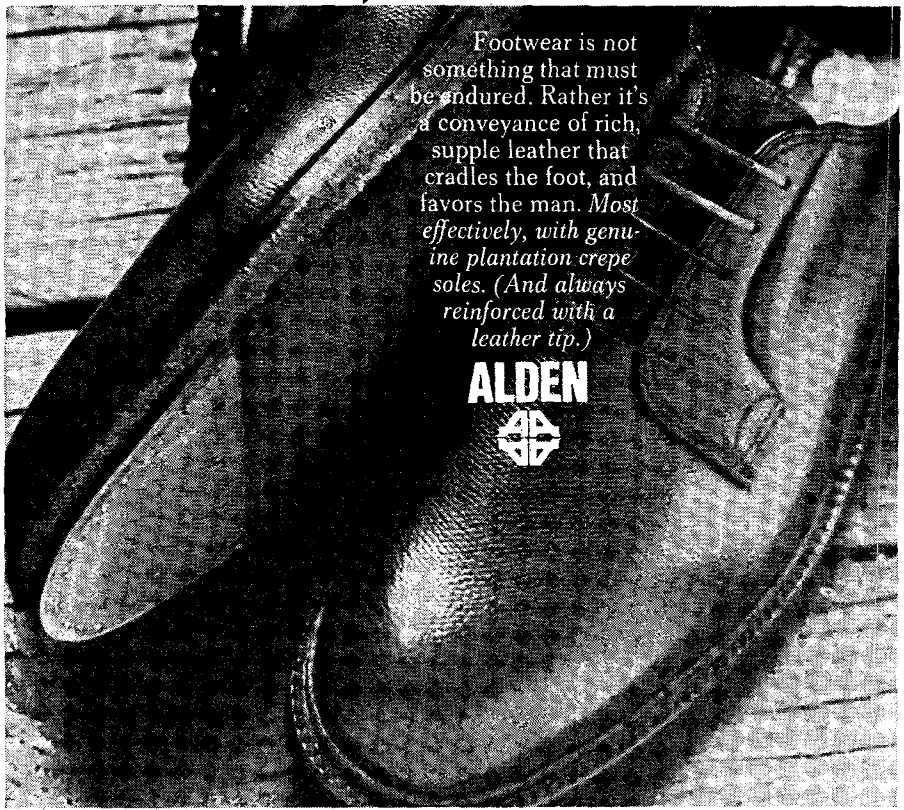

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(four, yes) downfield, Restic had Harvard throw fifty-seven passes that afternoon, thirty-one of them valid. Buckley, operating from the shotgun, threw some forty, of which some twenty were valid. Thirteen went to Curry, of which one was good for a touchdown, and Curry, catching one more, could have set a Harvard record if the play had not been annulled because of a penalty. In all, Harvard's three (or was it four? hard to tell, at times) quarterbacks picked up, by air, 380 yards. Eventually, a stunt like this has got to beat somebody; in the interim, it's a spectacle to enjoy.

Many years ago, when there was not enough stuff to go around, NBC had the notion of filling in a Friday night's prime time by pitting this correspondent and Lou Little against one another in a rambling discussion, on television, of the season's football. We overran our thirty minutes with ease, but we were instructed to keep going until something could be assembled to replace us. A different world, a different television, a different Columbia, which Little was then coaching. He stopped that twenty-one years ago. On Saturday, that different Columbia was for once in full force again, putting away Pennsylvania resoundingly, at 30–18. Little was there to witness the renaissance. It would be jolly, for this weary old city, if this new plant turned out to be a hardy annual. —J. W. L.

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[*From Earthquake, the Germantown Friends School newspaper*]

After mid-term exams are over comes a time known as the English Electives period. Theoretically this is a time when one can break away from one's "regular" English course to take a course of one's own choice. This year most of the electives being taught are new to GFS. The most popular new course was Peter Reinke's Man and Woman. Originally three large sections of the course were planned, but one was cancelled to allow Mr. Reinke to teach a section of Guilt.

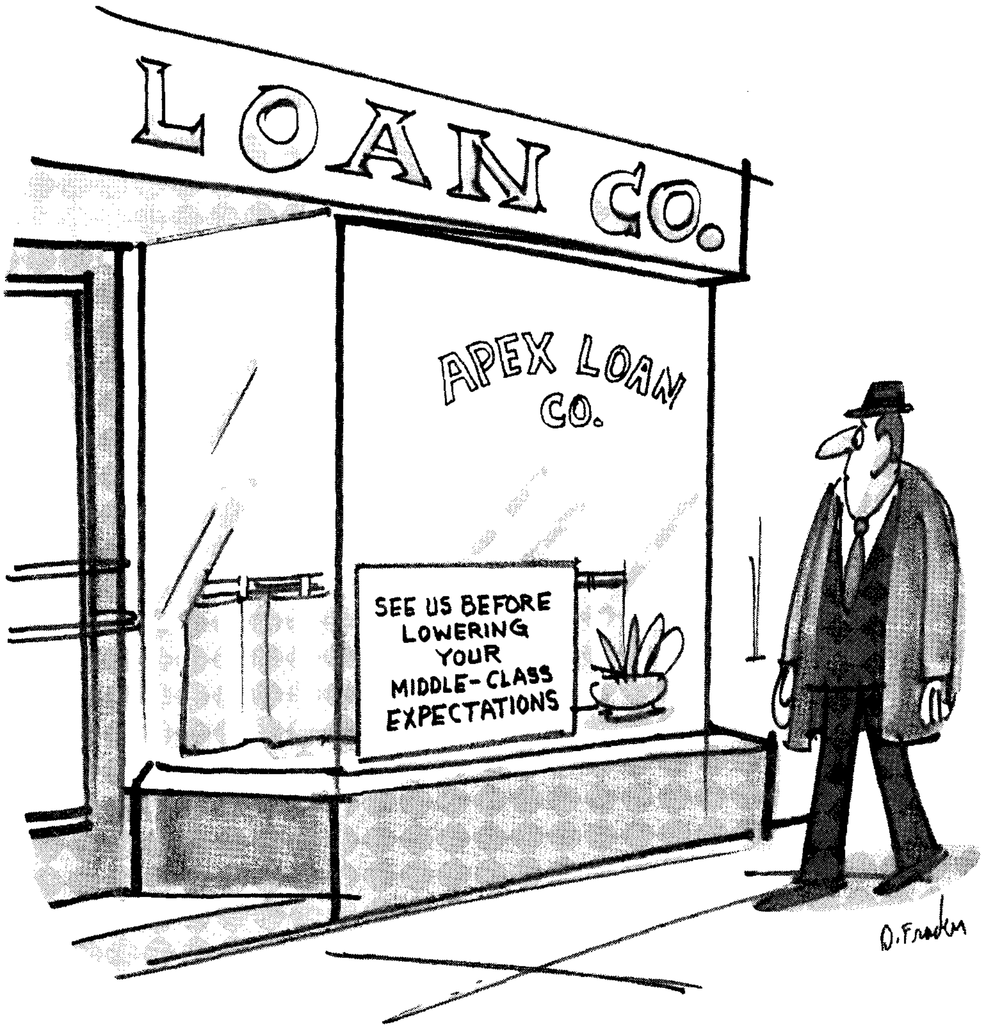
BOOKS

Human Capacities

IN the case of a living author, at least until senility is medically certified, the possibility exists that his new book will be better than his last. In the case of a writer whose works in another language are brought into English many years after their composition, the odds are that the best were translated first and a kind of dutiful rounding out is in progress. New Directions Books has played the dutiful handmaiden to modernism for forty years, and continues to do so by bringing us more Alfred Jarry ("The Supermale," translated from the French by Ralph Gladstone and Barbara Wright) and more Raymond Queneau ("The Sunday of Life," translated from the same language by the same Miss Wright, who has written excellent short introductions to both books). The Jarry is a rather frantic eighty-page trifle, the Queneau is unevenly entertaining; yet both volumes have their unexpected beauties, slightly alter our impression of the creative spirits behind them, and offer some hours' relief to American readers groggy with the hustle and clamor of their own literary marketplace. Both books have black-and-white jackets, which is soothing, and neither boasts a seven-figure paperback-rights resale, which comes as a cool breeze in these overheated days of the print-media industry. We are reminded of innocent times when publishing houses owned themselves and authors' ambitions were bound, as it were, between hard covers.

Not that Jarry was not megalomaniacal; he was, and aspired always to revolutionize nothing less than human limitations. "Human capacities have no limits," he has the "supermale" say, and in this fervid faith Jarry is a bizarre, terminal spokesman of nineteenth-century optimism. An undersized dynamo who had burned himself out by the age of thirty-four on a diet of absinthe, ether, and hypercerebration, he won notoriety in 1896 with the play "Ubu Roi," a frenzied farce whose note of nihilistic violence still resounds on the contemporary stage. His personality made a vivid impression upon a smaller audience of fellow-littérateurs: André Gide remembered him as a "plaster-faced Kobold, gotten up like a circus clown and acting a fantastic, strenuously contrived role which showed no human characteristic." Fantastic, strenuously contrived, and inhuman also was his prose; during the eleven years of his life remaining after the celebrated performance of "Ubu Roi," Jarry, who had been a brilliant and industrious student at the *lycées* of Laval and Rennes, produced a succession of erudite, whimsical, cruel, science-obsessed, provocative, and tiresome short works already, one would think, made sufficiently available to Americans in the "Selected Works of Alfred Jarry" (edited by Roger Shattuck and Simon Watson Taylor; Grove, 1965). "The Supermale" ("Le Surmâle") was published in 1902 and is set in the futuristic time of 1920. It is a novel, of the special sort associated with the Marquis de Sade; that is, there is a lavishly equipped château (the Château de Lurance), a distinguished group of guests ("the celebrated American chemist William Elson, a widower, with his daughter Ellen; the millionaire engineer, electrical expert, and manufacturer of automobiles and aircraft, Arthur Gough, with his wife; General Sider; Senator de Saint-Jurieu with his baroness, Pusice-Euprépie de Saint-Jurieu; Cardinal Romuald; the actress Henriette Cyne, and Doctor Bathybius"), and a philosophical debate that ends, by way of settlement, in an orgy.

An orgy, however, of narrow scope. The hero and host, André Marcueil, proposes in "The Supermale" 's first sentence that the act of love can be performed indefinitely. Marcueil, an unprepossessing man of thirty with tinted lenses in his pince-nez, a face as pale as his starched shirtfront, and ankles that resemble his wrists in dark frailty, makes his assertion that "human capacities have no limits" and, since his creator shares this demented conviction, has no trouble in demonstrating its truth. Indeed, Jarry, postponing the looked-for love feast to the last quarter of the book, stages an extensive and grotesque sporting event in additional evidence of human illimitability: five men strapped on a bicycle, their "ten legs joined on either side by aluminum rods," and chewing for nutrition only "small, colorless, crumbly, and bitter-tasting cubes of Perpetual Motion Food" based on the "superfood" of pure alcohol, outrace a locomotive over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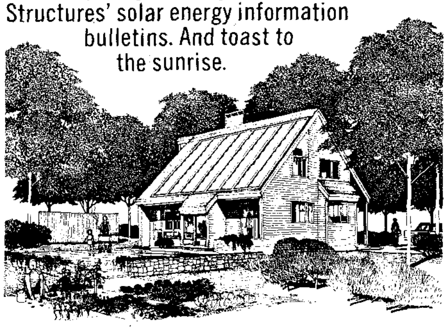

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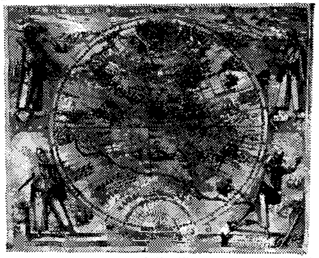

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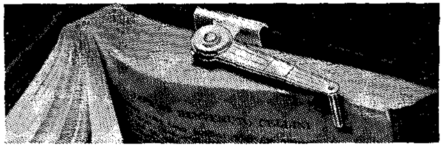

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no less a distance than ten thousand miles, along a track specially laid across Siberia for the event. This Gargantuan ordeal, described by one of the five American racers, Ted Oxborrow, is a notably macabre permutation of Jarry's obsessional fantasy: Man as Machine. When one of the racers, Jewey Jacobs, dies in the saddle, the odor of decomposition arises rapidly ("due to the secretion of an extraordinary abundance of muscular toxins") but the mechanical inconvenience passes. The putrefying corpse is taught to pedal better than ever:

> Soon Jewey Jacobs began to pedal, with a bad grace at first, and we couldn't see whether he was making any grimaces, as his face was still in his mask. We encouraged him with friendly insults.... Little by little he entered into the swing of it, his legs caught up with ours, the ankle-play returned, and finally he started pedaling madly.
>
> "He's acting as a flywheel," said the corporal....
>
> Indeed, not only did he catch up with us, he increased his speed beyond ours, and Jacobs' death-sprint was a sprint the like of which the living cannot conceive.

There is a rich mix of unpleasantnesses here, but a pathos, too, for it is not hard to read into Jewey Jacobs' propulsive triumph over death, and the bicycle team's invincibility, Jarry's own mad hope, as he drank himself to death, that by sufficient acceleration he could elude mortal consequences. As Miss Wright well says in her introduction, "his megalomania was a mask for a great deal of misery." By an odd twist, the very fuel that drives the human organisms to transcend possibility quenches the locomotive; as Elson prepares to pour alcohol into the engine, the engineer shouts, "You're not going to give it to the locomotive to drink? It would hurt it! It's not a human creature!"

An unexpected tenderness also characterizes the erotic passages of "The Supermale." These are less ribald and explicit than almost any contemporary writer, given the theme, would have made them. Though Marcueil procures seven whores for his demonstration, they are not utilized, and instead the American chemist's gracile daughter Ellen offers herself to be the Supermale's partner—"a little slip of a girl," "round-faced with a slightly snub nose, thin-lipped, with immense eyelashes and practically no eyebrows, so that, seen in profile, her brown lashes seem to detach themselves from her face . . ." Naked, Ellen is "seemingly transparent in the lamplight," and, having fainted from her exertions, she is examined with the sequential care of a naturalist:

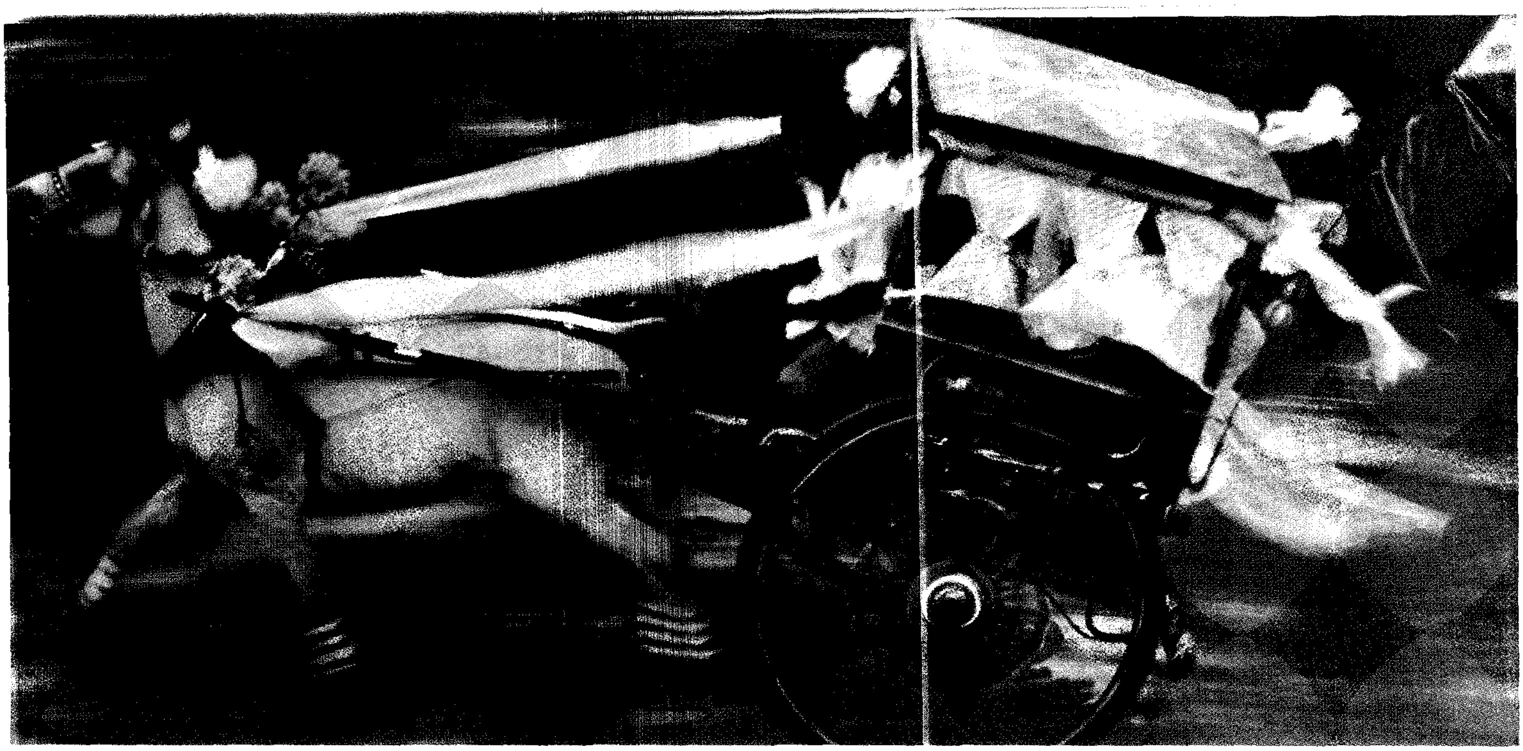
> Her teeth were minute and well-kept toys....
>
> Her ears, there was no doubt, had been "hemmed" by some lacemaker.
>
> The tips of her breasts were curious, pink things, which looked like each other, and like nothing else.
>
> Her genitals seemed like a small, eminently stupid animal, as stupid as a shellfish—really, there was quite a resemblance—but not less pink.

As tribute to something human that lingered in Jarry, we care, amid the monstrous mechanisms of his tale, about this loving couple, and feel at their final parting the same cheated exasperation we do at the narrowly missed appointment of Romeo and Juliet. Jarry, who talked like a nutcracker and lived in a room where a normal-sized man could not stand up, nevertheless had a space of experience in his life that enabled him to write not about lovemaking but about love:

> And he began to sink softly down beside his companion, who was asleep in *the absolute,* just as the first man had awoken near Eve and thought that she had come out of his side because she was beside him, in his quite natural surprise at finding the first woman, whom love had made to blossom, in the place where some still anthropoid female had slept before.

The Absolute, the cruel companion of Jarry's fantasies, momentarily relented, permitting waking thoughts. In the passage above, a female becomes a woman; in another, the ferocious visions of men wedded to hyperbolic bicycles yield their secret origin, in what Pascal called the heart. Ellen Elson explains to her lover, "The Absolute Lover must exist, since woman can conceive of him, just as there is but one proof of the immortality of the soul, which is that man, through fear of nothingness, aspires to it!"

SERENITY, which Jarry so flagrantly lacked, Raymond Queneau exemplifies. His books have a double calm: that of a satisfactorily finished design and that of a pleased acceptance of reality. "The Sunday of life"—a phrase even more lyrical in the French, "*le dimanche de la vie*"—comes, the epigraph tells us, from Hegel, who, in meditating the world of Dutch painting, spoke of "the Sunday of life, which levels everything, and rejects everything bad." There is much bad that the characters of this novel must reject or ignore: death strikes often, greed manifests itself, an ineluctable dissatisfaction and restlessness permeates their moods. A stroke paralyzes



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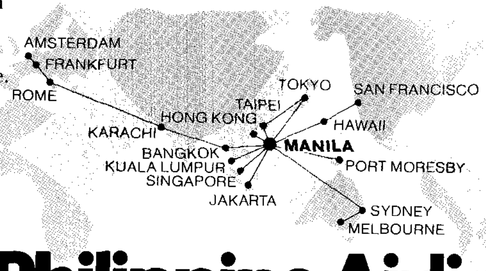
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ALWAYS A STEP AHEAD

Collins & Aikman Corporation, 210 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016 the heroine, Julia, and the coming of war threatens the hero, Private Valentin Brû. The years are 1936-40, and in France conversation "always came back to Hitler's innermost thoughts." As in "The Magic Mountain," a war earlier, the characters' romances, hobbies, and self-aggrandizements are X-rayed to their foolish bones by the blast of black light from the future. Published in 1952, "The Sunday of Life," employing the same deft, cavalier touch with which Queneau in "The Flight of Icarus" etched the eighteen-nineties, portrays those gray pre-war years when *vin blanc gommé* could still be ordered in cafés and President Fallières (1906-13) could still be remembered. It is a France of small shops and returned colonial soldiers. Through the window of her notions shop in Bordeaux, Mlle. Julia Segovia, whose age is "something like forty-five," sees the young Private Brû pass, "joyfully clad in khaki," and determines to marry him. Since he is twenty years younger and they have never met, her desire might seem susceptible to many frustrations; "it was all plain sailing, however." Three months and thirty-five pages later, they are married; he takes a honeymoon trip by himself, to Bruges. Her mother dies, and they inherit her framer's shop in Paris. Meanwhile, Julia's sister Chantal and her husband, Paul—a nonentity so slippery the author gives his surname in over fifty different forms—have become rich by manufacturing rifle butts. Valentin's framing enterprise fails, Julia has a stroke, and he takes over her *sub rosa* business as a fortune-teller, assuring his customers that war will not come, until war does come. Recalled to the service, he is last seen boosting three girls, "inexplicably dressed as mountaineers," by their behinds into a window of a crowded train. His beloved, half-paralyzed, impoverished wife, witnessing this, laughs.

The plot is scarcely worth retelling. Some of the incidents, especially the needling, coarse, slangy conversations among the sisters and the brothers-in-law, seem scarcely worth reading, their banality is so thorough. And the translator's attempts to render Queneau's cunningly "demotic" French with contractions like "Zthe" (for "It's the") and "Tsava" ("Let's have a") and Krazy Kat distortions like "eggzactly" and "wisecraps" are valiant but wear a grimace of false gusto. Queneau's famous de-Academizing of the French language by means of phonetic spellings like "*Polocilacru*" for "*Paul aussi l'a cru*" and "*Doukipudonktan*" for "*D'où qu'ils puent donc tant*" defies translation

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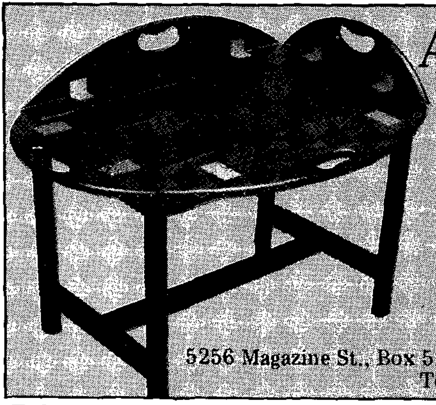

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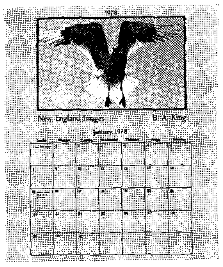

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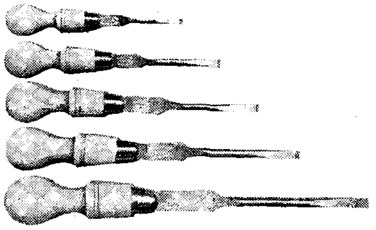
totally, as the introduction admits. The nuances of slang, like the nuances of poetry, must be taken on faith. But even to a French reader, one suspects, "The Sunday of Life," like its characters, has margins of enigma. The novel, that is, is egoistic, and given to the same excessively private contemplations as Valentin Brû, who sits in his unfrequented framer's shop literally clock-watching, trying "to follow time, nothing but time." He achieves seven continuous minutes of pure temporal vacuity, and wonders, "After I've got away from myself with so much concentration, when I find myself a bit later on back in the place I started from without ever having budged, is that like when you sleep without dreaming?" Brû, ingenuous at first, a simpleton who cannot even recover his suitcase from a baggage checkroom, becomes a monster of introspection and a master psychologist, who as a fortune-teller plays on the innocent egoism of others. "He admired the facility with which he had created a little zone of error in the reasonable mind of the grocer. Up till now he had always thought that language ought to formulate the truth, and silence hide it. The words he would use to Madame Saphir's customers, male and female, it wouldn't even be zones of error that they would form, but zones of confusion in which illusion might remain in suspense until the end of a life." His own egoism is subjected to scrutiny at unlikely moments. He finds Julia's body, "looking very dead," on the floor:

> Then he thought: my life's going to be changed, and almost at the same time: so's hers. From which he very rapidly concluded: I'm not such an egoist as all that, seeing that I'm thinking about her.

Hegel is the presiding philosopher of "The Sunday of Life," as Descartes was of "The Bark Tree," and so, as the book's holiday darkens under the shadow of wartime, there are allusions to History: "Local people, having no new stories to tell him except to the extent that they were participating in History, now only rarely came to confide to him the more and more petty details of a life pulverized by newspaper headlines." In the crowded trains, "a whole family would march past, groaning, distorted by the majesty of great catastrophes." In a curious way, the novel is about the Battle of Jena (1806). It is mentioned on the first page as Private Brû's virtually only thought: "Private Brû . . . in general thought of nothing, but, when he did, had a preference for the Battle of Jena." Near the end of "The Sunday of Life," Paul says, "It's only now that



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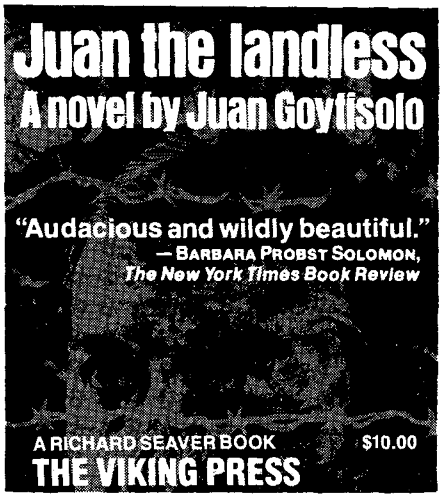

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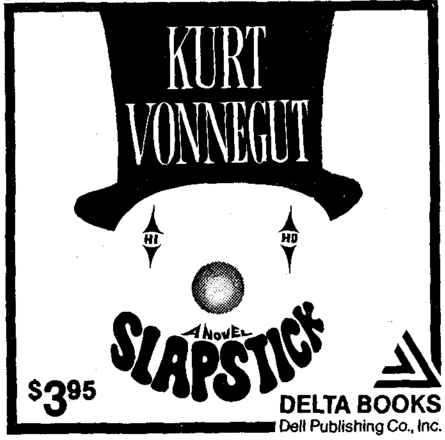

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we can understand why Valentin was interested in the Battle of Jena.... Will Hitler create Europe, and succeed where Napoleon failed? Or will France, helped by the Russians and the English, rise again like Prussia in *1813?*" At Jena, Napoleon defeated Prussia and went on to enter Berlin; the battle is thus a mirror image of Hitler's defeat of the French and his occupation of Paris. But the Prussians were to have their revenge, and so were the French, as Queneau knew, though his characters in this novel do not. Jena is a paradigm, perhaps, of momentary defeats, of "everything bad," which human life in its timeless succession of Sundays outlasts. "The days that pass, which turn into the time that passes, are neither lovely nor hideous, but always the same." So much for history, for Hegel's glorification of history (living at Jena in 1806, the young philosopher hailed Napoleon as "the Soul of the World") and the state, which was to have such sinister reverberations in the German consciousness. Against the grandiose Queneau posits the quotidian, in the same patriotic spirit in which Wallace Stevens wrote, "Say this to Pravda, tell the damned rag That the peaches are slowly ripening." Valentin Brû, from one standpoint a cipher, a whisper (his name suggests), is from another a "sort of ascetic," the possessor of an active inner life and a satisfied sensuality; the quintessential Frenchman, mysterious as all egoists are, yet sufficiently tied to his society to volunteer for duty on the Maginot Line. Queneau, like Jarry, is more conservative than his cheerful anarchic manner promises: not love machines nor war machines render human loyalty and decency obsolete.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A SEA-GRAPE TREE, by Rosamond Lehmann (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $7.95). Miss Lehmann's first novel since "The Echoing Grove," of 1953. The most favorable thing that can be said about this romance set in the Caribbean in the nineteen-thirties is that when it focusses on anyone but its principal subjects it is quite surprisingly funny. Its heroine is a pale English rose who has been jilted by the married man with whom she has been having an affair for years. According to a well-rehearsed plan, they were to run away together to a comfortable Victorian hotel on the remote, exotic isle where the story takes place, but he

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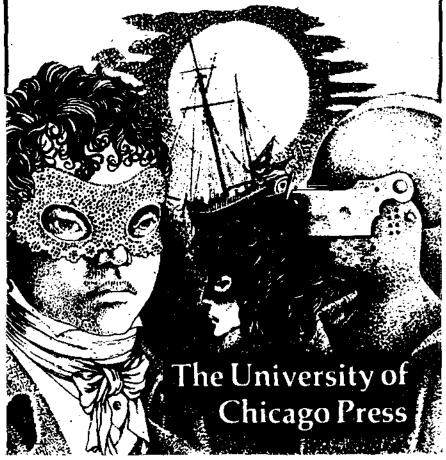

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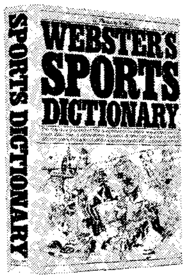

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failed to appear at the appointed hour, so she has come alone. The island is populated (exclusively, it seems) by the native blacks and by English eccentrics—all of whom are sketched delightfully by Miss Lehmann. (They include a man who is in love with a horse, a fading belle of the First World War, a decadent plantation owner who endlessly dances the tango, and two predatory nurses.) Unfortunately, the real business of the book is the story of the woman (who is called Anonyma because she won't tell anybody her name) and her curative romance with a devilishly handsome, semi-crippled First World War ace, who lives in a hut encrusted with sea-shells. Nothing favorable can be said about *this* saga, which is sometimes told in a kind of feverishly whimsical stream-of-consciousness mode.

GENERAL

ADLAI STEVENSON AND THE WORLD, by John Bartlow Martin (Doubleday; $15). This, the second and concluding volume of a majestic biography, opens on November 5, 1952, the day after Adlai Stevenson, Governor of Illinois, lost his first campaign for the Presidency, and closes, nearly nine hundred pages later, on July 14, 1965, with his sudden death, in London, as American Ambassador to the United Nations. The author, who worked in both of Stevenson's Presidential campaigns and became his friend, has maintained a remarkable poise; despite personal closeness, he holds fast to objectivity, and readers can see why Stevenson elicited negative as well as positive feelings. Mr. Martin believes—and he persuades the reader—that between 1952 and 1960 Stevenson kept the Democratic Party alive as a national party when it might have become a disassembled collection of parochial interests. Stevenson's career at the United Nations was a disappointment to him, for neither of the Presidents he served (Kennedy and Johnson) relied on him to shape policy. Nonetheless, Stevenson's genuine respect for the opinions of other men, combined with his equally genuine charm, made him an excellent diplomat in a world—and in a forum—that was not wholly friendly toward this country.

THE DIARY OF VIRGINIA WOOLF, Volume I: 1915-19, edited by Anne Olivier Bell, with an introduction by Quentin Bell (Harcourt Brace Jo-

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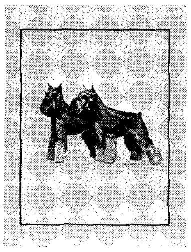

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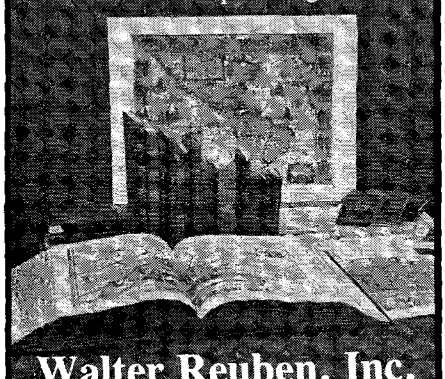

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vanovich; $12.95). In his introduction, Professor Bell says that Mrs. Woolf's diary is "a literary achievement equal to though very different from 'The Waves' or 'To the Lighthouse,' having the same accurate beauty of writing but also an immediacy such as one finds only in diaries; it is in fact one of the great diaries of the world." Judging by Volume I, it is no such thing; he has allowed himself to be carried away. One reads with a kind of growing fatigue not so much with Mrs. Woolf as with the friends and acquaintances she is at such pains to describe. By this time, one knows them as well as, if not better than, one wants to. Surprisingly (because the one-volume selection that Leonard Woolf published in 1953 did not lead the reader to expect it), the diary is kinder and less disparaging than her letters, perhaps because with herself she didn't have to be entertaining and could be just, instead. The notes are admirable.

THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF JOYCE, by Richard Ellmann (Oxford; $10.95). The preëminent Joyce scholar discusses influences on the author and his relation to politics. The two main influences, in Mr. Ellmann's view, are Homer and Shakespeare, but so broad is Ellmann's learning that any paragraph is likely to contain references to writers as far apart as Dante and Goethe. "What Joyce implies in 'Ulysses' is that just as parents look forth in the eyes of their children, so our ancestors, artistic and natural, look forth in us and in our works, whether these works are merely memories or more finished creations," Mr. Ellmann writes. "He wished to show that 'Ulysses' was at once a newborn babe and an age-old one, an experiment but also a thing done and completed. Literature is impregnated by life's memories; on the other hand, life's memories include those recalled from books. The fertile materials spill over everywhere. We are all in the process of remembering and reshaping in new form what we have encountered."

DAMNED IN PARADISE: THE LIFE OF JOHN BARRYMORE, by John Kobler (Atheneum; $12.95). John Barrymore was one of the most gifted actors of whom there is any record, but he despised his own gifts. This thorough and thoughtful biography suggests that he was almost too talented—his imagination and his intelligence (as well as his neuroses) created in him perpetual dissatisfac-

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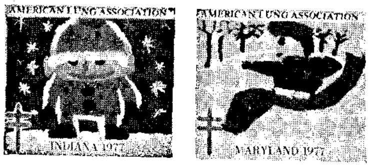

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tion with himself and his achievements. He took great pains and great pleasure in creating a role, but once he felt he had it right he had no enjoyment in playing it. Barrymore was a compulsive womanizer and an ultimately suicidal alcoholic; he was also sweet, kind, generous, honorable, and loyal. And there are excellent accounts of just what the performer did that made his portrayals (of Hamlet, say, and Richard III) theatrical landmarks.

PLAYING GOD, by June Goodfield (Random House; $8.95). Research on recombinant DNA, now in its infancy, has been, and will continue to be, the center of controversy. The problem is whether or not it can be done safely and, if there is some risk—most likely to the experimenters themselves—whether the potential results are worth it. No firm answers are available to either question, but guidelines can be and have been established to minimize the dangers. All of this has now resulted in a swarm of books on the subject, to say nothing of articles, televised debates, and the rest. June Goodfield is a very competent communicator of biological and biomedical ideas and has been everywhere, one gathers, and seen everyone who has had anything to do with recombinant DNA. The result is somewhat mixed, partly because Miss Goodfield, in trying to reflect all points of view, is torn by the strong convictions on either side, and partly because she tries to cram too much on too many subjects into too small a space. Where the book is really excellent is in its latter half. Here Miss Goodfield describes in detail the efforts of the scientists, in collaboration with concerned lay people, to regulate themselves. The result of this is a set of guidelines that have at least the moral, if not the legal, effect of federal law. Most European countries have adopted them as well, with, apparently, the exception of Switzerland. The spectre is raised of scientists flying off to Switzerland to do experiments forbidden at home. In a book like this, by the way, an index would have been helpful.

•

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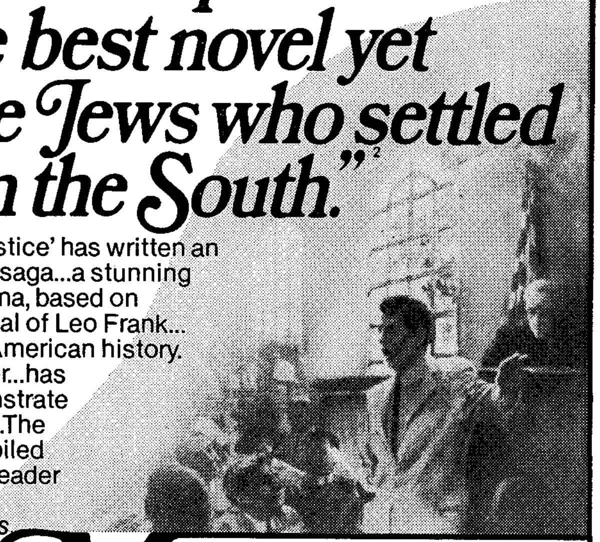

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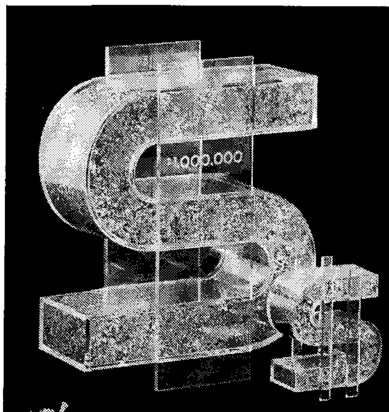

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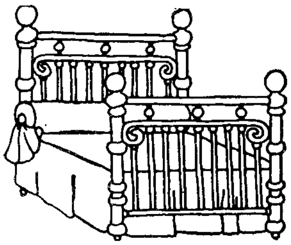

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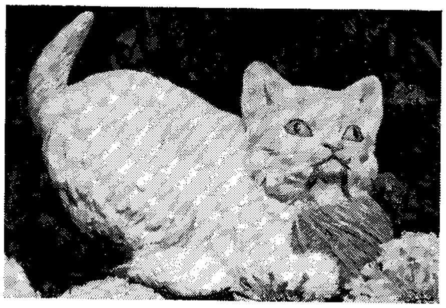

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GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

Geoffrey Hellman, who died last week at his home on East Seventy-first Street, was one of the most diverse, stylish, accurate, inquisitive, softhearted, multi-friended, pretense-puncturing, droll, high-toned contributors that *The New Yorker* has ever had. He was also by all counts the most prolific—even torrential. No one ever wrote more for this magazine, and it seems safe to say that no one ever will. Profiles (seventy-four of them, many of more than one part); Reporters at Large (twelve); Onward and Upward with the Arts, with the Sciences, with the Social Sciences, with the Arts and Sciences (eleven); Where Are They Now?; That Was the War; That Was New York; Letters of Amplification; Sorting Out the Seligmans (and the Warburgs and the Schiffs and the Strausses and the Ryans and the Guggenheims); hundreds and hundreds of articles for our Talk of the Town department (his series on local octogenarians became so popular that mere septuagenarians would call him up, lie about their age, and ask to be included; he countered by moving on to nonagenarians)—all poured from his typewriter, typed out slowly, methodically, like the drip of a leaking faucet, and just as unremittingly, as he sat in his corner office (in recent years) on the twentieth floor of this building, encased in a cloud of smoke from a remarkably vile pipe. From the mournful pace of his typing, one would think that he was listing the claims against a bankrupt instead of setting forth paragraph after paragraph of flowing, frolicsome, ornamented prose. And when the methodical typist was not doing factual articles, he turned to writing essays (or, in the term that this magazine has adopted to describe the genre, casuals), producing score upon score of them—lighthearted, funny pieces, with singular titles ("How Furry Are Your Eyelashes?" "Does Muskrat Call for a Claret or a Sauterne?"). What was not revealed behind all this exuberance was the solid architecture of reporting that supported his factual pieces and informed his casuals. "This man will tell you he is forty-eight, and not fifty-one, as I have written," he once said to a checker in reference to a person in one of his Profiles. "There was something fishy about the way he kept on telling me his age, so I got a friend of mine to ask his mother." Hellman's office bookshelves provided him with many of the tools he favored most, among them sixteen volumes of the National Cyclopædia of American Biography; twelve volumes of the Dictionary of American Biography; eighteen volumes of *Who's Who in America*, beginning with the edition of 1899-1900; three volumes of the British *Who's Who;* three volumes of *Who's Who in New York;* twenty-five volumes of the *Social Register*, beginning with the edition of 1907; two complete editions of the Britannica; and numberless books and pamphlets on butterflies, moths, and other insects. They all saw a great deal of service.

> I joined the staff of *The New Yorker* in March, 1929, when the magazine was barely four and I was barely twenty-two. I had offered my services, as a book reviewer, in the mail, enclosing samples of my work in the *Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, *The New Republic*, and so on, and I was given an interview with the managing editor, Ralph McAllister Ingersoll, a man who later dropped his middle name, resigned from his clubs, and organized a left-wing paper called *PM.* Still later, he resumed his middle name, rejoined his clubs, and became the proprietor of a flock of non-left-wing papers. He pointed out that *The New Yorker* already had a book reviewer, Dorothy Parker, but he hired me.

Hellman wrote this two years ago, for a speech he delivered at the Grolier Club. It is vintage Hellman, unmistakable Hellman: the balances, the sinuous reversals, the deceptively relevant irrelevancies, the antennae attuned to a society name (Ralph Ingersoll is Ward McAllister's grandnephew), the general buoyancy all mark it so. Once the well-connected name-dropper had hired him, the first piece that Hellman wrote over his own name, or initials, was a sports department, Court Games, which began, "With the approach of another squash season, the time-worn question of whether squash-tennis will hold its own much longer against the growing popularity of racquets once more rears its hoary head." That appeared in the issue of October 19, 1929; an older Hellman would have resigned from the Grolier Club before writing "rears its hoary head," but the younger Hellman was just out of Yale—Class of 1928; staff of the *Yale Record* (fellow-staffmen: Dwight Macdonald, Wilder Hobson, Robert Osborn)—and so can be excused. Forty-seven years later, almost to the day, there appeared the last signed piece he wrote for this magazine: a Profile of Robert Goelet. The two articles bracket Hellman's interests. Court games bespeak men's clubs, and Hellman was fascinated by clubs, belonging to eight of them, here and in Washington. Robert Goelet bespeaks old New York families, and Hellman was fascinated by them, too. He was fascinated by these things in the same way that he was fascinated by butterflies ("How to Make a Monkey Out of Darwin, or The Darker Side of Lepidopterology"), and by museums and institutions (Profiles of the Metropolitan Museum and the Museum of Natural History and the Smithsonian Institution and the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters), and by natural history (Profiles of Jean Delacour, Frank Chapman, J. Otis Swift), and by fashion magazines ("Flash! Mrs. Fairfax Potter Plaits Her Hair with a Silk Handkerchief and Winds It High, or How to Become a Journalist"). He was, in short, fascinated by the upper reaches of society—not as a snob but as an explorer, a chronicler of how it all worked. It was a world he moved in easily. Indeed, anyone seeing him on his way out to lunch at the Century Club, wearing his enormous mink-lined overcoat (a bequest from an ancient relative), progressing down the hall like a great galleon under sail, would have said that he moved in it magisterially. But the occupants of that world had to be the genuine article. He could not tolerate pretentiousness or fraud. As a pricker of such balloons, he was without parallel.

The last sentence of the last piece that appeared over Hellman's name in this magazine quoted Robert Goelet as saying, "My chief interests—the Museum, the Zoo, and the Audubon Society—have meshed rather well. Thanks to them, I have come to know a bunch of people whom I might not otherwise have known, who are the salt of the earth. The amount of time that I have cheerfully spent on these organizations is really the warp and woof of my life." Hellman could almost have written that sentence about himself. It would have been too limited, of course, and his friends would have enlarged it to take in far more than the Museum, the Zoo, and the Audubon Society. And they would have made one other change: it was he who was the salt of the earth.

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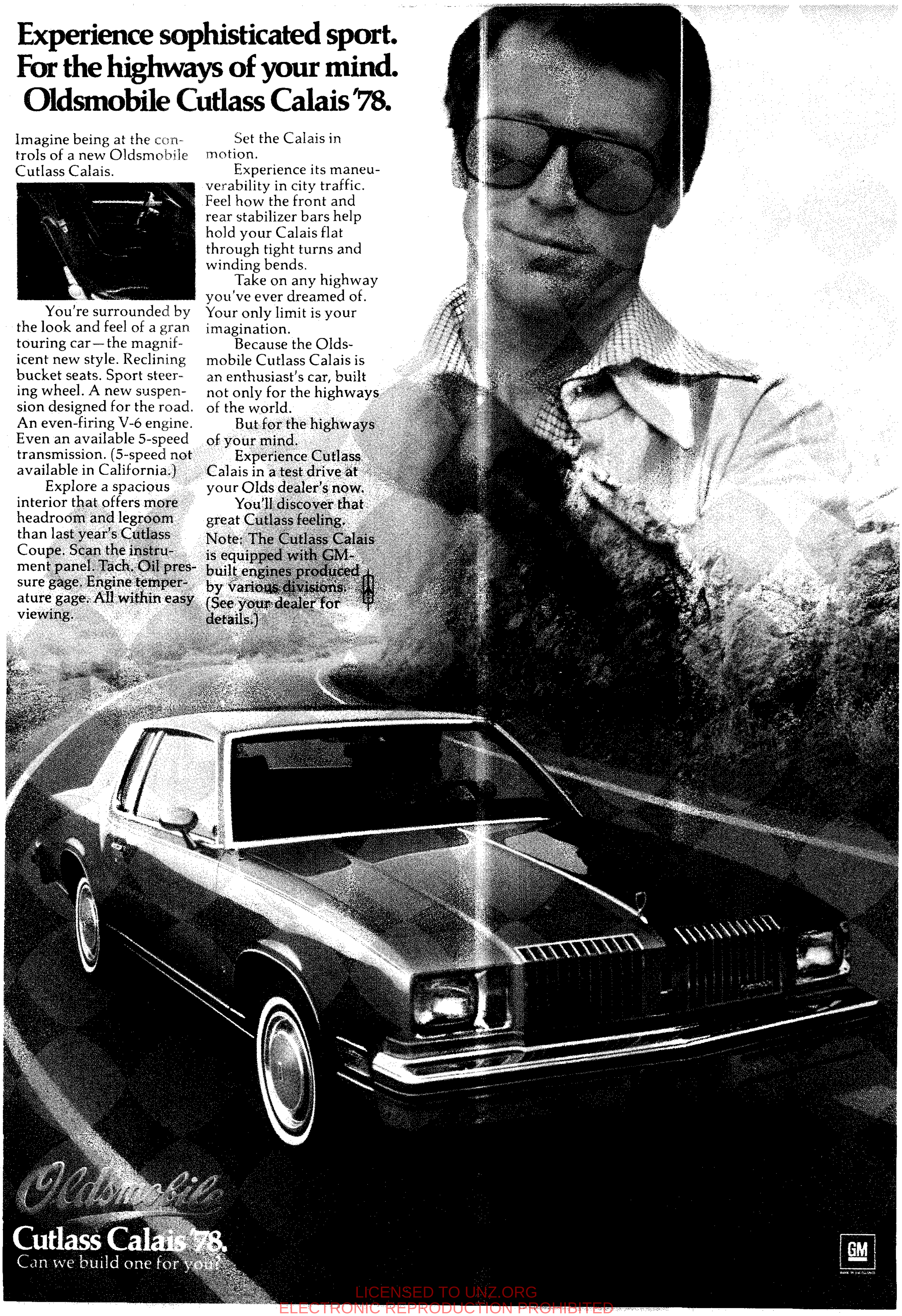

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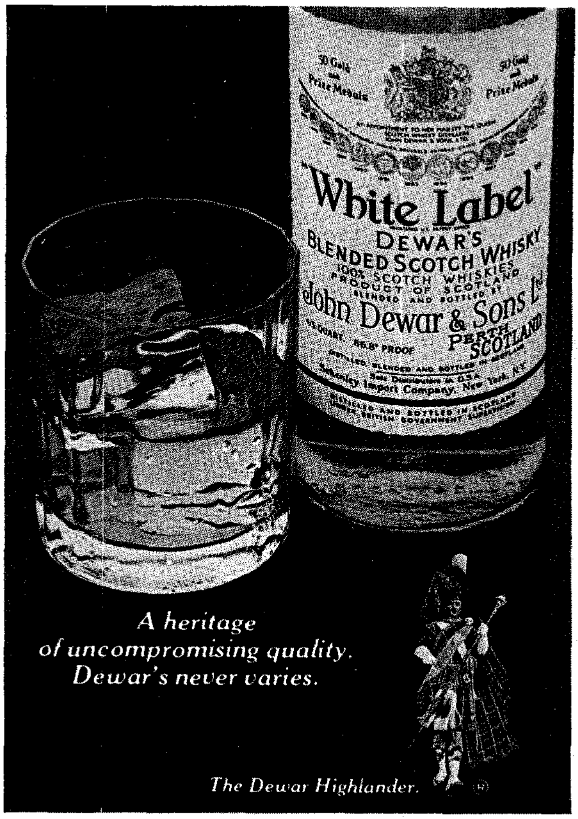

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